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Muses Looking-Glaffe. With the Amyntas. Jealous Lovers. Arystippus.

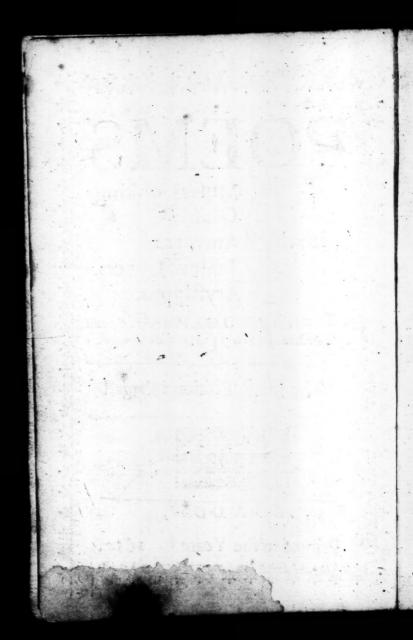
BY THO: RANDOLPH M.A. and late Fellow of Trinity Col in Cambridge.

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LONDON,

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEARE BROTHER.

Mr. THO: RANDOLPH.

N fuch a folemn train of friends that fing Thy Dirge in pious lines, and fadly bring Religious Anthems to attend thy Hearfe. Striving t'embalme thy name in precious verse: I, that should most, have no more power to raile Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise To crown thy Altar, then the Orbs dispense Motion without their fole Intelligence. For I confesse that power which works in me Is but a weak refultance took from thee : -And if some scatter'd seeds of heat divine Flame in my breaft, they are deriv'd from thine: And these low fickly numbers must be such. As when feel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch: So like a fpungy cloud that fucks up rain From the fat foil to fend it back again,

A 2

There may be now from me some language showne. To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy own:
For though the Loners influence be past. For new effects, the old impressions last;
As in a bleeding trunk weoft discry. Leaps in the head, and rowling in the eye,
By vertue of some spirits, that alone. Do tune those Organs, though the soul be gone. But since I adde unto this generall noise. Onely weak sounds, and becho's of thy voice,
Be, this a taske far deeper mouthes, while I
That cannot bribe the Phansy, thaw the eye:
And on that Grave where they advance thy praise.
Do plant a sprigge of Cypresse, not of Baies.

Yet flow these tears not that thy Reliques six

Fix't to their cella constant Anchorit:

Nor am I stirr'd that thy pale ashes have

Ore the dark Climete of a private Grave

No fair inscription: such distempers flow

From poor lay-thoughts, whose blindnesse cannot knew

That to discerning Spirits the Grave can be

But a large womb to immortallity:

And a fair vertuous name can stand alone

Brasseto the Tomb, and marble to the stone.

No, 'tis that Ghoffly progeny we mourne, Which carelesse you ler fall into the Vrne: We had not slow'd with such a lauish eide Of tears and grief had not those Orphans dy'd. For what had been my losse, who reading thine, A Brother might have kis'd in every line?

These that are lest, Posterisy must have; Withom a strict care hath resen'd from the Grave Togather Grength by Vnion; as the beams Of the bright Sun shot sorth in several streams, And thinly scatter'd, with lesse favour passe. Which cause assume, contracted in a Glasse. These if they cannot much advance thy same, May stand dumb statues to preserve thy name. And like Sun-dialls to a day that's gone, Though poore in use, can tell there was a Sun.

Yet if a fair confession planeno Bayes, Nor modeft truth conceiv'd a lavish praise) I could to thy great glory tell this age Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page. V Vith guilty legends; but foclear from all That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall, That 'tis observ'd in every leafe of thine, Thou haft not fcatter'd Snakes in any line. Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime, To gull the reeling judgements of the tuine. Nor any flate revelions parch thy writ, Glean'd from the reggs and frippery of wit. Each filable doth here astructy runne. Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne. Nay in thele feebler lines which thy last breath And labouring braines fnatcht from the skirts of death, Though not fo ffrongly pure, we may difery, The father in his last posterity, As clearly showne, as Virgins looks dopaste Through a thinne Lawne, or fhadows in the glaffes And in thy fetting, as the funs, confesse. The fame large brightnesse, though the heat be lesse. Such native sweetnesse flowes in every line, The Reader cannot choose butsweare tis thine,

Though I can tell, a rugged fect there is, Of fome fly-wits will judge a fquint on this;

A 3

And

And from the easy flux of language gueffe The fancies weak, becanfe the noise is leffe; As if that Channel which doth smoothly glide With even ftreams , flow'd with a shallow tide. But lera quick discerning judgement look, And with a piercing eyeuntwift thy book In every loome, I know the fecond view Shall find more luftre then the first could do. For have you feen when gazing on the skies V Vith firict furvey, a new fuecession rife Offeverall flarrs, which do not fo appear To every formall glance that shoots up there: So when the ferious eye has firmly been Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen Of various fancy, that each feverall view, Makes the same fruitfull book a Mart of new.

But I forbear this mentions fince I must Ransack thy ashes, and revile thy dust With such low Characters, I mean to raise Thee to my contemplation, not my praise: And they that with thy picture clearly showne In a true glasse, I wish would use thy own: VVhere I presume how ere thy vertues come Ill shap'd abroad, th'art fairly dress at home.

RO, RANDOLPH, M.A. student of C. Church.

L

I

Lectori nimium critico qui Authoris Fef-

Extra quid Archetypæ undas mifterit charte Privatia; aperis limina claufa joci? Non lucem patitur calebs margo venenum. Et videt eugenuis toxica miftajocis. Quaq; ftolata dedit fanttens Floralia vates, Exuis, & nudas das fine vefte fales. Hinc tota immeritam jugulat cenfura papirum, · Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo fales. Carnifices calamos, & rance jurgia Muse Simplicitas cafti fentit bonefta libri-Quid culpæ fuerit si vasis amabi le carmeu Lascivam cafto schemate lusit anum? Linrea si nudissujceit polchra pudendis? Vel tegit incaftam larva modefta Deam? Nulla tun regnant nifi nomina mascula chartis, Si quod famineum eff culpa legentis erit; (Ut proles, uteri primo qui claustra reliquit, Mascula famineum videmus arte Sporum.) Das thalami lufus cortine at tegmine fanctos , Cynthia quos lectos gestiat effe suos. Dit benê! quam fanctis toquieur Venus impia verbis? Tyndaris & raptushic Rupet effe pios. Letta puella tuis dum spettat crimina chartis, Vyfa fibi eft furte fanctior ire fuo I nunc ingenua pareas lex julia charta, Seripta librum dederas, lecta lupanar erat.

> RO. RANDOL PH, ex Ade Christi Blest

B Lest Spirit, when I first did see
The Genius of thy Poetrie,
Nimble and fluent; in a strain
Even with, if not beyond the brain
Of Laureats that cround the stage.
And liv'd the wonders of the age:
And this but sparkles from a sire
That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher,
I gaz'd desirous to see
V hith er thy wit would carry thee.
Thy first rise was so high, that even
As needs it must, the next was beaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem.

Amescant alii, sterila, atatis homore
Letensur: fecit te tua Musa senent
Parcarum labor est viva mensura perasta;
Texuntur propria stamina Vestramanu,
Felix qui primo extedis, Randolphe, sub evo:
Nec Genti extincti previa fata vides;
dii bene non dederint esseta frigora vity:
Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.

THO. TERENT M. A. ex

Vpon Mr. Randolph's Poems. Collected and publifbed after his death.

A Swhen a swelling Cloud melted to showers, Sweetly dessures fresh and active powers Into the shrunk and thirsty veines of earth;
Blessing her barren womb with a new birth
Of grain and fruit, and so redeems a land
Of desperate people, from the destroying hand
Of merc'lesse Plague, Famine or Death, and then
Collects his streams into an Ocean:

So thy deffutive foul, and fluent parts, (Great miracle of naturall wit, and Arts) Rapt up some Regions, bove our Sphear, did flow And shower their bleffings down on us below: Whilft we dul carth, in extafies did fit Almost o'rewhelmed with thy flouds of wit. What bloud or verfe, is pomp't from our dry brains Sprung like a tushing Torrent from thy Veines. When a long drought prefag'd fome fatall Dearth. Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new birth, Of wit and verfe; when Chamor Ific fell, Thy opn'd floud gates made their Riv'lets swell Bove their proud Bancks? where planted by thy hand Th'resperian Orchards, Taphian Myreles Stand, And those sweete shades, where Lovers tell their bliffes To th'whisp'ring leaves, and summe'em up in kisses. There in full Quire the Mufes us'd to finge Melodious Odes hatching in Cham, their Spring. And allthe Graces T O M, dwelt with thee too Crowning thy Front for old Citherons Brew.

Nor were we rich alone, Climes far from hence.

Acknowledge you thy foveraigne influence:

Sicillivis owe to thee their fruitfull Vale,

And Cotfwold Hill thy dewes created Dale

All Lands and foyles from hence were fruitfull grown,

And multipli'd the measures thou hast fown.

Green-sword-untiled milk maids wish no blisses

Beyond a stammell Petticoar, and killes. And the fweet Dowry : this alone, they cry, Will make our Beafts and milk to multiply. And the dull Fallow Clowns, who never thought Of God or Heaven, but in a floud or drought, Do gape and pray for Crops of Wir, and vow To make their Lads and Wenches, Poets now. For they can make their fields to laugh and fing To th' Mules Pipe, and Winter rihme to'fpring. They pray for the first curle; like Schollers now. To earn their livings by their fweaty Brow. Then the find Gardens of the Court are let With Flowers sprung from thy Muses Coronet. Those pretty Imps in Plush, that on trust go For their fine clothes, and their fined Judgements too. The frontispeece or Titlepage of Playes, Whose whole discourse is -- As the Poet fayes. That Tauerns drain, (for Ivie is the fign Of all fuch fack-shop wits, as well as wine.) And make their verses dance on either hand With namerous feet, whilft they want feet to fland That score up jests for every glaffe or cup, And the totall fumme behinde the door caft up; These had been all dri'd up, and many more, That quaff up Helicon upon thy fcore. The fneaking Tribe, that drink and write by fits, As they can steale or borrow coyn or wits. That Panders fee for Plots, and then bely The paper with -- An excelent Comedy, Aded (more was the pity) by th' Red Bull with great aplaufe, of some vain City Gull: That damn Philosophy, and prove the curse Of emptinelle, both in the brain and Purfe,

Thefe that scrape legs and trenchers to my Lord. Had ftary'd, but for some scraps pickt from thy board. They had mi'd the Balladiers of Fidlers trade. Or a new Comedy at Tiburn made. Thus T O M thy pregnant Phancy crown'dus all With wealthy showers or minds Poeticall Nor did thy dewes distill in a cold raine But with a flash of Lightening op't thy braine. Which thaw'd our stupid spirits with lively heat, And from our frosts forc'd a Poetick sweat And now wits Common. wealth by thee repriv'd For its confumption shewes it not long liv'd. Thy far dispersed Streames divert their course Though some are damned up (toth' Muse Scourse This Ocean: -- He that will fadome it By's Lines, shall found an Ocean of wit. Not shallow, low, and troubled, but profound And y eft. thoughin these narrow limits bound The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay, Are some poor drops to thy Pattolus Sea. And first stoln thence, though now so muddy grown With our foul channels, they scarce seem thy own. Thus have I leen a pecce of Coyn, which bore The Image of my King or Prince before. New calt into some Pefant, lose its grace; Yet's the same body with a fouler face. If our own store must pay; that gold which was Lent us in flerling, we must turn in braffe. Had'ft thou write leffe or worfe, then we might lay Some thing upon thy Vrn thou didlt not fay: But thou haft Phanfies vaft Monopolie, Our flock will scarce amount t'an Elegie, Yet all the Legacies thy farall day Bequeaved

Bequeath'd, thy fad Executor will pay. To late Divines (by will and Testament) A paraphrase on each Commandement, In Morall Precepts , with a Diffuracion Ending the Quarrells bout Predeft ination. To those that fludy how to spend the day, And yet grow wife --- The Ethicks in a play, To Poets, 'caufe there is no greater curfe, Thou bequeathde nothing, in thy empty purss, To City-Madams, that befpeak new faces For every Play or Feast, Thy Looking glasses, And to their Chamber maids who only can Adorn their Ladies head: and dream of man. Th'aft left a Dowry; they tell now by ftelth Writ only members of the Common-wealth. To Heaven thy Ravish't foul, (though who shall look, Will fay it lives, in each line of thy Book) Thy Dust, unnaturall Reliques that could die, Tocarth; thy Fame, into eternitic. A Hulband to thy VViddow'd Poetry, Not from the Court, but Vniverfity. To thy (ad Aunt, and now disparing mother, Thy little Orphans, and thy younger Brother; From all of which this free Confessions fit The younger Sifter had the elder wit,

Ad Authorem.

Mollia quod tenui currunt mili crmina filo,
Et mens in gyro fi et breviere labor,
Dum tua constrictiu assurgit Musa Cothurnis.
It Vencees cassu viveit Avens loco.
Cedimus inculti! Fatapar Gloria nostro
Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Rostra legant.
R. BRIDEO AKE, A. Mr. Nov. Coll.

Hat need thy Book crave any other fame,
V ho fees the title, and him under flood
Must much condemne himself, or say its good.
Go forth example to the Neophyte,
V ho hence should learn to catechischis wit,
And dresse his Phansy by this Glasse: whose Muse
Welfavour'd is, should here her face peruse,
It will not flatter, 'twill resteathe grace
Shetakes from th'owner of a beautious face:
But if a menstrous, and illiterate eye
Blass her, the various specks shall soon descry
The foul beholder, and proclaim her spoil
Not to result from thence, but his own foil,
E. D. G. A. T. T. O. N. A. M. Ioan.

Immortall Ben is dead; and as that ball
On Ida tols'd, so is his Crown by all
The infantry of wit, Vain Priests! that chair
Is only fit for histive Son and Heir.
Reach here the Laurell. Randolph, tis thy praise
Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.
See, Daphne, courts thy Ghost: and spite of fate,

Thy Poems shall be Poet Laureas,

g. w.

Ican.

To bis very worthy friend M. ROB. RAND OLPH of Chr., Ch. on the publishing of his Brothers Poems.

XTE thankyou worthy Sir, that tis our hap To praiseeven Kandolph now without a clap, And give our lufferage yet, though not our voice, To show the ods betwixt his fame and noyle: V Vhose onely modefly we could applaud, That feldomedurft prefume to blush abroad; And bear his vast report, and setting forth His vertues, grow a fuff'rer of his worth. Wasfcarce his own acquaintance, and did use Tohear himself reported but as news, So diffant from himfelf, that one might dare To fay those two were nere familiar. Whose polished phancy hath so smoothly wrought, That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought, To guelleit fpent in every birth, fo writ : Not as the gift Legacy of wit: Whole unbid brain drops fo much flowing worth, That others are delivered, he brought forth; That did not course in wit, and beat at least Ten lines in fallow to put up one left; Which Rill prevents our thought, we need not flay To th'end, the Epigram is in the way. The Town might here grow Poer, nay tis fe'd Some Mai'ors could hence as eas'ly rime as read; VVhose losse we so much weep, we cannot hear His very Comedyes without a tear :

And

And when we read his mirth, are fain to pray Leave from our grief to call the work a Play : VVhere fancy playes with judgement, and fo fits That'ts enough to make a guard of wits; V Vhere lines fulfill themselves, and are so right That but a combats mention is a fight. His phrase does bring to passe, and he has lent Language enough, to give the things Event; The Lines pronounce themselves, and we may fay The Actors were but Echoes to the Play: Me thinks the book does A &, and we not doubt To fay itrather enters than comes out : V Vhich even you feem to envy, whose device, Has made it viler even by its price. And taught its value, which we count fo great That when we buy it cheapest we but cheat; And when upon one page we bleffe our look, How ere wee bargain we have gain'd the book : Fresh-men in this are fore't to have their right, And tis no purchase though t'were sold in spight. So dowe owe you fill that let us know He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show. IOS. HOWE, Trin. Col. Oxo.

On his beloved friend the Author, and his ingenious Poems.

What need these busic wits? who hath a Mine
His own, thus rich, needs not the sester'd shine
Of lesser heaps: Day dims a Tapers light
and Lamps are wellesse where there is no night
Vy'h

Why this train of writers? forraign Verse
Oan adde no honour to a Poet's hearse,
Vhose every linewhich he to paper lent,
Builds for himself a lasting Monument.
Brave Verse this priviledge hath; though all be dumb,
That is the Authors Epitaph and Tomb.
Which when ambitious Pyles, th'ostents of Pride
Todust shall fall, and in their ruins hide
Their then no more remembred Founders name:
These (like Apollo ever young) shall same
The first composer, whose weigh'd works shall tell
V hat noble thoughts did in his bosome dwell.

But now I find the cause: they that do praise
Desert in others, for themselves plant Bayes:
For he that praises merit loves it, thus
Hee's good, for goodnesse that's solicitous.
Else, though He diamonds keenly pointed write,
Thay but proclaim a quainter Hypocrite:
Thus in the suture it shall honour be,
Thet men shall read their names bound up with thee.
So Countery Moles that would at Court appear
Intrude some Camels train that does live there.
So Creatures that had drown'd else, did imbark
With Yoab, and liv'd by being in his Ark

Or if northus; as when in royall state
Nobles attend Kings to inagurate:
Or as lastyear when you both Courts did see
Beget joyes noon in th' Vniversity;
All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,
As if the Schools were turnd into the street;
VVhere each one strove such duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own Suns Sun.
Such honour here our dimmer pens would have,

In pompto wait him to his folering rave:
Since what he was, his own fruits better show,
Then those which planted here by others grow.
Rich jewels in themselves such lustre cast,
As gold about them, is no grace but wast.

Such was his Genius, like the quick eyes wink, He could write floorer then another think.
His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit, So shot, that it could sooner pierce then hit.
What e're he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove, Appear'd as true, as pity dwells with love.
Had he said thus, That discreet weale might stand Both with the Jessite, and the Pusitan, That doesn believ'd; That frost from heat proceeds, That chastiry from ease, and sulnesse breeds; That women ought to woo, as Eve at first Woo'd Man, to make the world, and man accurst; All would be taken up for truth; and sense Which knew truth coming, would not going hence.

Had he maintain'd Rich Locans work had been Meer Hiftory; there wouldno pen be feen To call it Poem: If for Cafar flood, Great Pompey thould be neither weak, nor Good I Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law, Which now unferled holds the world in awe; He would have met fome Oftraciline, I fear, Left he had charm'd the purple Judge to erre.

Nor could he only in his natve speech
Robe his ripethoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,
And lefty Greek, with Latine, did appear
In him, as Orientin their proper sphear:
That when in them, himself he pleas'd t'expresse,
The ravisht hearer could not but confesse,

B

He might as well old Rome, Athens Claim? For birth, as Britain, cierci'd with the Main. Tis true, we have thefe languages still left : But spoken, as Apparrell got by theft. Is worn: difguis'd , and fhadowed: Mad he Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity; Though we should ever in his change have lost, We might have gain'd enough whereofto boaft. Our nations better Genius; but now Our hopes are nip'ter' they began to blow. And fure I am, his loffemuft needs ftrike deep, For whom in verse, thus Englands eye doth weep. V Whose tears thus dew'd upon his mournful dust I will not longer trouble. They that must Carp though at beft things, let them onely read: These Poems here will filke that humour dead. V Vhich I should praise too: but in them I see There is one blemish, for he hath nam'd me: Elfe, Ile not think the Reader fo diffreft In wit, but that he will admire the reft. Concluding thence; though in his forenoon-youth, (And what I now shall write is modest truth,) He knows not him, who doth fo much excell, That could so quickly, do so much, so well.

ONVEN FELTHAM. Gens. Onthe death of Mr. Randolph.

Men Donne, and Beaumount dyed, an Epitaph Some men (I well remember) thought unfafe; And faid they did profume to write, unlesse They could their tears in their expression dresse. IF

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But love makes me more bold, and rells me I. In humble tearms to vent my piety May fafely dare; and reason thinks not fit. For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wir. Respect looks like a bargain, if confin'd To rules precife; and is more just then kind, If by a poiz'd and equalite frament Ir turnes good-will into a covenant Muftevery prefent offered toa prince Be juffproportion'd to his eminence > Or ought my Elegy unjust be chought Because I cannot mournthee as I ought? Such jaws as thefe, (if any be fo bold) Ought those unskilfull but proud fouls to hold. V Vho think they could and did at adue rate Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate. And hath decreed, how ere the centure go. Thus much, although but thus, to let men know. I do admire no Coment did prefage The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age, Or that no Sybell did thy death fore-tell, Since that by it alone more ill befel The Laure U. God, then when the day was come VVherein his Delphick-Oracle was dumb: In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold (That they who are foon ripe are feldom old) But t'was a poore one, and for thee nofit, VVhole infancy might teach their best years witt Whole talk was exemplary to their pains, And whose discourse was tutor to their ftrains; If thou wert ferious, then the audience Heard Plato's works in Tulli's eloquences I faid, the mourners knew no thrifty fize

In tears, but Billeri'd out, oh lend more eves If merry, then the juyce of Comedy So sweetned every word, that we might see Each flander by having enough to do To temper mirch, untill fome friend could wo Thee take the pains to write, that fo that preffure Checking the fouls quick motions, some small leasure Might be obtain'd to make provision Of breath, againft the next Scen's action. I could go through thy works, which will furvine The funerall of time; and gladly frive Beyond my power, to make that love appear Which after death is beft feen in a tear; But praising one, I should dispraise the rest, Since whatfoere thou didft, was ftill the beft : Since then I am perswaded that in thee Wit at heracmie was, and we shall fee Pofterity not daring to aspire To equalize, but only to admire Thee as their Arch-type : with thought of thee Henceforth I'le thus enrich my memory. While others count from Earth-quakes, and great froft; And fay, i'th last dear year, t'would thus much coft : My time distinctions this shall be among, Since Wits-decay, or Randolphs death, ---- fo long.

R. GOSTELOVV. M.A.

H

S

To the pious Memory of my deare Brother in-law, M. Thomas Randolph.

PEaders, prepare your Faith; who truly tells
His History, must needs write miracles.
He lisp'd wit worthy th'Presse, as if that he
Had us'd his Cradle as a Library.
Some of these Fruits had birth, when other Boyes
(His elders) playd with Nuts, Books were his Toyes.
He had not long of Playes spectator been
But his small Feet wore Socke sit for the Scene.

He was not like those costive Wits, who blot A quire of Paper to contrive a Plot, And crethey name it, till it, crost tit look Raced with wounds like an old mercers Book. What pleas'd this year, is next in pieces torn, It suffers many deaths ere it be born.

For Humours to lie leidger they are feen
Oft in a Tayern, and a bowling-green.
They do observe each place, and company.
As strictly as a Traveller or Spyc.
And deifying dung, hills seem t'adore
The seum of people, Watch-man, Changling, Whore,
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
With any Rags they'le drink a pot of Ale:
Nay, what is more (a strange unusual thing
With Poets) they will pay the reckoning;
And sit with patience an hour by the Heels
To learn the Non-sense of the Constables.
Such Jig-like sim-slams being got to make
The Rable laugh, and Nut-cracking for sake,
They go home (if th'have any) and there sit

ภิพนสสนใน) กลางเป็น

In Gown and night-cap looking for some wit. Ere they compole, they must for along space Be dieted as Horfes for the race. They must not Bacon, Beef, or Pudding ear, A jest may chance be flarv'd with such groffe meat. The good hour come, and their Brain run'dthey write But flow as dying men their wills indite. They pen by drams and feruples, from their quill Words (although dreggy) flow not, but diffill. They flate, and lower their faces ; nay to vent The Brains, they eat their fingers excrement : And fearch their heads, as if they weer about (Their wit fo hide-bound is) to pull it out. Every bald speech though Comicall it be To their rack's members, proves a Tragedie. When they have had the Councell of some friend, And of their begging Epilogue made an end.

Their Play faluts the world, and claims the Stage

For its inheritance being now of Age.

But while They pomp't their Phancy day and night He nothing harder found then not to write.

No diet could corrupt or mend his strain,
All tempers were the best to his sure Brain.

He could with raptures captivate the King,
Yet not endanger Button, or Band-string.

Poems from him gush't out so readily
As if they'd onely been in s Memory?

Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
As theirs whose pen writes for the thirteenth thought.

They erre who say, Things quickly done soon sade:
Nature and hee, allin an instant made.

Those that do measure Phansies by the glasse,
And dote on such as cost more time, may passe

In ranck with guls, whom folly doth intice
To think that belt that has the greatest price.
Who poring on their spungy brain, still squeez,
Neglect the cream, and onely save the Lees.
Stopping their slying quill, they clip sames wing.
Make Helicon a puddle, thats a Spring.

Nor was his hast hood-winckt; his rage was wise His sury councell had, his rashnesse eyes. Though he (as Engins arrows) shot forth wit, Yet aym'd withall the proper marks to hit. His Ink nere stain'd the Surplice; he doth right That sometimes takes a care to misse the white. He turn'd no Scripture-phrase into a jest; He was inspir'd with raptures, not possest. Some Divelish Poets think their Muse does ill Vnlesse their verses do prophane or kill. They boldly write what I should fear to think, words that do pale their paper, black their Ink. The Titles of their Saspers fright some, more Then Lord bave mercy, write upon a doore.

Although his wit was sharp as anothers, yet It never wounded; thus a Razer set In a wise Barbars hand tickles the skin, And leaves a smooth, not earbonaded chin. So soveraigne was his phansy, that you'd think His quickening pen did Bassam drop, not Ink. Read, s Eiegies, and you will see his praise Doth many souls fore th' Resurection raise. No venous in his book; his very Snake You may as safely as a flower take. There's none needs fear to surfet with his phrase, He has no Gyant raptures to amaze And conture weake capacities with wonder:

B 4

Slody Y

He (by his Laurell guarded) ne're didthunder As those strong bumbast wits, whose Poetry Sounds like a Charm, or Spanish Pedigree. Who with their phancy towning bove the Sun, Have in their stile Babels consulton. If puny eyes do read their verses, they Will think 'tis Hebrem, writ the English way.

His lines do run smooth as the sect of time;
Each leafe though rich, swells not with gouty rime.
Here is no thrum, or knot; Arachne ne're
Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are
Listed for smoothnesse, so in this again
That each thread's spun and warp'd by his own brain.

We have some Poetasters, who although
They ne're beyoud the writing school did go,
Sit at Apollo's Table, when as they
But Midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
Were they betrai'd, they'd be each Coblets scoff,
Laught at, as one whose Periwig's blown off.
Their Brains lie all in Notes; Lord how they'd look
If they should chance to lose their Table book!
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.

VVith what an extalic shall we behold
This book, which is no Ghoft of any old
VVorm-exten Author: here's no jeft, or hint,
But had his Head both for it's O're and Mint.
VVer't not for some Translations, none could know
VVhether he had e're look'd in book or no.
He could discourse of any subject, yet
No cold premeditated sense repeat;
As he that nothing arthe Table talks
But what was cook'd in's study, or the walks,

VVbose

Whose wit (like a Sun-dill) onely can Go true in this, or that Miridian.

Each Climate was to him his proper Sphear; You'd think he had been brought up every where.

Was he at Gourt? his Complements would be Rich wrought with Phanfies best embroidery, Which the spruse Gallants Echo like would speak So oft, as they'd be thred-bare in a week. They lov'd even his Abuses, the same jeer (So witty 'twas') would sting and please their ear:

Read's flowry Pastoralls, and you will swear
He was not lobusous onely, but Pans Heire.
His smooth Amyntas would perswade even me
To think he alwayes liv'd in Sicilie.
Those happier Groves that shaded him, were all
As Trees of knowledge, and Propheticall:
Dodon's were but the type of them, Leaves were
Bookes in old time, but became Schollers here.
Had he lived till westminster Hall was seen
In Forrest Towns, perhaps he fin'd had been.
Whilst others made Trees May poles, he could do

As Orpheus did, and make them dancers too.

But these were the light sports of his spare time,
He was as able to dispute, as rime
And all (two gists neere joyn'd before) out went
As well in Syllogesme as Complement.
Who lookes within his elever Glasse, will say
At once he writ an Ethick Trast and Play.
V then he in Cambridge Schools did Moderate,
(Truth never found a subtler Advocate)
He had as many Auditors, as those
VVho preach, their mouthes being Silene't, through the
The Grave Divines stood gazing, as if there

In words was colour, or in theye an ear?

To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noylome (mother,
Though plodding Pates much time and oyl had spent
In beating out an obscure Argument,
He could untie, not break, the subtless knot
Their puzeling Art could weave; nay he had got
The trick on't so, as if that he had been
Within each Brain, and the nice folding seen,
Who went toh' Schools Peripateticks, came,
If he disputed home in Plate's name.
His Oppositions were as Text; some le'd
With wonder, thought he had not urg'd but read.
Nor was his judgement all Phillosophy;

He was in points of deep Divinity.

Onely Ness Doctor; his true Catholique Brain
The learning of a Councell did contain.

But all his works are lost, his Fire is out.
These are but's Ashes, which were thrown about.
And now rak'd up together, all we have.
With pious sacriledge snatch'd from his Grave.
Are a few meteors, which may make it se'd.
That Tom is yet alive, but Randolph's dead.

Thus when a Marchant's posting o're the sea With his rich loaden Sip is east away. Some light small wares do swim unto the shore, But the great and solid prizes neverise more.

RIC. WETS. Bac. of Arts, and findent of Christs Church.

1



ON THE INESTIMABLE Content he injoyes in the Muses, to those of his Friends that dehort him from POETRY,

Ofordid earth, and hope not to bewitch

Thou canst not tempt her with adulterate show

Shee bears no appetite that slags so low. (show,

Should both the Indies spread ther laps to me,

And court mine eyes to with my Treasurie,

My better will they never could entice;

Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.

For what poore things had these possessions shown,

When all were mine, but I were not mine own.

Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please.

And I am rich in wishing none of these.

For say, which happinesse would you beg first,

Still to have drink, or never to have thirst.

No servants on my be ck attendant stand,

Yet are my paffions all at my command : Reafon with in me thall fole ruler be. And every fense shall weare his livery. Lord of my felf in chief; when they that have More wealth , make that their Lord, which is my Bave. Yet I as well as they, with more content. Have in my felf a Houshold government. My intellectuall foule haththere poffest The Stuards place, to govern all the reft. When I go forth my Eyes two Vihers are. And dutifully walk before me bare. My Leggs run footmen by me. Goor stand My ready Arms wait close on either band: My Lips are Porters to the dangerous dore : And either Ear a trufty Auditor. And when abroad I go, Fazcy shall be My skilful Coach-man, and shall hurry me Through Heaven and Earth, and Westun's watry Plaine, And in a moment drive me back again. The charge of all my Cellar, Thirst, is thine; Thou Butlerart, and Yeoman of my Wine, Stomack the Cook whose diffes best delight, Because their onely lawce is Appetite. My other Cook Digeftien; where to me Teeth crave, and Palat will the Tafter he. And the two Eye-lids, when I go to fleep, Like careful Grooms my filent chamber keep. Where left a cold oppreffe my vitall part, A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart. And left too great a heat procure my pain, The Lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.

Vithin the inner cloffet of my brain.

Invention

Invention Mafter of my Mint grows there, And Memory my faithfull Treasurer, And though in others tis a treacherous part, My tongue is Secretary to my heart. And then the Pages of my foul and fenfe, Love, Anger, Pleasure, Grief, Concopiscence. And all affections elle, are taught t'obey, Like Subjects, not like favourites to fway. This is my Mannor house, and men shall see I here live Mafter of my family. Say then thou man of wealth; In what degree May thy proup fortunes, over-ballance me? Thy many Barks plough the rough Oceans back: And I am never frighted with a wrack, Thy flocks of sheep are number leffe to tell, And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well. Thou haft a thousand severall farmes to let. And I do feed on ne're a Tenunts (west. Thou haft the Commons to Inclosure brought; And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought. Variety is fought for to delight Thy witty and ambitious Appetite, Three Elements, at leaft, dilpeopled be, To fatisfie juditious gluttony. And yot for this I love my Gommons here, Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer. No widows curle cours a dish of mine, I drink no tears of thans in my wine. Thou mayft perchance to some great office come, And I can rule a Common-wealth at home. And that preheminence injoy more free, Then they puft up with vain Authority. V Vhat boots it him a large command to have,

VVhole

Whose every part is some poor vices slave? Which over him as proudly Lords it there, As o're the ruftick he can domineer. VV hilft he poor Swains doth threat, in his own eyes Luft and Concupifcence do Tyranize. Ambition wracks his heart with jealous fear, And baftard flattery captivates his car. He on posterity may fix his care. And I can study on the times that were. He flauds upon a pinacle, to flow His dangerous hight ? whilft I fit fafe below. Thy father hords up gold for thee to fpend, VVhen death will play the office of a friend, And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late: My nothing to inhhrit is a fate. Above thy birth-right, should it double be ; No longing expediation tortures me. I can my fathers reverent headfurvay, And yet not wish that every hair were gray. My conftant Genins fayes I happier fland, And richer in his, life then in his land. And when thou haft an heir that for thy gold VVill think each day makes thee a year too old; And ever gaping to possesse thy store, Conceives thy age to be above fourfcore. *Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray The too flow hours to haft, and every day Befpeak thy Coffin, curfing every bell, That he hears toll, 'cause' cis anothers knell : (And juftly at thy life he may repine, But his is but a wardship during thine .) Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one le shall be more a pupill then a sonne : And

And at my grave weep truth, and fay deaths hand, That bountifully unto thine gave land, But rob'd him of a Tutor; Curfed Rore! There is no pietie, but amongst the poor. Go then confesse which of us fathers be The happier made in our posterity; I in my Orphan that hath nought befide His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide-Thou leverall Artists dost imploy to show The measure of thy lands; that thou myst know How much of earth thou haft : while I do call My thoughts to fcan how little 'tis in all Thou haft thy hounds to hunt the timorus Hare, The crafty Fox, or the more nobler Deer; Till at a tault, perchancethy Lordship be, And some poor city varler hunt for thee, For 'is not poor Acteans faultalone: Hounds have devour'd more Mafters fure then one VVhilft I the while pursuing my content, VVith the quick Noffrels of a judgement, fere The hidden steps of nature, and there fee Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye. Thou hafta Hawk, and to that hight doth five Thy understanding if it fore too high: V Vhile I my foul with Eagles Pinions wing. To Roopat Heaven, and in ber Tallons bring A glorious confiellation, sporting there VVith him whose belt of ftars adornes the Sphear. Thou haft thy lant-skips, and the painters try. VVith all their skill to pleafethy wanten eye. Here shaddowy groves, and craggy mountains there; Here rivers headlong fall, there fprings run cleer, (fhrew The Heavens bright Raife through clouds most azure

Circuled about with his gawdy bow.
And what of this? I reall Heavens do fee,
True springs, true gooves; whilft yours but shadows be.
Nor of your houshold stuffe so proudly boast,
Compos'd of curiosity and cost,
Your two best chambers are unsurnished,
Th' inner and upper roome, the breast and head.

But you will fay, The comfort of a life,
Is in the partner of your joyes, a wife.
You may have choice of birds, you need not wo,
The rich, the faier; they both are profered you:
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
That onely in Parnaffus joyturs her?
Yet thy base match I scorn, an honest pride
I harbour here that scorns a market bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;
And sacred love is basely bought and sold.
VVives are grown traffique, marriage is a trade,
And when a numpuall of two hearts is made,
There must of moneys to a wedding be,
That coyn as well as men may multiply.

O humane blindnesse! had we eyes to see,
There is no wealth to valiant Poetry!
And yet what want I Heaven or earth can yeeld?
Methinks I now possesse the Elsim field.
Into my chest the yellow Tagus slowes,
V hile my plate-sheet in bright Passalas rowes.
Th' Hesperian Orchard's mine: mine is all:
Thus am I rich in wealth Poetical!.
V hy strive you then my friends to circumvent
My soul, and rob me of my best content?
V hy out of ignorant love counsely you me
To leave the Muses and my Poetry?

V hich

Which should I leave and never follow more, I might perchance get riches and be poor.

In anguem, qui Lycoris in dormientem amplexus est.

TEr erat, & flores per apertum libera campum (Vt Ceretis spes una) legit mea flamma Lycorn: At nimis tandem findio, nimiog; labore, Admifie fomnos virides defeffe per berbas. Vique erat & placidum carpebant membra soporem, Alterna varius macula de flore propinque Per vestes tacite subrepfit Lubricus anguis. Viditego, & attanitam perculsus frigore mentem, Omnia pertimui : Tu me Rhodopeia conjux Serpentem insidiis blaudo direpta marite, Prima feris : fed com tendentem innoxia vidi Spicula, nec laffe feaudem intentare puelle: Quam longe timor bic abiit, majore fecuo ? Namque levis totum luftravit vipera corpus ; lamque fuam Lybiam, & steriles fastidin arenes Et mirata femor, ventremque, at que ubera latte condidiora fua ; Talifas, dixit, in arvo Fas mihi semper erit, perq; iftos serpere colles. Me videt, & metuens cerni fagit improbus anguis, Sub nivioque latet colle, fualitia credens : Purpueris mox usque genis allapsus, in iftis Tutius eft hærere rofis, & dulcius inquit. Tum frontem spectans, venafque in fronte tumentes, Quænam (aitille) jugoviolæ nascuntur in isto? Hinc ad Cafariem furgit flavola; capillos, Et flupet auratam formofo in vertice fylvans,

Hilperumq; nemus jam credit, credidit hortum. Talibus aut foliis, out tali fronde superba Non illi myrtus Paphiz, Dodonag; Quercus. Theffala nec Pinus, nec erat Pencia laurus. Gaudia jam totaimplerant fecura pericli Pedera, defcendit rurfus, totofq; per artus Lafcions geftes numerofe ludere gyro; Candaq; formosum cingat dum frigida co llum, Labra petit labris, & Nectaris ofcula libat; Spirantefq; bauret Zephyros, alque omnia Phanix Que potilit meriens preciofo imponere bufto, Quicquid olent Arabes, favum non inde venenum, Sed velut Hybleos discurrens incola campos, Milla legit nowa nuper Apis : jam credite poffit Inear Auftæi ferpens armenta vagari, Ab quoties metul caleftes frigidns Arter, Rivalema; lovem! forma ne callidus ifta Appeteris noftram, pesiit Deoida Nymphum. Exerit ille caput (toto jam carde voluptas Incedit) Cantuq, fue blanditur amice, Dolciaque erect is modulatur fibilacrifin.

Excutitur Nymphe somnus; jam membra resceta
Luminaq; attallit totum admittentia Phabium.
Dumq; ibi dispersos slores, lapsamque coronam
Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.
Illa (fibi rote quanta est fiducia some!)
Nil metuens, tenerum trattavit police vermem,
Admovitque sinu, colloque & pectore sovit.
Hic ludens modo per digitos nowns annulus ibat,
Splendida nune medium complexus zona puellam;
Vivaque per teretes pendens admilla lacertos;
Gratiar ut sieret cultus, in mille siguras
Flectitur, innumeros sese variavet in oroes.

Candida multipliciconstringens brachia nodo.

Ad nimium seperu, mimium est dilecta Lycoris!

Eos alii sluctus, & littorarubra

Scrutantur; multimist prius Africa gemmes.

Perniciem quacunque parant & slebile viirus

Humano generi, cupiunt ernare Lycorin;

Namque ca, parva licet, summo qua pendula tecto

Nectitopus, cum de serpente monilia facta

Emula vidisset, subito novus arder amantu

Pectus agit: Serpensne, inquittibi gemma Lycori?

Nulla ego contulerim divina munera sotma!

Nec mona, deposcit radios, sua retia metrit,

Quaque solet trepidis venabula tendere muscu,

Et tibi subtiles mediatur Aranea telas.

Tu tamen, oferpens, qui noftris reptile felix Deliciis fruere, & triplice rapis ofcula lingua, (Sic femper novus exuvis & pelle renata Perfectam repetis per facula mille inventam! Veftras pulchram artes & pharmaca veftra Lycotin Edoceas, longam ne fentiat illa fenettam, Nec fronte surpes inscribat temperarugas. At nova perpecua facies, andeng; Licorin Monftret & infpeculo nunquam fefe altera quarat, Et Venerem forma seperans, aveque Sybillam, Attandem hinc abiens, o feliciffimo ferpent, Quando renafcentes numerafti fapius amoi, Accedas aftris fians, Pythone remoto. Flumeni in morens flexa; Tu deinde Licori cum adet vita, Serpentiproximacharo Stella mite, calumque beatibi detque Cathedram Caffiopas fuam, det Bacchi virgo Coronam,

Englished thus Heexpeasions.

The Spring was come, and all the fields grown fine;
My flame Lycoris like young Proferpine Went forth to gather flowers, bettring their fent They took more sweetnesse from her, then they lent. Now loaden with her harvest, and o'represt With her sweet toyl, the laid her down to reft. Lillies did ftrow her couch, and proud were grown To bear a whitenesse purer then their own. Rofes fell down foft pillows to her head, And blufhe themselves into a deeper red To emulate her cheeks ! Flora did fer Her maids to work to weave the Violet Into a purple rugge, to frield the fair Lycoris from the malice of the Air; When loa make hid in the neighbour bowres. (Ah who could think tresson should lurk in flowrs?) Shoots forth her checker'd skin, and gently creeps O're my Licoris that as gently fleeps. I fawit, and a fudden froft poffeft My frighted foule in my then troubled breft. What fears appear'd not to my mind and me? Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd Enridice; By Serpents envy forced to expire, From Orphem rapt, and his death-conquering lyre: But when I found he wore a guiltleffe fting, And more of love did then oftreafon bring : How quickly could my former fear depart, And to a greater leave my jealous heart ! For the smooth Viper every member scands, Africk

Africk he loaths now, and the barren fands That nurft him, wondring at the glorious fight Of thighes and belly, and the brefts more white Then their own milk, Ab might I ftill (quothhe) Crawl in fuch fields, 'twist two fuch mountains be ! There me he spied, and fearing to be feen; Shrowds to her neck, thinking t'had Lillies been, But viewing her bright cheeks, he foon did cry. Under your Kofes hall I fafer lye. Thence did her fore-head with full veins appear, Good beaven (quoth he) what violets grow here On this clear Promontory ? Hence he flides Vp to her locks, and through her treffes glydes, Her yellow treffes ; dazel'dto behold A gliffring grove, an intire wood of Gold. Th'Hefperian wood he thinks he now hath feen, That thought, but now, they had an Orchard been; For leaves and boughes the Archimenian Vine, The Dodan Oak, and the Theffalian Pine Must yeeld to these; no Trees to bright as they, Nor Paphian Myrtles, nor Peneian Bay! loy now fill'd all his breft, no timerous fear Of danger could find room to harbour there. Down flips he, and abouteach limb he hurls His wanton body into numerous curles. And while his tail had thrown it felf a chain About her neck, his head bears up again; With his blacklips her warmer lips he greets, And there with kifles Reept in Nectar meets. Thence Zepbyrs breath he fucks, then doth he smell Perfumes that all th' Arabian gums excell. And spices that do build the Phonix Pyre. When the renews her youth in funerall fire.

Englished the Flacapeasions.

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Nor leeks he poylon there, but like the Bee That on Mount Hybla plies her husbandry, Hegathers honey thence, now, now I know With Ariftens Flocks a Snake may go. Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly fleight, And love my rivall; that his old deceit Had once again this borrowed shape put on To court my Nymph, as he Dedi won, Up lift the Snake his head (for pleasure now Held all his foul) and with creded brow To flatter's Leve he fung; he strives to play, And hiffes forth a welltun'd Roundelay. This wakes the Nymph, her eyes admit the day; Here flowers, and there her feattered Garlands lay, Which as the picks up, and with Bents regies, She in her lap the speckled Serpent spies. The Nymph no fign of any terrour flows, (How bold is beauty when her ftrength the knows!) And in her hand the tender worm the grafp'd, While it fometime about her finger clasp'd A ring enamel'd, then her render waft In manner of a girdle round imbrac't, And now upon her a bracelet hung, Where for the greater ornament the flung His limber body into leverall folds, And twenty winding figures, where it holds Her amorous pulle, in many a various twift, And many a Love-knot ties upon her wrift. Lyceris to the gods thou art too dear, And too too much of heaven belov'd I tear. This or that Nymph's the Red-sea spoyls may be. But Lybia ne're fent Jewels but to thee. What s're to us are deaths and poyfons fent, Defire Desire to be Lycoris Ornament:
For that same little Spider that hangs up,
Together with her web on the house top,
When she beheld the Snake a bracelet made,
Stuck with an evy, and a love; she said,
And shall a Snake a Gemme Lycoribe,
And such bright form receive no tires from me?
Then slings her nets away, and throwing by
Her subtle toyl she sets to catch the fly,
To the loom Arashne goes, and plyes it there
To work a roab for my Lycorib weare.

Butthou, o Serpent, which fo bleft can be To reap those joyes for which I envy thee : That happy worm, upon her lip fast hung, Sucking in kiffes with thy three fork'd tongue (So may'ft thou age and skin together caft, And oftrecall thy youth, when it is paft,) Teach my Lycoris what your Arts may be, Let her th'Ingredients of thy Cordials fee. That the may ne're grow old, that times dull plow May never print a wrinckle in her brow: I charge thee in thy powerfull Gupids name, May a new beauty alwayes and the fame Lyceris ficw; ne're may the in her glaffe Look for her owne, ad find anothers face. Venus for beauty may she then appear When the has liv'd to old Sybilla's year; And when, dark Snake, thou wilt no more renew Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adiew; And glory to the night, or from his fphear Huge Python pull and fix thy torches there: Where like a river thou shalt bending go, And through the Orb a ftarry torrent flow.

C 4

And

And thou Dycoris, when th'art pleas'd to take
No more of life, next thy beloved Snake
Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;
Bleffe the poor heavens with more majestick light,
Who in requitall shall present you there.
Ariadnasses Grown, and Cassiopeis Chair.

A complaint against Cupid, that he never made him in Love.

TOw many of thy Captives (Love) complain Thou yoak'ft thy flaves in too feverea chain? I have heard 'em their Poetique malice flow, To curfe thy Quiver, and blafpheme thy Bow. Calling thee Boy, and blind, threatning the rod; Prophanely swearing that thou are no god. Or if thou be; not from the Harry place, But born below, and of the Stygian race. But yet thefe Atheifts that thy fhafts diflike, Thou canft be friendly too, and deign to ftrike. This on his Cloris spends his thoughts and time ; That chaunts Garinna in his amorous rhime : A third speaks raptures, and hath gain'd a wit By praising Celia ; elfe had mift of it. But I thatthink there can no freedome be. (cupid) fo sweet as thy Captivity; I that could wish thy chains, and live content Towear them, not thy Gives, but ornament? I that could any ranfome pay to thee, Not to redeem, but fell my liberty. I am negleded, Let the cause be known; Art hou a niggard of thy arrows grown,

That were so prodigall e or dost thou please To fet thy Pillars np with Hercules Weary of conquest ? or should I disgrace Thy victories, if I were deign'd a place Amongst thy other Trophies none of these, Witneffe thy daily triumphs: who, but fees Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low; No age, no Sex can scape thy powerfull bow. Decrepit age whose veins and bones may be An Argument against Phylosophy, To prove an emprinesse; that has no scale Left but his feeling, feels thy influence, And dying dores : not babes the shafes can misse ; How quickly Infants can be taught to kiffe! As the poor Apes being dumb thefe words would be row I was born to day to get a babe to morrow. Each Plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove, Tilling the earth, and wishing 'twere his Love, Am I invulnerable ? is the dare Rebeaten, which thou level'ft at my heart? I'le rest my Parents bones, if they have done As Telbis once did to her god like fon The great Achilles, dipt in Stygian lake: Though I am fo, Cupid, thy arrows take, Try where I am not proof, and let me feel Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th beel. Perchance my heart lies there; who would not be A Coward, to be valiant made by thee. I cannot fay thy blindneffe is the caufe, That I am barr'd the freedome of thy laws; The wretched out- Law of thy Mothers Court, That place of comfort, Paradife of sport, For they may fay, that fay thou blind canft be,

Eagles want eyes, and only moles can fee, Not Argus with fo many lights did thine. For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine. Think'ft thou because I do the Muses love, I in thy Camp would a faint fouldier prove? How came Muleus and Anacreon then Into thy troops ? how came Tibu!lus pen Amongs thy fpears, and how came Ovid (fay) To be enrol'd great Generall in thy pay > And doubt'ft thou me ? fulpect you I will tell The hidden mysteries of your Paphian cell, To the frait lac't Diana? or betray The fecrets of the night unto the day? No, Cupid, by thy Mothers doves I fwear, And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear. If Philomel descend to sport with me, Know I can be (greatLove) as dumb as the. Though the hath loft her tongue; in fuch delights All (hould be like her, only talk by nights: Make me thy Prieft (if Poets truth divine) I'le make the Muses wanton, ar thy thrine They all (hall wait, and Dian's felf shall be A votreffe to thy Mothers Nunnery. When zeale with nature shall maintain no strife. Where none swear chastity, and fingle life. To Venus-Nunsan eafier oath is read, She breaks her voly, that keeps her maiden-head. Reject not then your Flamin's ministry : Let me but Deacon in thy Temples be: And fee how I shall touch my powerfull lyre, And more inspir'd with thine then Phebus fire. Chaunt such a moving verse, as soone should frame Defire of dalliance in the coyest dame, Melting Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of flone, And force her to untruffe her Virgin Zone. Is Lucrece or Penelope alive? Give me a Spartan Matron, Sabine Wife. Or any of the Veft alls bither call, And I will make them be thy converts all. Who like good Profelytes more in heart then show. Shall to thy origies all fo zealous goe. That Thais fhall, nor Helenfuch appear; As if they only Loves precians were. But now my Muse dull heavy numbers fings, Cupid 'tis thou alone giv'ft verie her wings. The Lawrell wreath I never shall obtains nleffe thy torch illuminate my brain. Love Lawrell gives; Phabus as much can fay, Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay. Why is my Presentation chen put by? Who is't that my Induction dares deny? Can any Lady fay I am unfit? If fo, I'le fue my Quare Impedit. I'm young enough, my spirits quick and good. My veins swell high with kind and active blood. Nor am I marble ; when I fee an eye Quick, bright, and full, rai'd round with majesty; I feel my heart with a ftrange heat oppreft, As 'twere a lightning darted through my breaft. I long not for the cherries on the Tree, So much as those which on a lip I fee. And more affection bear I to the Role That in a cheek, then in a garden grows. I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight: And feel my temper vary at the light; I know not why, but warmer ifreams do glide Through

Thorow my veins, fure 'tis a wanton tide. But you perchance efterm my love the leffe. Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse, A fhame-fac'd role you find within my face. Whole modest blush frights you from my embrace; That's ready now to fall, if you'l but deign To pluck it once, it shall not grow again. Or do you therefore cast my love away, Because I am not expert in the play? My skil's not known till it be ventred on; I have not Ariftotle read alone; I am in Ovid a proficient too; And if you'd heare my Lecture, could to you Analize all his Art, with fo much more Judgment and skill then e're was taught before; That I might be chief Master, he, dull fool, The under-wiher in the Cyprian Scool: For petty Pædagogue, poor pedant, he First writ the Art, and then the remedy : But I could fer down rules of love fo fure. As should exceed Art, and admit no cure. Pidures I could invent (Love, were I thine) As might fand Copies unto Aretine. And fach new dalliance fludy, as should frame Variety in that which is the same. I am not then uncapable (great Love) Would'A thou my skill but with one arrow prove, Give me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy, And fuch a Mistreffe (Love) as will be coy. Not eafily won, though to be won in time; That from her niceneffe I may ftore my thime : Then in a thousand fighs to thee I'le pay My Moraing Orifons, and every day Two Two thou fand groans, and count these amorous prayers
I make to thee, not by my Beads but tears.
Besides, each day I'le write an Elegy,
And in as lamentable Poetry
As any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone

To buy an Ovid with a Littleton.

But (Love) I see you will not entertain
Those that desire to live amidst your train;
For death, and you have got a trick to slye
F om such poor wretches as do wish you nigh.
You scorn a yeelding slave; and plainly show it,
Those that contemn your power you make to know it.

And fuch am I; I flight your proud commands; I marlyou put a Bow into your hands; A Hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy, Arattle would befit you better, Bov. You conquer gods and men ? how frand I free, That will acknowledg no supremscy Unto your churlishgod-head? does it cry? Give it a plum to ftill it's deity. Good Venm let it fuck ; that it may keep Leffe brawling; gentle Nurse rock it afleep, Or if you be past Baby, and are now Come to wear breeches, must we then allow, Your Boy fhip leave to shoot at whom you please? No, whip it for fuch wauton trics as thefe: If this do anger you, I'le senda Bee, *Shall to a fingle duell challnege thee: And make you to your Mam run, and complain, The little ferpent flung thee once again. Go hunt the Butter-flies, and if you can But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan, Wee'l give you leave to hunt, and sport arthem,

So you let me alone, ---- But I blaspheme (!Great Love) I feare I have offended thee, If so, be mercifull---- and punish me.

A gratulatory to Mr. Ben Johnson, for adopting him to be his sonne.

Was not born to Helicon, nor dare Presume to think my felf a Muses heir. I have no title to Parnall's hill. Nor any Acre of it by the will Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I be Ought but atenant unto Poetry. But thy Adoption quits me of all feare, And makes me challenge a childs portion there. I am a kinne to Heroes being thine, And part of my alliance is divine, Orpheus, Museus, Homer too, belide Thy Brothers by the Roman Mothers fide ; As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latine Lyre, That is fo like thee, Horace : the whole Quire Of Poets are by thy Adeption, all My Uncles: thou haft given me power to call Phabus himself my Grandire; by this graunt Each Sifter of the nine is made my Auut. Go you that reckon from a large descent Your lineall honours, and are well content To glory in the age of your great name, Though on a Heralds faith you build the fame I do not envy you, nor think you bleft Though you may bear a Gorgon on your Creft By dired line from Perfens ; I will boaft

No farther then my Father, that's the mon I can or should be proud of; and I were Unworthy his adoption, if that here I should be dully modest, boast I must Being fon of his Adoption, not his luft. And to fay truth, that which is best in me May call you Father, 'twas begot by thee. Have I afpark of that exleftial flame Within me. I confesse I stole the same Promotheus like from thee; and may I feed His Vulture, when I dare deny the deed. Many more Moons than haft, that shineby night All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light; Yet can forswear it, I the debt confesse, And think my reputation ne're the leffe. For Father let me be refolv'd by you; Ir's a difparagement from rich Peru Toravish gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore To ranfack Tagus, or Pactolus shore? Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant A lesier Orchard ? fure it cannot be: Nor is it theft to fleale fome flames from thee. Graunt this, and I'le cry guilty, a I am, And pay a filiall reverence to thy name. For when my Muse pen obedient knees Asks nor her Fathers bleffing, let her leefe The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curfe I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse. And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat Phabus to lend thee some of his own heat, To cure thy Palie; elfe I will complain

He has no skill in hearbs; Poetsin vain
Make him the god of Phylick, 'twere his praise
To make thee as immortall as thy Bayes;
As his own Daphre, 'twere a shame to see
The god not leve his Priess, more then his Tree.

But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Lesbiam, & Histrionem.

Wonder what should Madam Lesbia mean To keep young Hiffrio, and for what feene So bravely the maintains him, that what fense He please to bleffe, 'tis done at her expence ! The play-boy fpends fecure; he fhall have more, As if both Indies did fupply his fore. As if he did in bright Pattolus Swim. Or Tagus yellow waves did water him, And yet has no revenews to defray Thefe charges, but the Madam, the must pay His prodigall disburfments : Madams are To fuch as he, more then a treble fhare. She payes (which is more then the needs to do) For her own coming in, and for histoo. This is reward due to the facred fin ; No charge too much done to the beardleffe chin Although the flint her poor old Knight Sir John To live upon his exhibition, His hundred marks per annum, when her joy, Her languine darling, her spruce active boy May scatter Angels; rub out filks, and thine

In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine ! Keep his Race-nags, and in Hide-park be feen Brisk as the beft (as if the ftage had been Crown the Courts Rivall) can to Brackly go, To Lincoln Race, and to New-market too; At each of thele his hundred pounds has vie'd On Peggabries, or Shotten herrings fide; And lofes without Swearing. Let them curle That neither have a Fortunatus purle, Nor fuch a Madam; if this world do hold (As very likely 'twill) Madams grown old Will be the best Monopolies; Hiftrio may At Man, or Gleek, or at Primero play, Still Madam goes to fake, Hiffrieknows Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes As deep, the Cafter, as the only son Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one A whole week fince: you'd know the reason why Lesbia does this, gueffe you as well as I; Then this I can no better reason tell, 'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well I fee old Madams are not only toyle, No tilth fo fruitfull as a barren foile. Ah poer day-labourers, how I pity you That shrink, and sweat to live with much ado! When had you wit to understand the right. 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night. Yet some that resting here, do only think That youth with age is an unequall link, Conclude, that Hiffrias task as hard muft be As was Mezentius bloody crucky. Who made the living to embrace the dead, And fo expire, but I am rather lead

His bargain of thetwo the best to call, He at one game keeps her, she him at all.

De Histrice, Ex Claudiano.

F Am'd Stymphal, I have heard, thy birds in flight Shot showers of arrows forth, all levied right, And long the fable of these quils of feele Did feem to me a tale incredible. Now have I faith ; the Porcupine I fee, And then th'Herculean birds no wonders be-Her longerhead like a fwines fnour doth fhow. Brifles like horns upon her fore head grow. A fiery hear glows from her flaming eye, Under her shaggy back the shape doth lye As 'twere a whelp : nature her Arthath try'd In this small beaft so frangely fortified. A threatning wood o're all her body frands, And fliffe with Pikes the fpeckled falks in bands Grow to the warre; while under those dorh rife An other troop, girt with alternate dies Ot feverall hue, which while a black doth fill The inward space endsin a folid quill. That leffening by degrees, doth in a while, Take a quick point, and fharpens to a Pile. Nordoth her fquadrons like the hedg-hogs fland Fixt, but the dartsthem forth, and at command Farre off her members aims, thouthrough the skye From her fhak'd fide the Native Engines flye. Sometimes retiring, Parthian like, thee'l wound Her following foe, fometimes intrenching round, In battail form marshalling all her flanks,

Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
Of her poor enemies: lineing every side
With spears to which she is her selfallied,
Bach part of her's a souldier, from her back
But stir'd, a horse a horrid noise doth crack,
That one would think the trumpets did incise
Two adverse Armies to begin to sight,
So great a noise from one so small did rise,
Then to her skill in Arms she is so wise
As to add Policy, and a thristy fear
Of her own safety; she a wrath doth bear
Not prodigall of weapons, but content
With wary threatning, and hath seldome sent
An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
But spends 'em only to secure her life!

And then her diligent stroke so certain is
VVithout all errour, shee will seldome misse.
No distance cozens her; the dumb skin aims right.
And rules the levy of the skilfull sight:
VVhat humane labour, though we boast it such;
VVith all her reason can perform so much?
They from the Greean Goats their horns must take,
And a ster, those with five must softer make.
Bulls guts must bend their bows, and e're they fight
Steel arms their darts, and feathers wing their slights.

VVhen lo a little beast we armed see
VVith nothing but her own Artilery:
VVho seeks no forraign ayd, with her all go,
She to her self is Quiver, darts, and bow.
One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;
If from examples then the practise flows
Of humane life, hence did th' Invention grow
At distance to encounter with our foe.

Hence

Hence the Cyaonians instructed are
Their stratagems and manner of their war.
Hence did the Parthians learn to fight and fly,
Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

In Archimedis Spharam, ex Claudiano.

Tove faw the Heavens fram'd in a little glaffe,
And laughing, to the gods these words did passe;
Comes then the power of mortall ears so far?
In brittle Orbs my labours acted are.
The statutes of the Poles, the fares of things,
The laws of gods, this Syracustan brings
Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
Their severall sphears, and with set motions bend
The living work: Each yeer the saigned Sun,
Each month returns the counterfeited Moon,
And viewing now her world, bold Industry
Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects be.
Believe Salmonius hath salse thunders thrown,
For a poor hand is Natures rivall grown.

De magnete, ex Claudiano.

Searching the feed of things, and there descries
With what defect labours th' Eclipsed Moon,
What cause commands a palenesse in the Sun,
Whence ruddy Comets with their fatall hair,
Vyhence winds do slow, and what the Motions are
That shake the bowels of the trembling Earth,
Vyhat

VV hat strikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give
To horrid thunders, and doth also know
(birth
VV hat light lends lustre to the paimed Bow;
If ought of truth his soule doth understand,
Let him resolve a question I'le demand.

There is a stone which we the load-stone stile. Of colour ugly, dark, obscure, and vile: It never deck'd the fleiked locks of Kings, No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings To virgins beauteous necks, it never thone A splendent buckle in their maiden Zone : But only hear the wonders I will tell, Of this black Peeble, and 'twill then excel All bracelets, and whate're the diving Moore Mongft the red weeds feeks for i'th Eaftern fhore : From Iron first lives, Iron it eats, But that fweet feaft it knows no other meats: Thence the renews her Grength, vigor is fent Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment. VVithour that food the dies, a famine num's Her meager joynes, a thirle her veins confumes. Marsthat frights Cities with his bloody fphears, And Venus that releases humane fears, Do both together in one Temple shine, Both joyntly honour'd in a common thrine; But different Starues, Mars a feel put on, And Venus figure was Magnetique stone. To them (as is the custome every yeer) The Priest dorn celebrate a Nuptiall there. The torch the Quire doth lead, the threshold's green VTith hallowed Mircles, and the beds are feen To smell with rose flowers, the Geniall sheet Spread over with a purple Coverlet.

But here (Oftrange!) the flatues feem'd to move. And Cytheria runs to catch her Love : And like their former joyes in heaven poffeft, With wanton heat clings to her Mars's breft; There hangs a gratefull burden : then the throws Her arms about his helmet, to inclose Her Love in amorous Gives, left he get out, Her live embraces chain him round about. He ftird'd with love, breath'd gently through his veins. Is drawn by unfeen links, and fecret chains, To meet his spouled Gem; the ayr doth wed The feel unto the ftone thus ftrangely led The deities their foln delights replay'd, And onely Nature was the bridall-maid. What heat in thefe two metals did inspire Such mutual league? what concords powerfull fire Contracted their hard minds ? the stone doth move With amorous hear, the fleel doth learn to love, So Venus of the god of War withflood, And gives him milderflooks; when hot with blood He rages to the fight, fierce with defire And with drawn points whees up hisactive ire; She dares go forth alone, and boldly meet His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet The tumous of his high fwoln breftaffwage, Tempring with gentle flames his violent rage. Peace courts his foule, the fight he difavows, And his red plumes he now to killes bows

Ah cruell boy, large thy dominions be,
The gods and all their thunders yeeld to thee,
Great Jove to leave his heaven thou canft conftrain,
And midfthe brinifh waves to Love again.
Now the cold Rocks thou first fi, the senseleffe ftone,

Thy

Thy wapon feels; a luftfull heat doth run
Though veins of flint; the feel thy power can tame,
and rigid Marble must admit thy flame.

De Sene Veronensi: Ex Claudiano.

HAppy man that all his dayes hath spent
VVithin his own grounds, and no farther went; V Vhom the fame house that did him erft behold A little Infant, fees him now grown old; That with his flaffe walks where he crawl'd before, Counts th'age of one poor cottage and no more. Fortunene're him with various tumult preft, Nor drank he unknown ftreams, a wandring gueft. He fear'd no Merchants forms, nor drums of war, Nor ever knew the Brifes of the hoarfe Bar. VVho though to th'acut Town he attranger be, Yet heavens sweet prosped he enjoys more free. From fruits, not Confuls, computation brings, By Apples Autumns knows, by flowers the fprings. Thushe the day by his own orb doth prize; In the fame field his Sun doth fet and rife. That knew an oak a twig, and walking thither Beholds a woodand he grown up together, Neighbouring Veron he may for Indiacake. And think the red Sea is Benacus lake, Yet is his ftrength untam'd, and firm his knees; Him the third age a lufty Grandfire fees. Go feek who's will the far Ibrean fhore, This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more. The second Epod. of Horace translated.

Appy the man which farre from city care,

(Such as ancient Mortals were)

Vith his own exemplows his fathers land,

Free from Ulurers griping hand.

The fouldiers trumpets never break his fleep,

Nor angry feas that raging keep.

He shuns the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth set On the proud thresholds of the Great:

His life is this (O life almost divine!)

To marry Elmesunto the Vine; To prime un fruitfull brauches, and for them

To graft a bough of happier stem.

Or else within the low south'd vallies views

His well cloath'd flocks of bleating ews.

Sometimes his honey he in pots doth keep,

Sometimes he shears his sleecy sleep.

And when his fruits with Autumn ripened be, Gathers his Apples from the tree.

And joyes to tast the Pears himself did plant, And Grapes that naught of purple want.

Under an Oak sometimes he layes his head, Making the tender graffe his bed.

Mean while the freams along their banks do float, And birds do chaunt with wathling throat,

And gentle fprings a gentle murmure keep, To lull him to aquiet fleep.

When winter comes, and th'ayre doth chiller grow, Threatning showers, and shivering snow,

Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine

POEMS.

That foe unto the corn and vine : Or laves his nets, or limes the undious bufh To catch the black-bird, or the thrush. Sometimes the Hare he courses, and one way Makes both a pleasure and a prey. But if with him a modest wife doth meet, To guide his house and children sweet, Such as the Sabine or Apulean wife, Something brown, but chaft of life; Such as will make a good warm fire to burn, Against her wearied Mate's return, And flutting in her stalls her truitfull Neat, Will make the kines distended Teat s Fetching her husband of her felf-brewd beer, And other wholfome Countrey cheer. Sup him with bread and cheefe, Pudding or bye, Such dainties as they do not any: Give me butthefe, and I shall never care VYhere all the Lucrine Oilters are. These wholsome Country dainties thall to me Sweet as Tench or Sturgeon be. Had I but thefe, I well could be without The Carp, the Sammon, or the Trout :-Nor should the Phænix felfe fo much delight My not ambitions appetite, As should an Apple snatch'd from mine own it ces Or honey of my labouring Bees.
My Cattels udders should afford me food, My theep my cloath, my ground my wood, Sometimes a lamb, Inatch'd from the wolf shall be A banquet for my friend and me. Sometimes a Calf, ta'en from the lowing Cow,

Our gardens fallets yeeld, Mallows to keep Loofe bodies, Lettice for to fleep.

The cackling Hen anegg for breakfast layes, And Duck that in our water playes.

The Goofe for us her tender plumes hath bred, To lay us on a fofter bed.

Onr blankets are not dy'd with Orphans tears, Our pillows are not fluff'd with cares:

To walk on our own ground a ftomack gets. The best of fauce to cure our mears.

In midft of fuch a feaft 'ris joy to come And feelthe well-fed Lambs at home. 'Tis pleasure to behold th'inversed Plow,

The Languid necks of Oxen bow.

And view th'industrious servants that will sweat Both at labour and at meat.

Lord grant me but enough ; I aske no more, Then will ferve mine, and belp the poore.

An Elegy upon the Lady Venetian Digby.

Eath, whol'd not change prerogatives with thee That doft fuch rapes , yet maift not question'd be ? Hereceasethy wanton luft, be fatish'd, Hope not a fecond, and fo fair a bride. Where was her Mars, whose valiant arms did held This Venus once, that thou durft be fo bold By thy too nimble theft ? I know 'twas fear. Left he should come, that would have rescued her. Monfter confesse, didft thou not blushing stand, And thy pale cheek ournd red to touch her hand? Did the not lightning-like ftrike fudden heat

Through

Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to fweater Well fince thou haft her, ufe her kindly, Death, And in requirall of fuch preious breath Watch sentinell to guard her, do not fee The worms thy rivals, for the gods will be. Remember Paris, for whose petrier fin, The Troian gates let the four Grecian in : So when time ceafes, (whose unthrifty hand Ha's now almost consum'd his stock of sand Myriads of Angels shall in Armies come, dan assured in And fetch (proud ravisher) their Helen home. And to revenge this rape, thy other flore Thou shalt refign too, and shalt steal no more, Till then fair Ladies (for you now are fair, But till her death I fear'd your just despair, Ferch all the spices that Arabia yeelds, Diffill the chaylest flowers of the fields > And when in one their best perfections meer Embalm her course that she may make them sweet. Whilft for an Epitaph upon her stone I cannot write, but I muit weep her one. Epitapb.

Beauty it selflies here, in whom alone,
Each part enjoy'd the seme perfection.
In some the eyes we praise, in some the hair;
In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair;
That Nymphs fine seet; her hands we beauteous call;
But in this form we praise no part, but all.
The ages past have many beauties shown,
And I more plenty in our time have known:
But in the age to come I look for none;
Nature despairs because the pattern's gone,

An Epitaph upon Mrs. J. T.

Reader, if thou hast a tear,
Thou canst not choose but pay it here,
Here lies modesty, meeknesse, zeale,
Goodnesse, Piety, and to tell
Her worth at once, one that had shown
All vertues that her sex could own,
Nor dare my praise too lavish be,
Lest her dust blush, for so would she.
Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers
Tender buds break to bring forth slowers?
So to keep vertues stock, pale death
Took her to give her infant breath,
Thus her accounts were all made even,
She robb'd not earth, to add to heaven.

An Epithalamium.

Muse be a bride-maid e dost not heare How honoured Hont, and his fair Deer, This day prepare her wedding cheer?

The swiftest of thy pinions take, And hence a sudden journey make, To help 'em break their bridall Cake.

Hast'em to Church, tell 'em love sayes, Beligion breeds but fond delayes, To lengthen out the tedious dayes. Chide the flow Priest, that so goes on, As if he seard he should have done His Sermon, e're the glasse berun:

Bid him post o're his words, as fast As if himself were now to tast The pleasure of so fair a wast.

Now lead the bleffed Couple home, And serve a dinner up for some, Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimbly as your blood.
V Vhich I fee swell apurple flood
In emulation of that good

The Bride possessible to I deeme VVhat she enjoyes will be the theme This night of every virgins dream.

But envy not their bleft content, The hafty night is almost spent, And they of Cupid will be shent.

The Sun is now ready to ride, Sure 'twas the morning Iespide, Or 'twas the blushing of the Bride.

See how the lufty bridegrooms veins Sweil, till the active torrent frains To break those o're-firetcht azure chains.

And the fair bride ready to cry To fee her pleafant loffe fo nigh, Pants like the fealed Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights, Those that perform their mislickrites Must pay their Orisons by nights.

Nor can that facrifice be done By any Priest, or Nun alone, Butwhen they both are met in one.

Now you that taft of Hymens cheer, See that your lips do meet so neer, That Cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whilperings of your love Such short and gentle murnurs prove, As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine, As if you read unto the Vine, The Ivy aud the Columbine,

Then let your mutuall bosoms beat, Till they create by virtuall heat Mirrhe, Balme, and Spikenard in a sweat.

Thence may there spring many a pair Of Sons and Daughters frong and fair: How soon the gods have heard my prair!

Methinks already I espy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drowlie Nurses Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honoured friend Mr. War.

TEre lies the knowing head, the honest heart, Fair blood, and courteous hands, and every part Of gentle warre, all with one frome content, Though each deferv'd a severall monument. He was (believe me Reader) for 'tis rare Vertuous though young, and learned though an heir. Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content, He paid them both their tribute which they lent. His Ancestors in him fixed their pride, So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed. This made death lingring come, afham'd to be, At once the ruine of a family. I. earn Reader here, though long thy line hath flood, Time breeds confumptions in the noblest blood. Learu (Reader) here to what our Glories come, Here's no distinction 'twixe the House and Tomb,

Upon the loffe of his little singer.

A Rithmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I still have all my store,
For what mischance hath tane from my lest hand,
It seems did only for a cypher stand,
But this I'le say for thee departed joynt,
Thou were not given to steal, to pick, nor point
At any in disgrace, but thou didstgo
Untimely to thy Deeth, only to show
The other members what they once must do.

Hand.

Ha nd arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow root Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse Henceforth I will impute the cause to this. A singers loss (I speak it not in sport) VVill make a verse a Foot too short, Farewell dear singer, much I grieve to see How soon mischanse hath made a hand of thee.

On the Passion of Christ,

Hat rends the temples vail, where is day gone?
How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sun?
Aftrologers their skill in vain do try,
Nature must needs be sick, when, God can dye.

Necessary Observations.

I Precept.

First worship God, he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day.
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
And serve him first, whence all things did begins

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,
With them, though for a truth, do not contend.
Though all should truth defend, do thou loose rather,
The truth a while, then lose their Loves for ever.
V hoever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

Think that is just, 'tis not enough to do,

Valefie

u

Unlesse thy very thoughts are upright too.

4. Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye, A coward is, and gives himself the lye.

5. Pre.

Honour the King, as fons their Parents doe, For he's thy Father, and thy Countryes too.

6. Pre-

A friend is gold; if true hee'l never leave thee: Yet both withour a touchstone may deceive thee:

7. Pre.

Suspitious men think others false, but he Cozens himself that will too credulous be, For thy friends sake, let no suspect be shown, And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

8. Pre.

Take well what e're shall chance; though bad it be? Take it for good, and 'twill be for thee.

9. Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart, Which fhor, rebounds to firike the shooters heart,

10. Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey; Who keeps it not, hath wandring loft his way?

. II. Pre.

Thank those that do thee good, so shalt thou gain.
Their second help, if thou shouldst need again,

12. Pre.

To doubtfull matters do not headlong run'; What's well left off, were better not begun.

13. Pre.

Bewell advis'd, and wary counfell make, E're thou dos any action undertake. Having undertaken, thy indeavours bend To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14. Pro.

Safe in thy breft close lock up thy Intents, For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

S. Pre.

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed. Men help thee most that think thou hast no need. But if the world once thy misfortunes know, Thou soon shalt loose a friend, and finde a foc.

16; Pre.

Keep thy friends goods, for should thy wants be known. Thou canst not tell but they may be thy own.

17. Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud do not presume, A little evill got will much consume.

18. Prc.

First think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will Then speak, and after what thou speakst fulfill.

19. Prc.

Spare not, nor spend to much; be this thy care, Spare but to spend, and onely spend to spare. Who spends too much may want, and so complain, But he spends best that spares to spend again.

20. Pre.

If with a ftranger thou discourse, first learn
By strictest observations to discourse,
If he be wifer then thy self; it so
Be dumb, and rather choose by him to know:
But if thy self perchance the wifer be,
Then do thou speak that he may learn by thee.

ar, Pre.

If thou dispraise a man let no man knows

By any circumstance that he's thy foe:
If men but once finde that, they'l quickly fee
Thy words from hate, and not from judgement be.
If thou wouldst tell his vice, do what you can
To make the world believe thou lov's the man.

Reprove not in their wrath incented men,
Good councel comes clean out of feafon then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his fault and mend at last.
When he is cool and calm, then utter it,
No man gives Physick in the midst oth'Fit,

Seem not too conscious of thy worth, nor be The first that knows thy own sufficiency.

If to thy King and Countrey thy true care
More serviceable is then others are,
That blaze in Court; and every action sway
As if the Kingdom on their shoulders lay.

Or if thou ferv'st a master, and dost see Others prefer'd of lesse Describes thee. Do not complain, though such a plaint be true, Lords will not give their Favours as a due, But rather stay and hope: it cannot be But men at last must needs thy vertues see. So shall thy trust endure and greater grow,

Whil'st they that are above thee, fall below.

Desire not thy mean fortunes for to set.
Next to the stately Manners of the Great.
He will suspect thy labours, and oppresse,
Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the less.
Great ones do love no equals: But must be

Above

Above the Terms of all comparity.
Such a rich neighbour is compared best
To the great Pike that eats up all the rest:
Or esse like Pharaohs Cow, that in an hour
Vill seven of his fattest friends devour.
Or like the sea whose vastnesse swallows clean
All other streams, though no increase be seen.
Live by the Poor, they do the Poor no harm;
so Bees thrive best when they together swarm.
Rich men are Bears, and Poor men ought to sear'em.
Like ravenous wolves, 'cis dangerous living near'em.
25. Pre.

Eachman three Devils hath; felf born affliction; Th'unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections: Charme these, such holy Conjurations can Gain thee a frienthip both of God and man.

26. Pre.

So live with man, as if Gods curious Eye,
Did every where into thine Actions page.
For never yet was fin so void of sence,
So fully fac'd with brazen impudence.
As that it durst before menseyes commit
Their beaftly lusts, lest they should witnesse it.
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
That must alone both ludge and jury be?

Take thou no eare how to defer thy death,
And give more respite to this Mortall breath.
Would'it shou live long? the onely means are these,
Bove Gaths diet or Hypocrates.
Strive to live well, need in the upright wayes,
And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes;
Then thou half liv'd enough amongst us here,

For every day well spent I count a year, Live well, and then how foon fo e're thou dye. Thou art of Age to claim Eternity. But he that out lives Neffer, and appears T'have paft the date of grave Methufalem's years; If he his life to floth and fin doth give, I fay he onely was, he did not Live.

28. Pre.

Trust nota man unknown, he may deceive thee; And doubt the man thou know'ft, for he may leave thee. And yet for to prevent exception too. 'Tis boft not feem to doubt although you do.

29. Pre.

Hearmuch but little speak, a wife man fears, And will not use his tongue so much as ears. The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth do break Will others hame, and its own Ruin Speak. I never yet did ever read of any, Undone by hearing, but by speaking many. The reason's this, the Ears if chast and holly, Do let in wit, the Tongue doth let ont folly.

30. Pre.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kinde, A win ning carriage with indifferent minde. But not familiar, that must be exempt, Grooms faucy love foonturns into contempt, Be fure he be at leaft as good as thee, To whom thy frienship shall familiar be.

31. Pre. Iudge not between two friends, but rather fee If thou canft bring them friendly to agree. So thalt thou both their Loves to thecincreale, and and And gain a bieffing too for making Peace,

But if thou hould trace de the cause 'ith'end, ' with How e're thou judge thou sure that tole a friend.

32. Pre-

Thy credit wary keep, tis quickly gone; Being got by many Actions, loft by one.

32. Pre.

Unto thy Brother buy not, fell, nor lend, Such Actions have their own peculiar end; But rather chuse to give him, if thou see That thou hast power, and he necessity.

34. Pre.

Spare in thy youth, lest Age should finde thee poor When time is past, and thou earst spare no more. No coupl'd misery is so great in either, As Age and V Vant when both do meet together.

35. Pre.

Fly Drunkennesse, whose vile incontinence Takes both away the reason and the sence. Till with Cira an Kups thy mind's poffett Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a Beaft. Think whilf thou fwallowest the capacious Bowle, Thou let'ft in Seas to wrack and drown the foule. That hell is open, to remembrance call, And think how subject drunkards are to fall. Confider how is foon defroy es the grace Of humane shape, spoiling the beaureous face : Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye, Studding the face with vitious Heraldry. What Pearls and Rubies doth the wine disclose, Making the purse poor to enrich the Note? How does it nurle difeafe, infect the heart, Drawing some sicknesse into every part! The Stomack over-cloy'd, wanting a vent,

Doth up againe refend her excrement, And then (& fee what too much wine can do !) The very foul being drunk fpews fecrets too. The Lungs corrupted breath contagious ayr, Belching up fumes that unconcocted are, The brain o're warm'd (loling her fweet repole) Doth purge her filthy ordure through the note, The veins do boyl glutted with vitious food, And quickly tevers the diftemper'd blood. The belly fwels, the foot can hardly stand Lam'd with the Gout; the Palie shakes the Hand. And through the fieth fick waters finking in, Do Bladder-like puffe up the dropfi'd skin. It weaks the Brain, it spoils the Memory, Hasting on Age, and wilful Poverty. It drowns thy better parts, making thy name To foes a laughter, to thy friends a fhame. Tis vertues poylon, and the bane of rruft, italian and The match of wrath, the fuel unto luft. Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again, U pon presumption of a kronger brain. For he that holds more wine then others can-I rather count a Hogs-head then a man. 16. Pre.

Let not thy impotent luft so powerfull be Over thy Reason, Soul, and Liberty.

As to enforce thee to a married life,

Br'e thou are able to maintain a wife.

Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face,

She cannot cloath thee with a poor imbrace,

My self being yet alone, and but one still, and

With patience could endure the work of ill.

To fight against his toes, and fortunes too.

But (6) the grief were treble for to see
Thy wretched Bride half pin'd with Poverty.
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The poorest beggar when he's dead and gone,
Is rich as he that sits upon the Throne,
Buthe that having no estate is wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37. Pre.

If c're I take a wife, I will have one Neither for beauty nor for portion, But for her vertues; and I'le married be Not for my luft, but for pofferity. And when I am wed, I'le never jealous be, But make her learn how to be chaft by me. And be her face what t'will, I'le think her faire If the within the house confine her care, If modest in her words, and cloaths she be, Nordawb'd with pride, and prodigality; If with her neighbours the maintains no ftrife, And beare her felf to be a faithfull wife; I'de rather unto fuch a one be wed. Then clasp the choylest Helin in my bed. Yet though the were an Angell, my affection Should onely love, not dote on her perfection.

A Platonik Eligie.

L Ove, give me leave to ferve thee, and be wife I To keep thy torch in, but reftore blinds eyes.

I will a flame into my before take,

That Martyrs Court when they embrace the flake:
Not dull, and smoaky fires, but heat divine,
That burns not to consume, but to refi ie.
I have a Mistrelle for persections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the persume of Sacrifice.
And whereso'ere my fancy would begin,
Still her persection lets Religion in,
I touch her like my Beads, with devout care,
And come unto my Court-ship as my Prayer.
VVe sit, and talk, and kisse away the houres
As chastly as the morning dews kisse slowers.

Go wanton Lover, spare thy fighs and tears, Put on the Livery which thy dotage wears, And call it Love, where herefie gets in Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater fine VVe wear no flesh, but one another greer, As bleffed fouls in separation meet. Wer't possible that my ambitions fin, Durst commitrapes upon a Cherubin, I might have luft full thought to her, of all Earths heav'nly Quire the most Angelicall. Looking into my Steaft, her form I finde That like my Guardian-Angells keeps my minde From rule attempts; and when affections file, I calm all paffions with one thought ofher. Thus they whole reasons love, and not their fence, The Spirits love: thus one Intelligence Reflects upon his like, and by chaft loves In the fame sphear this and that Angell moves. Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought Begets another, and that ftill is brought

To bed of more; Vertues an derace increase,
And such a numerous issue ne're can cease,
V Vhere Children though great blessings, onely be
Pleasures repriv'd to some posterity.
Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
And call that Love which is but appetite.
When essence meets with essence, and souls joyn
In mutual knots, that's the true Nuprial twine;
Such, Lady, is my Love, and such is true.
All other Love is to your Sex, not You.

An Apologie for his false Prediction that his Aunt Lane would be deliver'd of a Son.

Mailes agigos is els el nate na has

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

A Re then the S, bils dead? what is become
Of the loud Oracles? are the Agures dumb?
Live not the Magi that so oft reveal'd
Natures intents? his Gipsisme quite repeal'd?
In Fryar Bason nothing but a name?
Or is all Witcherast brain'd with Doctor Lamb?
Does not the learned Bungies soul inherit?
Has Madam Davers disposses foul inherit?
Or will the VVelckmen give me leave to say
There is no faith in Merlin? none though they
Daresware each letter Ored, and pawn their blood
He prophosied an age before the slood
Of holy Dea, which was as some have said,
Ten generations are the Ark was made.

All your perdictions, but impossures are. And you but prophecy of things that were. And you Coleftial juglars that pretend You are acquainted with the stars, and fend Your fpyes to fearch what's done in every fohear. Keeping your State-intelligencersthere; Your art is all deceir, for now I fee Against the Rules of deep Astrology, Girls may be got when Mars his power doth vaunt, And Boyes when Venus is Predominant. Nor doth the Moon though moift and cold the be Alwayes at full, work to produce the fhe : Had this been true I had foretold no lye, It was the Artwas in the wrong, not I. Thence I fo dully err'd in my belief, As to mistake an Adam for an Eve : O groffe miftake, and in the civill pleas Error perfone, Mafter Doctor faies, And may admit divorce, but farwell now You hungry ftar-fed Tribe, henceforth I vow Talmud, Albumazar, and Ptolomie, VVith Erra Pater shall no Gospel be Nor will I ever after this! frear Through Dice upon the shepherds Calender. But why do It'excuse my ignorance Lay blame upon the Art ? no, no, perchance I have loft all myskill, for well I know My Physiognomytwo years ago By the small Pox was mar'd, and it may be A fingers loffe hath spoild my Palmiftry. But why fhould I a groffe miltake confesse? No, Iam confident I did but gueffe The very truth; it was a male-childe then, But Aunt you fiaid till 'twas a wench agen.'
To see th'unconstancy of humane things,
How little time great Alteration brings!
All things are subject unto change we know,
And if all things, then why not sexes too?
Terestas we read a man was born
Yet after did into a woman turn,
Lovinus a Physician of great same,
Reports that one at Paris did the same.
And devout Papists say certain it is,
One of their Popes by Metamorphosis
Indur'd the same, else how could soan be helf.
To the succession of Saint Peters Chair.

So I at Chairing Croffe have beheld one A Statue cut out of the Parian ftone To figure great Alcides: which when well The Artist faw it was not like to fell, He takes his Chizell, and away he pares Part of his linewy neck; shaving the haires Ofhis rough beard and face, finoothing the brow And making that look amorous, which but now Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head He poles the shagey locks, and had o're spread His brawny flioulders with a fleece of baire, And works instead more gensle treff's there: And thus his skill exactly to expresse, Soon makes a Venus of an Hercules, And can it then impossible appear, That fuch a change as this might happen here. For this cause therefore (gentle Aunt) I pray Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.

But this will not excuse me; that I may.

Diteally clear my self; there is no way.

Unlesse the Jesuites will to me impart
The secret depth of their mysterious arts
Who from their halting Patriot learn to frame
A Crutch for every word that fals outlage.
That can the subtile difference descry
Betwixt aquivocation and a lye.
And a rare scape by sly distinction finde
To swear the Tongue, and yetnot swear the minde.
Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
But my own cause thus considently plead.

I faid there was a boy within your womb, Not actually, but one in time to come. Or by Antiphrasis my words might be That ever under gands the contrary: Or when I faid you fhould a man childe bear. You understood me of the fex I fear, When I did mean the minde; and thus define A woman but of spirit masculine. Orhad I faid it should a girl have been And it had prov'd a boy, you should have feen Me folveir thus; I meant a boy by fate But one that would have been effeminate. Or thus I had my just excuse begun, I faid my Aunt would furely bring a fon If not a daughter; what we feers forefee Is certain truth, unlesseit talshood be. Or I affirm because the broughtforth one That will bring boyes, the hath brought forth's fon : For do not we call Father Adam thus, Because that he got those that have got us,

An Epithalamium to Mr. F. H.

FRanke when this Mornethe harbinger of day Blufh't from her Eastern pillow where she lay Clasp'd in her Pshons arms, red with those kiffes Which being injoy'd by night, by day the miffes: I walk'd the fields to fee the teeming earth, V Vhole womb now fwelsto give the flowers a birthi V Where while my thoughts with every object tane. Infeveral contemplations wrapt my brain. A fudden luftre like the Sun did rife. And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes, At last I spyed a Beauty, such another, As I have fometimes heard call thee her brother. But by the charior, and her team of Doves, I guelle her to be Penni, Queen of Loves, VVith her a pretty boy I there did fee, But for his wings I had thought it had been thee. At laft when I beheld his quiver of darts, I knew t'was Cupid Emperour of our hearts, Thus I accosted them. Goddelle divine, Great Queen of Paphos, and Cytherian Ihrine : Whole Alters no manfees that can depart Till in those flames he facrifice his heart ; That conquer'ft gods, and men, and heaven divine, Yez, and hell too : Bear witnesse Proferpine. And Cupid, thou that sanft thy Trophics flow Over all thefe, and o're thy mother too; Wienesse the night which when with Mars the lay. Did all her sports to all the gods betray :

Tell me great Powers, what makes such glorious beams Vilit the low ly banks of Ninus ftreams? Then Venus fmil'd, and fmiling bid me know Cupid and the must both to westen go. I gueffe the caufe; for Hymen came behinde In faffron robes, his Nupriall knots to binde. Then thus I pray'd : Great Venue by the Love Of thy Adonis; as thou hop'fice move Thy Mais to fecond kiffes, and obtain Beauties reward, the Golden fruit again : Bow thy fair ears to my chaft prayers, and cal Such Orifons as pureft Love can make. Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither To tve pure hearts in pureft bonds together. Cupid thou know'ft the maid, I have feen thee lye V Vith all thy arrows lurking in her eye. Venus thou know ft her love, for I have feen The time thou would'ft have fain her Rivall been O bleffe then both! let their affections meet VVith happy Omens in the Geniall sheet. Both comely, beauteous both, both equal fair, Thou canft not glory in a fitter pair. I would not thus have prayed if I had feen Fourscore and ten, wed to a young fifteen. Death in such Nuprials seems with love to play And January feems to match with May. Autumn to wed the Spring, Froft to defire To kifle the Sun, Ice to embrace the fire, Both these are young, both spritfull, both complexe Of equal moviture, and of equal heat : And their defires are one; were all Loves fuch VVho would love folicary theets fo much? Virginity (whereofchaft fools do boaft

POEMS.

54 A thing not known what tis, till it be loft) Lerothers praise, for me I cannot tell VVhat vertue 'tis to lead Bahoous in hell. VVoman is one with man when the is brided; The Came in kinde, onely in fex divided. Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then : Adam had been the firft, and laft of men. How none O Venus then thy power had feen? How then in vain had Cupids arrows been ? My felf whole cool thoughts feel no hot defires, That fetve not Venus flames but Vefa's fires : Had I not vow'd the Cloyfters, to confine My felf to no more wives then onely Nine. Parallus brood, thoic that hear Phabus fing. Bathing their naked limbs in T befpian fprings I'de rather be an Cwl of Birds, then one That is the Phenix if the live alone. Two's the first of numbers, one naught can do, One then is good, when one is made of two. V Vhich mystery is thine great Venus, thine, Thy union can two fouls in one combine. Now by that power I charge thee bleffe the facets VVith happyiffue where this couple meets. The maid's a Harry, one that may compare V Vich fruit Hefperian, or the Dragones care. Her Love a ward, not he that awed the leas : Frighting the fearfull Hamadriades, That Ocean terrour, he that durft out brave Dread Neptunes Trident, Amphirrites waves This wards milder Pirat fure will prove, And onely fails the Hellefpent of Love. As once Leander did ; his thefr is be @ The nothing steals but what's within the brott.

Yet

Yetlet that other ward his thefts compare. And ranfack all his treasures, let him beare The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the well, And all the richeft reasures of the Eaft. The fands of Tagus, all Pattolm Ore, With both the Indies; yet this one gers more At once by Love, then he by force could ger, Or ravish from the Marchants, let him let His Ores to ether; let him vainly boaft Of spices snatch'd from the Canary coast, The Gums of Egyps, or the Tyrian fleece Dyedin his Native purple, with what Greet, Colchos, Arabia, or proud China yeelds, With all the Metals in Guine fields. When this has fet all forth to boaft his pride In various pomp, this other brings his Bride, And I'le be judg'd by all judicious eyes, If the alone prove nor the richer prize. O let not death have powertheir Love to severe! Let them both love, and live, and dye together, O let their beds be chaft, and banish thence As well all Icalousies, as all offence! For some men I have known, whose wives have been As chaft as Ice: fuch as were never leen In wanton dalliance, fuch as untill death Never smelt any, but their husbands breath. Yerthe Good-man still dream'd of horns, still feating His forehead would grow harder; fill appearing To his own fancy, Bull, or Stag, or more, Or Ox at least, that was an Affe before. If the would have new cloathes, he trait will fear She loves a Taylor; if the fad appear He gueffes foon it is 'caufe he's at home ;

If jocand, fure the has fome friend to come, If the be lick, he thinks no grief the felt, But wishes all Physicians had been quelt, But ask her how the does, fees him a fwearing, Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing. Poor wretched wife, the cannot look a wry But without doubt, 'cis flat adultery. And jealous wives there be, that are afraid To entertain a handlome Chamber-maid. Far, far from them be all fuch thoughts I pray, Let their Loves prove eternal, and no day Adde date totheir affections, (grant O Queen) Their Love like Nuptial-bayes be alwayes green. And also grant --- but here he bid me flay, For well the knew what I had elle to fay. I ask'd no more, with'd her hold on her race To joyne their hands and fend them night apace She fmil'd to hear what I in sport did fay, So whip'd her doves and failing rid away.

To M. Feltham on his booke of Refelves.

In various change firite to outvie the windes.

Vhen no man lets his foot upon the fquare,
British on globes and tircles; when we are
The Apes of fortune, and defire to be
Refolved on assickle wheels as fire.
As if the Plannets that our rulers are,
Made the fouls motion too irregular.
When minds chang officer then the Greek could dream,
wat made the Metempleucos d foul his theam.

Yea

Yea of to beaffly forms : when truth to fay, Moons chang but once a Month, we twice a day. When none resolves but to be rich, and ill; Or elfe refolves to be irrefolute fill. In fuch a tide of mindes, that every hour Do ebb and flow, by what inspiring power, By what inftind of grace I cannot tell, Doft thou refolve fo much, and yet fo well? While foolish men whose reason is their sence, Still wandring in the worlds circumference: Though holding paffions reins with Arideft hand Doft firm and fixed in the Center stand. Thence thou art fetled, other while they tend To rove about the circle finde no end. Thy book I read, and read it with delight, Refolving fore live as thou doft write. And yet I gueffe thy lifethy bookproduces, And but expresses thy peculiar uses. Thy manners dictage, thence thy writing came, So Lesbians by their works their rules do frame. Not by the rules the work : thy life had been Pattern enough, had it at all been feen, Without a book ? books make the difference here. In them thou liv'A the same but every where. And this I gueffe, though th'are unknown to me. By thy chaft writing; elfeit could not be (Diffemble ne're fo well) but here and there Some tokens of that plague would foon appear Oft lurking in the skin a fecret gout In books would fometimes blifter, and break out Contagious fins in which men rake delight Must needs infect the paper when they write. But letthe curious eyes of Lynseye look

35

Through every nerve, and finew of this book, Of which 'tis full : let the most diligent minde Pry thorow it, each fentence he shall finde. Seafon'd with chafte, not with an itching falt, More favouring of the Lamp then of the malt. But now too many think no wit divine. Non worthylife, but whose luxurions line Can ravish Virgins thoughts ; And is it fit Tomakea Pander, or a Baud of wit? But tell'em of it, in contempt they look, And ask in fcorn if you would geld the book. As if th'effeminite brain could nothing do That should be chaste, and yet be masculine too. Such books as thefe (as they themfelves indeed Truly confesse) men do not praise butread. Such idle books, which if perchance they can Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man. Thou haft nor one bad line fo luftfull bred, As to die maid, or matrons cheek in red. Thy modelt wit, and witty honest letter Make both at once my wit, and me the better. Thy book a garden is, and helps us most To regain that, which we in Adam loft. Where on the tree of knowledge we may feed, But fuch as no forbidden fruits doth breed. Whole leaves like thole whence Eve her coat did frame. Serve not to cover, but to cure our fhame. Fraught with all flowers, not onely fuch as grown To please the eye, or to delight the nole. But fuch as may redeem loft healths again, And flore of Hellebore to purge the brain. Such as would cure the furfeit man did take From Adams Apples, fuch astain would make Mans

Mans fecond Paradife, in which should be The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree. It is a garden ; ha, I thus did fay : And maids, and Matrons blushing run away. But maids re-enter thefe chaftpleafing bowers, Chaft Matrens here gather the pureft flowers. Fear not, from this pure Garden do not flye. In it doth no obscence Pryapus lye. This is an Eden where no ferpents be To tempt the womans imbecility-These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raile; Nor doth the Cinnamon-bark deserve lesse praise, I meanthe file, being pure, and ftrong, and round, Notlong, but Pithy : being fort breath'd, butfound. Such as the grave, acute, wife Senera fings, The best of Tutours to the worst of Kings. Not long and empty; lefty but not proud; Subtile but fweet, high but without a cloud. Well setled, full of nerves, in briet ris fuch That in a little hath comprized much. Like th' lli ads in a Nutshel. And I say Thus much for ftile; thought ruth fhould not be gay In Arumpets glittering robes, yet ne're the leffe She well deserves a Matrons comlinelle. Being too brave the would our fancies glut, But we should loath her being too much the flut, The reasonable soul from beaven obtain'd The best of bodies; and that man bath gain'd A double praise, whose noble vertues are Like to the face, in foul and body faire. Who then could have anobler sentence clad In ruffet-thread-bare words, is full as mad As if Apelles should so fondly dote,

As to paint Penus in old Baneys coat.

They errethat would bring file to bately under;
The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
The wifeft pothecary knows 'tis skill
Neatly to candy o're the whole ome pill.
Best Physick then, when gaul with suger meets,
Tempring Absinthian bitternesse with sweets.
Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read
Men see them both together happ'ly wed,
And so resolve to keep them wed, as we
Resolve to give them to posterity.
'Mongstrhy resolves put my resolves in too;
Resolve whose will, thus I resolve to do:
That should my errours chuse anothers line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

In Natalem Augustissimi Principis Caroli.

P Rimatibi perit soboles (dilect a Maris.)
Elu sit que uter um mæst a Diana tuum.
Tunc Calo, nunc & terris sæcunda suisti,
Qua potes & reges & peperisse deos.
The first birth Mary was unto a tombe,
And sad Lucina cheated thy blest wombe.
To heav'n thou wert fruitful, now to earth,
That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Upon bis Picture.

Men age hath made me what I am not now : And every wrinkle tells me where the plow Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice shall flow Through every vein, and all my head be snow? When death displayes his coldnesse in my cheek, And I, my self in my own Picture seek, Not sinding what I am, but what I was; In doubt which to believe, this, or my glasse: Yet though I alter, this remains the same As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame, And sirst complexion; here will still be seen Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin-Here the smooth brow will stay, the sively eye, The ruddy Lip, and hair of youthfull dye-Behold what frailty we in man may see. Whose shad ow is lesse given to change then he.

An Ode to M. Anthony Stafford to haften him into the Country.

Ome spurre away,

I have no patience for a longer flay;

But must go down,

And leave the chargeable noise of this great Town.

I will the Countrey fee, Where old simplicity.

Though hid in gray,

Doth look more gay

Then fopery in plushand scarles clad.

Farwell you Citty-wits that are Almost at Civill-warre 2

(mad

"Tis time that I grow wife, when all the world grows

More of my dayes

I will not frend to gain an Idiots praife;

Or to make fpore

For some flight Puny of the Innes of Court.

Then worthy Stafford, fay,

How shall we spend the day,

With what delights, Shorten the nights?

When from this tumult we are got secure; Where mirth with all her freedom goes, Yet shall no finger lose;

Where every word is thought, and every thought is

There from the tree
Wee'l cherries pluck, and pick the firamberry.
And every day

Go fee the wholfome Countrey Girls make hay.

Whose brown hath lovelier grace,

Then any painted face.

Then any painted face, That I do know

Where I had rather gain a kiffe then meet
(Though fome of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)

The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lumbardfreet.

Some other pleasures, these to me are none,
Why do I prate

Of women, that are things against my fate.

I never mean to wed

That torture to my bed.

My Mule is the My love fallbe. Let Clowns get wealth, and heirs; when I am gone, And the great Bugbear, grifly death Shall take this idle breath. If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

Of this no more;
Wee'l rather tast the bright Pomono's store.
No fruit shall scape
Our pallats, from the damsen, to the grape,
Then sull wee'l seek a shade.
And hear what musiques made:
How Phylomell
Her tale doth tell:

And how the other Birds do fill the quire;
The Thrush and Black-birds lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the skye.
Whereat what fowl we please out Hauk shall flye;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crasty Fox, or timorous Hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'l choose,
The Buck shall fall
The Stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,

For to my Mule, if not to mee,
I'me fure all game is free;
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty,

To tast of Bacchus bleffings now and then,
And drink by stealth

A cup or two to noble Barkleys health,

I'le take my pipe and try

The Physgina melody;

Which he that hears

Lets through his ears

A madnesse to distemper all the brain.

Then I another pipe will take

And Dorique musique make,

To civilize with greater notes our wits again.

An Answer to Mr. Ben Johnson's Ode to perswade him not to leave the stage.

Ben do not leave the stage
'Cause' tis a loathsome age;
For Pride and impudence will grow to bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee: stand high as is thy cause,
Their hisses thy applause,
More just were thy distain,
Had they approv'd thy vain.
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

Wik thou engrosse thy store
Of wheat, and powre no more,
Because their Bacon-brains have such a tast
As more delight in mast?
No; set'em forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best unse can cull;
While they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.

What

What greater plague can hell it folfe devile, Then to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canft not finde them stuffe
That will be bad enough
To please their pallats; let'em thine refuse
For some Pye-corner Muse;
She is too fair an hostesse, 'twere a some
For them to like thine Inne;
'Twas made to entertain,
Guests of a nobler strain,
Yet if they will have any of thy thore,
Give'em some scraps, and send them from thy doze.

And let those things in Plush,
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With that Broome swept from thee,
I know thy worth, and that they lostly strains
Write not to Cloaths but Brains:
But thy great spleen doth rise
Cause Moles will have no eyes;
This onely in my Ben, I faulty finde
He's angry, they'l not see him that are blinded

VVhy should the Scene be Mute
Cause thou canst touch my Lute,
And string thy Horace: leteach Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say thou are mine.
'Twere fond to let all other stames expire
To sit by Pindar's sire:
For by so strange neglect,
I should my self suspect

The Palie were as well, thy brains disease; If they could shake thy Muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing,
The glorious of thy King;
And on the wings of verse his chariot beare
To heaven, and fix it there:
Yet let thy Muse as well some wraptures raise,
To please him as to praise.
I would not have thee choose
Onely a treble Muse;
But have this envious ignorant Age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

A Dialogne. Thirfis. Lalage.

Th. MY Lalage when I behold so great a cold.

And not a sparke of heat in thy defire,

I wonder what ftrange power of thine, Kindles in mine

So bright a flame, and fuch a burning fire, Lal. Can Thirfis in Phylosophy

A treant be.

And not have learn'd the power of the Son;

How he to Sublunary things A fervour brings,

Yet in himself is subject unto none?
Thir. But why within thy eyes appear

Never a tear,

That cause from mine perpetuall showres to fall?

To melt the snow.
Yet has no moysture in it self at all.
Thir. How can I be, dear Virgin show;
Both fire and snow?

Do you that are the caule, the reason tell;

More then miracle to me

It feems to be,

That fo much heat with fo much cold thould dwell,

Lal. The reason I will render thee;
Why both should be.

Audacious Thir fis in thy love too bold, 'Caule thy faucinefie durit aspire

Tofuch a fire.

Thy love is hot; but 'tisthy hope is cold.
Thir. Let pitty movethy gentle breft

To one oppreft;

This way, or that, give eate to my defire;
And either let loves fire be loft

In hopes cold froft,

Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick fire.

Lal. O neither Boy; neither of these Shall work thy ease.

I'le pay thy rashnesse with immortal pain, As hope doth strive to freez thy flame,

Love melts the fame:

As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez'tagain.
Thir. Come gentle swains lend me a groan

To ease my moan.

Chorse. Ah cruel Love, how great a power is thme?

Thou mak'ft us fry:

And thou can't make us freez beneath the line,

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nym. X7 Hy figh you fwain? this passion is not common, I'ft for your kids or Lamkins? Sh. for a wo-Mym. How fair is the that on so sage a brow Prints lowring looks ? Shep. I'uft fuch a toy as thou. Nimp. Is the a maid? Shep. What man can answer that? Nym. Or widow? Sh. No. Ny What then? Sh. I know not Saint-like the looks, a Syren if the fing, (what, Her eyes are flarres, her mivide is every thing. Nym If the be fickle, Shepherd leave to woo Or fancy me. Sb. No them art woman too; Nym, But I am conflant. Sh. Then thou art not fair. Nym. Bright as the morring. Sh. Wavering as the Ayr. My. What grows upon this cheek? Sh. Apure Carnation. Ny. Come talt and kiffe, Sh. O fweet, & fweet remptation. Chor. Ah Love, and canft thou never loofe the field? Where Cupid layes the fieg, the Town must yeeld. He warmes the chiller blood with glowing fire, And thaws the Icy frost of cold defire.

A Pastoral Ode.

You hollow mou intain tottering o're the plain,

()'re which a fatall Tree

With treacheror is shade betrayes the sleepy swain?

Beneath it is a Cell,

As full of horn or as my breast of care,

Ruing therein might dwell,

As

TOEMS.

As a fit room for guilt and black despair. Thence will I headlong throw This wretched weight, this heap of mifery; And in the dutt below, Bury my Carcaffe; and thethought of thec: Which when I finishe have, O hate me dead as thou haft done alive; And come not neare my grave Least I take hear from thee, and so revive.

A Song.

Mulfick thou Queen of fours, get up and firing Thy pow'rful Lure, and fometad requiemting, Till Rocks require thy Eccho with a grown: And the dull clifts repeat the duller tone: Then on a fudden with a nimble hands soy bad on held Run gently o're the Chordes, and fo command The Pine to dance, the Oak his Roots forgo, The Holme and aged Elme to foor it too; Mirtles thall caper, lofty Cedars run. And call the Courtly Palmetomakeup ones and all Then in the mid'ft of all their Tolly train, and and Strike a fad note; and fix'em Trees again. 1530 and an fill A cood hot fire, a gratefullo

The Song of Difcond wind and A

Et Linus and Amphions Eute, muno mA on said to b A With Orphem Cittan now be mute in the land A The harfheft voyce the fwerrest note and bal son had A The Rayen has the choyecft shrong

A fet of frogs a quire forme,
The Mandrake shall the chanter be,
VV here neither voyce nor tunes agree;
This is discords Harmony.
Thus had Orphene learn'd to play.
The following trees had run away.

To one Over-hearing his private discourse.

Wonder not my Lada far can fee
Since for her eyes the might an Eagle be,
And dare the Sun; but that the hears so well
As that the could my private whisperings tell,
I stand amaz'd; her ears are not so long,
That they could reach my words, hence then it sprung;
Love over-hearing fled to her bright ear,
Glad he had got a tale to whisper these.

Epigram: 47. ex decimo libro Martialis.

1

F

These are things that being possest will make a life that's truly blest:

Betare bequeath'd, not got with toyl;
A good hot fire, a gratefulsoil.
No strife, warm cloaths, a quiet soule,
A strength intire, a body whole,
Peudent simplicity equal friends,
A dyet that no Art commends
A night not drunk, and yet secure;
A bed not sad, yet chast and pure.
Long sleeps to make the nights but shore.

TOEMS.

A will to be but what thou art. Naught rather choose; contented lye; And neither fear, nor wish to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

Rammaticam Diodore doees Eunuche puellos,
Credo Soloescimum tu Diodore facis,
Cum sis exactus quam nec Sporus ille Neronis,
Nec mersus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
Non unam liquit tibi seva novacula testem;
Propria qua maribus cur Diodore legis?
Qua genus aut sexum variant, Heteroclitat ant um
Post hac si sapias tu Diodore legas;

To the vertuous and noble Lady; the Lady Cottoni

That we write thus; that were a Piety
Turn'dguilt and fin; we onely beg to come
And pay due tribute to his facred tombe.
The Muses hid divide his love with you,
And justly therefore may be mourners too.
In stead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Bayes
To crown his Urin, and every dirge his praise.
But since with him the learned tongues are gone.
Nenossity here makes us use our own.
Read in his praise your own, you cannot misse;
For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

K

An Elegie on the death of that Renowned & noble Knight, Sir Rowland Cotton of Bellaport in Shropshire.

R Ich as was Cottons worth, I wish each line; And every verse I breath like him, a Mine, That by his vertues might created be A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie. But that invention cannot fure be poore. That but relates a part of his large flore. His youth began as when the Sun doth rife Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies, And whereas other youths commended be, From conceiv'd Hopes, his was maturity, Where other fprings boaft blotfoms fairly blown, His was a harveft, and had fruits full grown :-So that he feem'd a Nester here to raign In wisdome Aesenlike, turn'd young again, This, Royall Henry, whose majestique eye Saw thorow men, did from his Court descry, And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there One of the prime flars in his glorious Iphear. And (Princely Mafter) witnessethis with me, He liv'd not there to ferve himfelf but thee. So Silk-worm Courtier, such as study there First how to get their cloathes, then how to weare And though in favour high, he nere was known To promote others luits to pay for's own, He valued more his Mafter, and knew well, To use his love was noble; base to fell. Many there be live in the Court we know

To ferve for Pageants, and make up the flow's And are not ferviceable there at all But now and then at fome great Festivall. He ferv'd for nobleruse, the secret cares Of Common-wealths, and mistique Stare affairs And when great Henry did his maxims hear, He wore him as a lewell in his Har, Yet short he came not, nay he all out went In what fome call a Courtiers complement, An A dive body that in subtile wife Turns pliable to any excuse. For when he leapt, the people dar'd to fay He was born all of fire, and wore no clay ! Which was the cause too that he wreftled, Tis not fires nature to be kept below. His course he so perform'd with nimble pace, The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race, As it were true that fome late Artifts fay, The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way, All fo foon finish'd, when the match was won The gazers by ask'd why they not begun, When he in Masque ul'd his harmonious feet, The Sphears could not in comlier order meet; Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance Their measures forward, or retire their dance. There we have feethim in our Henry's Court The glory and the envy of that fport. And capring like a constellation rife, Having fixt upon him all the Ladyes eyes, But thefe in him I would not vertues call, Bur that the world must know that he had all, When Henry dy'd) our univerfal wo)

Willing was Gotton to dye with him 500,

And as near death he came as near could be : Himself he buried in obscurity, Entomb'd within his fludy walls, and there Onely the dead his convertation were. Yer was he not alone, for every day, Bach Mufe came thither with her fprig of Bay. The Graces round about him did appear. The Genii of all Nations, all metthere. And while immur'd he fat thus close at home. To him the wealth of all the world did come. He had a language to falute the Sun, Where he unharnest, and where's team begun: The tongues of all the East to him were known As Naturall, as they were born his own. Which from his mouth fo fweedy did entice. As with their language he had mix't their fpice. In Greek fo flyent, that with it compare Te'Athenian Olives, and they saplesse are. Rome did lubmit her Fasces, and confesse Her Tully might talk more, and yet speak leffe. All Sciences were lodg'd in his large breft, And in that Pallace thought themselves so ble & They never meant to part, but he should be Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Heptarchie. But O how vain is mans frail Harmony! We all are Swans, he that fings best must dye. Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there VVe need no Language, nor Interpreter. Who would not laugh at him now, that should feek In Cotton's Urn for Hebrewor for Greek ? But his more heav'nly graces with him yet Live conflant, and about him circled fir. A bright Retinue, and on each falls down

A robe of Glory, and on each a Crown?
Then Madam (though you have a losse suffain'd Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more You shall again enter the Nuptiall dore A spritely bride; where you shall cloathed be In garments weav'd of Immortality.

Nor grieve because he left you not a Sonne,
To Image Cotson forth now he is gone.

For it had been a wrong to his great Name
T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven and Fame.

Ausonii Epigram. 38,

SHe which would not, I would choose: She which would, I would refufe. Venus could my minde but tame; Bur not fatisfie the fame. Inticements offer'd I despise. And deny'd I flightly price. I would neither glut my minde, Nor yet too much torment finde. Twice girt Diana doth not take me, Nor Venus naked joyful make me. The first no pleasure hath to joy me, And the last enough to cloy me, Buta crafty wench I'de have That can fell the act I crave: And joyne at once in methele two. I will, and yet I will not do.

On the Death of a Nightingale.

GO folisary wood, and henceforth be
Acquainted with no other Harmony,
Then the Pyes chattering, or the shreeking note
Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throat.
Thy sweetest chanters dead, that warbled forth
Layes that might tempess calm, and still the North,
And call down Angels from their glorious Sphear
To hear her Songs, and learn new Anthems there.
That soul is sted, and to Elisten gone;
Thou are apoor desert lest; go then and run,
Beg there to stand a grovel and if she please.
To sing again beneath thy shadowy Trees;
The souls of happy lovers crown'd with blisses
Shall slock about thee, and keep time with kisses.

Infilium Manlii insepultum.

I N terrà condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te Intumulo patitur nobiliore tegi. I Pars canis est tumuli; tumuli pars altera Tigris Altara pars Lupus est, & Leo forsan erit. Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, sepulchra Sunt aliis tantum mortua, viva tibi.

Vponthe report of the King of Swedens death.

Le not beleeve't; if fate should be so crosse, Nature would not be filent of her loffe. Can he be dead, and no portents appear? No pale Eclipse of th'Sun re let us fear What we should suffer, and before his light Put out, the world eveloped in Night. What thundring torrents the fulfb'd welkin tare? What apparitions kill'dhim in the ayr? When Cafer dy'd, there were convulsion fits : And nature feem'd to run out ofher wits. At that fad object Tybers bosome swell'd. And scarce from drowning all by Fove withheld. And shall we give his mighty Conquerer That in a great and a more holy warre, Was pulling down the Empire which he reard. A fall unmourn'd of Nature, and unfear'd; A death (unleffe the league of heav'n withflood) Leffe wept then with an universal flood ? If I had feen a Comet in the Ayr With glorious eye, and bright difheve'd hair, And on a fudden with his gilded train Drop down; I should have faid that Sweden's slain? Shor like that far, or if the earth had shook Like a weak floor, the falling roof had broke; I should have said the mighty King is gone; Fell'd as the calleft tree in Libanon. Alasse if he were dead, we need no post, Very inftinet would tell us what we loft. And a chill damp (as at the general doom)

G 4

Creep through each breft, & we should know for whom?
His German conquests are not yet compleat,
And when they are, there's more remayning yet,
The world is full of sin, not every Land
O'regrown with schisme hath felthis purging hand.
The Pope is not confounded, and the Turk;
Nor was he sure design'd for a lesse work.
But if our sins have stop'd him in the source,
In mid'dst Career of his victorious course;
And heaven would trust the dulnesse of our sence
So far, not to prepare us with portents.
'Tis we that have the losse, and he hath caught
His heav'nly garland e're his work he wrought,
But I, before I'le undertake to grieve
So great a losse, will choose not to believe.

On Sir Robert Cotton the Antiquary.

Posterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
But Ages long since past for thee have groan'd,
Times Trophies thou didst rescue from the grave,
Who in thy death a second burial have.
Cotton, deaths conquest now compleat I see,
Who ne're had vanquisht all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

As are the purest beams short from the Sun
At his full height, and the devotion

Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear, Nor innocence in her first robes appear Whiter then our affections; they did show Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from fnow. Sopure, the Phanis when the did refine Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine, But now my day's o'recast, for I have now Drawn Anger like a tempest o're the brow Of my faire Miftreffe; those your glorious eyes Whence I was wont to fee my day-ftar rife, Threat like revengefull Meteors; and I feel My torment, and my guilt double my hell. Twas a mistake, and might have ventall been, Done to another, but it was made fin, And justly mortal too by troubling thee, Slight wrongs are treasons done to Majesty. O allye bleft Ghofts of deceafed Loves, That now live Sainted in th' Bliffan groves Mediate for mercy for me; at her fhrine Meet with full quire, and joyne your prayers with mine. Conjure her by the merits of your killes, By your past sufferings and your present bliffes, Conjure her by your mutual hopes, and fears; By all your intermixed fighes and tears. To plead my pardon: go to her and tell That you will walk the guardian fentinell, My fouls fafe Genii, that the need not fear A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there. But what needs that, when the alone fits there Sole Angel of that Orbe? in her own Sphere Alone the fits, and can fecure it free From all irregular motions; onely fhe Can give the Ballom that must cure this fore; And the fweet Antidore to fin no more.

Rom witty men and mad All Poetry conception had.

No Sires but thefe will Poetry admit, Madneffe or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit, It is a witty madnefie, or mad with

Onely these two Poetiques heat admits, A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

An Anicum Litigantem.

Oald you commence a Poet Sir, and be A graduate in the thredbare myftery? The Oxes ford will no man thither bring. Where the horse hoose rais'd the Pegafan spring. Nor will the bridge through which low Cham doth run. direct you to the banks of Helicon. If in that art you mean to take degrees, Bedlam's the best of Universities, There fludy it, and when you would no more A Poet be, go drink fome Hellebore. Which drug when I had tafted, foon I left The bare Parnaffus, and the barren cleft; And can no more one of their Nation be. Because recover'd of my lunacy. But you may then succeed me in my place. Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace Denyed you, for you go to law, 'tis faid; And then 'tista'ne for granted you are mad.

Felicem

Felicem Anty Ciram! nullos ihi credo Poetas
Insanos tumido corde fovere modos.
Hanc fama est tantum sanos admittere cives,
Exulat hinc vester (turba molesta) furor
Nullus in hac Elegis, nullus jugulatur Jambis;
In colanon Savyram, non Epigramma timet.
Nobus in hac teneras recitator verberat auret,
Non hic judicium, non petit ille tuum.
Non hic te Chloris, non hic laudat a fatigat
Cœlia; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.
Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas;
Mucida nec qui squam vina legendo facit.
Nusquam aliquis, terra securior errat, ob unum hoc
Grates Helleboro quin agat ille suo.

In Croydonem & Cerinnam.

A H miser, & nullo sælix in amore! Corinnam,
Cum rogat illa, negas; cum negat illa; regat.
Ambos arit Amor, quid ut fèliciue? ambos
Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor.
Cum flagrat Corydon, frigescit sibra Corinna;
Cum tua frigescit sibra, Corinna calet.
Cur estas Corydonis byems sit fasta Corinna?
Quidue Comna astas sit Corydonis byems?
Vnde igniu glaciem? glacies unde essicit ignem?
De sine crudetes, seva Cupido, socos!
Desue! sed nec te Coridonis tollere slammas,
Tallere nec castas Virginis oro nives.
Vre duos, extingue duos, & pestus utrumque
Aut Calor, aut teneat pestus utrumque gelu.

Paraphras'd.

A H wretch in thy Corinna's love unbleft ! How ftrang a fancy doth torment thy breaft ? When the defires to sport, thou fayeft her may; When the denyes then thou defir'st to play. Love burns you both (O'tis a happy turn!) But 'tis at feveral times love doth both burn. when scorching heat hath Coridons heart possest. Then raigns a froft in cold Corinna's breft; And when a froft in Coridon doth raign. Then is Corinne's breft on fire again, And then with Coridon is it fummer prime. When with Corinna it is winter time ? Or why should then Corinna's summer be When it is winter, Covidon with thee ? Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed ? Ah jeft not Love in fo fevere a deed! I bid thee not Coridons flame to blow Clean out; nor clean to melt Corinna's fnow. burn both ! freez both ! let mutual Fervour hold His and her breft, or his and her's a cold.

Ad Baffum.

Nostri, (Basse) solent pretio conducere stultos Quos in deliciis Aulicus omnis habet. At si quis cuperet sapientem vendere praco, Rarus erit minimo qui velit asse virum. Vsque adeonocet ingenium, tantoque put at or Quo minus est cerebri, charius esse caput.

Unde tot ignar a veneres? cur stultus amaiur?

Heimihi! cur tanti non sapuisse fuit?

Hac ratioest, peribus gaudet, Venus atque Cupido;

Et nunquam similes non sibi jungit Amor.

To one admiring her self in a Looking-Glaffe. Aire Lady when you fee the Grace Ofbeauty in your Looking Glaffes A starely forehead, smooth and high, And full of Princely Majefty. A sparkling eye, no gem so fair, Whose luftre dims the Cyprion ftar. A glorious cheek divinely fweet, wherein both Rofes kindely meet. A cherry Lip that would entice Even gods to kiffe at any price. You think no beauty is fo rare That with your shadow might compare, That your reflection is alone, The thing that men most dote upon, Madam, alas your Glaffe doth lye. And you are much deceiv'd; for I A beauty know of richer grace (Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face. Hence then Olearn more milde to be, And leave to lay your blame on me; If me your reall fubstance move. When you so much your Shadovy love. Wife nature would not let your eye Look on her own bright Majefty,

Which had you once but gaz'd upon, You could, except your felf, love none; Wharthen you cannot love, let me, That face I can, you cannot fee.

Now you have what you love, you'l fay What then is left for me I pray? My face sweet-heart, if it please thee; That which you can, I cannot see: So either love shall gain his due. Your's sweet in me, and mine in you.

A Eglogue occasion'd by two Doctors disputing upon Pradestination.

Corydon.

HO jelly Thyrsis whether in such hast?
I'st for awager thar your run so fast?
Or past past your hour below you Hawthorn-tree!
Doe's longing Galasca look for thee?

Thyrsis.
No Corydon, I heard young Daphnis say
Alexis challeng'd Tisyrus to day
Who best shall sing of Shepherds Art, and praise;
But heark I hear'em listen to their layer.

Alexis read, what means this mystique thing?
An Ewe I had two Lambs at once did bring;
Th'one black as jet, the other white as snow?
Say in just Providence how it could be so?

Will you Pan's goodnesse therefore partiall call, That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus,

Tytitus.

Were they not both and by the felfe-fame Ewe? How could they ment then fo different bue? Poor Lamb alas; and couldft thou, yet unbern. Sin to deferve the guilt of fuch a fcorn! Thou hadft not yet fowl'd a religious fpring. Nor fed on plots of hollowed graffe, to bring Stains to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree Sacred to Pan, or Pales Deity. The gods are ignorant, if they not foreknow: And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee fo.

Alexis.

Tityr with me contend, or Corydon; But let the gods, and their high wils alone: For in our Flocks that freedom challenge wee; This Kid is facrific'd, and that goes free. Tityrus.

Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus. This on the barren mountains fielh can glean, That fed in flowry paftures will be lean-

Alexis. Plow, fowe, and compaffe, nothing boots at all, Unlesie the dew upon the Tilth's dofall. So labour filly Shepherds what we can All's vain, unlesse a blessing drop from Par.

Tityrus. I'll thrive thy Ewes if thou thefe lyes maintain. Alexis.

And may thy Goats miscarry fawcy swain. Thyrfis.

Fie, Shepherds fie I while you thefe Arifes begin, Here creeps the Wolf, and there the Fox gets in.

To your vaine piping on to deep a Reed The Lamkins litten, but forget to feed, It gentle fwains befits of Love to fing, How Love left Heaven; and heavens immortali Kings His Coeternal Father. O admire, Love is a Son as ancient as his Sire. His Mother was a Virgin : bow could come A birth fo great, and from fo chaft a womb? His cradle was a manger; Shepherds fee True faith delights in poor Simplicity. He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine, But could of water make a brisker wine . Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barn The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grinde the Corn. Without all thefe Love could fupply our need, And with five Loavs, five thousand Hungers feed, More wonders did he, for all w hich suppose How he was crown'd, with Lilly or with Role? The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay, Or Mirtle, with the which Venn, they fay, Gires her proud Temples? Shepherds none of them But wore (poor head) a thorny Diadem. Feet to the Lame he gave, with which they run To work their Surgeons laft deftruction. The blinde from him had eyes; but us'd that light Like Baliliques to kill him with their fight. Laftly he was betrai'd (O fing of this) How Love could be berrai'd! 'twas with a kiffe. And then his innocent hands, and guiltleffe feet Were nail'd unto the croffe, firiving to meet In his spread armshis Spoule, so milde in show He feem'd to court th'Imbraces of his foe. (fent; Through his piece'd fide, through which a fphear was

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A torrent of all flowing Balfame went, Run Amorillis run : one drop from thence Cures thy fad Toul, and drives all anguish hence. Go fun-burnt Theftylis, go, and repair thy beauty loft, and be again made fair, Love-fick Amyntas get a Phyltrum here, To make thee Lovely to thy truly dear. Bur coy Liceris take the Pearl from thine. And take the Blood-fhot from Atexis eyne. Weare this an Amulet against all Syrens smiles, The flings of Snakes, and tears of Crocodiles, Now Love is dead : Oh no , he never dies ; Three dayes he fleeps, and then again doth rife, (Like fair Aurora from the Eaftern Bay) And with his beams drives all our clouds away: This pipe unto our flocks, this fonnet get. But ho, I see the Sun ready to set. Good night to all, for the great night is come: Flocks to your folds, and Shepherds high you home. To morrow morning, when we all have flept, Pan's Cornet's blowen, and the great Sheep-shears kept.

An Eglogueto M. Johnson.

Tityrus.

V Nder this Beech why fits thou heere to fad
Son Damon, that was erft Jovall lad?
These groves were wont to Eccho with the found
Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.
Rouse up thy foul, Paradsas mount stands high,
And must be clim'd with painfull industry,
Damon. You Father on his forked top sie still,

And

And fee us panting np fo feep a hill : But I have broke my reed, and deeply fwore Never with wax, never to joynt it more. Tyt. Fond boy 'twas rafbly done; I meant to thee, Of all the fons I have, by legacie To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all I meant it should her second Master call. Dam. And do you think I durft presume to play Where Tytirus had worn his lips away ! Live long thy felf to tune it; tis from thee, It has not from it felffuch Harmony. But if we ever fuch difafter have As to compose our Tityrus in his grave; Yonder, upon yonaged Oak, that now Old trophies bears, on every facred bow We'l hang it up a relick, we will do it, And learned swains shall pay devotion to it, Tyt. Cansthou farewell unto the Muses bid? Then Bees shall loath the Thyme, the new wean'd Kid Browze on the buds no more; the reeming ews Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse. Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set; Let em for me force other fervant get: They shall no more be Mittreffes of mine, No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine, Thine which the floods have floot their course to hears To which the spotted Linx bath lent an ear. Which while the feverall Echo's would repeat, The Musick has been sweet, the Art lo great That Pan himselfamaz'd at thy deep aires, Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares, Ofall the gods Pan doth the pipe respect, The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

Pan ern diftinguish what thy Raptures be From Bavius loofe lascivious Minstrallie, Or Marvius windy Bagpipe, Mavius, he Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympany. If ever I flock of my own do feed, My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed. Tye Two Altars I will build him, and each year Will facrifice two well-fed Bullocks there: Two that have horns, that while they butting fland Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous fand. But what can make thee leave the Mules, man, That fuch a Patron haft as mighty Pan? Whence is this fury? Did the partiall ear Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did hear Egon, and thee contend which best should play. Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away? Does Amarillis cause this high despair? Or Galatea's coynelle breed thy care? Dam. Neither of thefe, the Vulgar I contemn : Thy pipe, not always Tytirus wins with them : And as for Love, infooth I do not know Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no. Or did I, I a way could quickly find, To win the beauteous Galatea's mind, Or Amerillis: I to both could fend Apples that with Hesperian fruit contend: And on occasion could have quickly guest Wheretwo fair Ring-doves built their amorous neft : Tyt. If none of thefe, my Damon then aread What other cause can so much passion breed! Dam. Father, I will, in those indulgent ears I dare unload the burden of my fears. The Reapers that with whented fickles fland,

Gatheting

Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand; Though they endure the fcorching fummers hear, Have yet fome wages to allay their weat : The Lopper that doth fell the ftendry Oke Labours, yet has good pay for every flroak. The Plowman is rewarded : onely we That fing are paid with our own meledy; Rich churles have learnt to praise us, and admire, But have not learnt to think us worth the hire. So toiling Ants perchance delight to hear, The fummer musick of the Grashopper. But after rather let him flarve with pain, Then spare him from their store one fingle grain. As when great Innos beauteous bird difplayes Her flarry rail, the boyes do run and gaze Ather proud train; fo look they now adaies On Poets : and do think if they but proife, Or pardon what we fing, enough they do: I , and tis well that they do fo much too. My rage is swell'd fo high I cannot speak it, Had I Pan's Pipe or thine I now thould break it! Tit. Let Moles delight in Earth; Swine dung-hils rake, Crowes prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleafure take In flimy Pools ; and Niggards wealth admire; But we whose souls are made of purer fire, Have other aimes : whole longs for gain harh made, Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade. Hank how the Nightingale in yonder tree, Hid in the boughs, warbles melodioufly Her various malique forch, while the whole Quine Of other birds flock tound, and all admire! But who rewards her ? will the ravenous Kite Part with her prey to pay for her delight?

Or will the foolish , printed, prattling Iay Now turn'd a hearer, to require her play Lend her a ftraw? or any of the reft Fetch her a fether when the builds her neft? Yet fings the ne're the leffe, till every den Do catch at her laft notes : And thall I then His fortunes, Damon, bove myown commend, Who can more cheele into the market fend ; Clowns for posterite may cark and care, That cannot out-live death bur in an Heir : By more then wealth we propogate our Names, That truft not to successions, but our Fames, Let hid-bound churles yoak the laboring Ox, Milk hundred goates, and thare a thousand flocks; Plant gainfull Orchards, andin filver fhine; .Thou of all fruits (hould'it onely prune the Vine, Whose fruit being tafted, mightered day brain To teach some ravishing, high, and lofty Brain; The double birth of Bacchus to express, First in the Grape, the second in the Presse. And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move Thy minde once fixed on the Muses Love? Dim. When I contented liv'd by Cham's fair Areams, Without defire to fee the prouder Thames, I had no flock to care for, but could fit Under a Willow covert, and repeat Those deep and learned layes, on every part Grounded on judgement Subtiley, and Art. That the great Tutor to the greateff King, The thepheard of Stagira, us'd to fing; The Shepheord of Stagira, that unfolds All natures Closet, thews what e're it hold s The matter, forme, fence, motion place, and meafare H a

Of every-thing contain'd in her vaft treasure. How Elements do change; What is the cause Of Generation swharthe Rule and Laws The Orbs do move by; Confures every flarre. Why this is fixe, and this irregular; Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there. And help't each Angell turn about her fphear. The thirfty pilgrim travelling by land, When the fierce Dog-ftar doth the day command. Halfe choak'd with duft , parch't with the foultry heate, Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with fweat, Finding a gentle fpring, at her cool brink Doth not with more delight fit down and drink, Then I record his fongs : we fee a cloud, And fearing to be wet, do run and fhroud Vnder a buth, when he would fit and rell The cause that made her misty womb to swell; Why it fometimes in drops of rain doth flow. Somerimes disfolves her felfe in flakes of fnow : Norgaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame Are fon why it wore a beard of flame. Ah Ty irus, I would with all my heart, Even with the best of mycary'd mazers part, To hear him, as he us'd, divinely shew, What 'cis that paints the divers colour'd bow: (fray, Whence thunders are discharg'd, whence the winds What foot through heaven hath worn the milky wayes And yet I let this true delight alone. Cal'd thence to keep the flock of Corydon. Ah wo is me anothers flock to keep; The care is mine, the mafter flears the fleep! A flock it was that would not keep together; A flock that had no flecce when it came hither,

For 'cwa's a flock made up of several frayes;
And now I would return to Cham, I hear
A desolation frights the Muses there!
With rushick swains I mean to spend my time;
Teach me there father to preserve my rime.
Tys. To morrow morning I will counsell thee,
Meet me at Faunus Beech; for now you see
How larger shadows from the mountains fall,
And Gorydon doth Damon, Damon call.
Damon, 'tis time my stock were in the fold,
More then high time, did you not erst behold
How Hesperus above you clouds appear'd,
Hesperus leading forth his bountcous heard?

A Paftor all Courtfhip.

Behold these woods, and mark my Smeet
How all these boughes together meet!
The Cedar his fair arms displayes,
And mines branches with the Bases.
The lofty Pine dains to descend,
And flurdy Oaks dogently bend.
One with another subt'ly weaves
Into one loom their various leaves;
A's all ambitious were to be
Mine and my Phyllis canopie!
Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;

There are, my dear, no tell-tale groves I
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,
To prate again the words they heare.
Nor babling Echo, that will tell

The neighbouring hills one fyllable. Being enter'd lets together lye, Twin'd like the Zodiaks Gemini! How foon the flowers do weeter fmell? And all with emulation fwell Tobe thy pillow? Thele for thee Were meanta bed, and thou for me, And I may with as just esteem Preffe thee, asthou mayft lie on them. And why fo coy? What doft thou fear? There lurks no speekled Serpent here. No Venemous Inake makes this his rode, No Canker, nor the loathfome Toad. And you poor spider on the tree, Thy spinster will, no poysoner be, There is no Frog to leap and fright Thee from my arms and break delight; Nor Snail that o're thy coat fhall trace, And leave behind a flimy lace. This is the hallowed thrine of Love, No wasp nor horner haunts this grove, Nor Pismire to make pimples rife Upon thy smooth and ivory thighes. No danger in these shades doth lye, Nothing that wears a fling: but I: And in it doth no venome dwell, Although perchance it make thee fwell.

Being set, let's sport a while my Fair, I will tie Love-knots in thy hair.

See Zepbyrus through the leaves doth stray, And has free libertyte play:

And braids thy locks: And shall I find Lesse favour then a saucy winde?

Now let me fit, and fix my eyes, On thee that art my Paradife. Thou art my all ; the fpring remains In the fair violets of thy vains: And that it is a fummers day, Ripe Cherries in thy lips display. And when for Aurumn I would feek 'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek. But that which onely moves my fmait, Is to fee winter in thy heart. Strange, when at once in one appear All the four featons of the year ! I'le clasp that neck where should be fet Arich and Orient Carkanet; But swains are poor, admit of then More naturall chains, the arms of men. Come let me touch those breafts, that swall Like two fair mountains, and may well Be ftil'd the Alpes, but that I fear The fnow has lefte of whitenesse there. But flay (my Love) a fault I fpie, Why are thefe two lair fountains dry? Which if they run, no Musewould please Totalt of any fpring but thefe. And Ganymed employ'd should be To fetch his love Nectar from thee. Thou halt be Nurle fair Venus Iwears. To the next cupid that the bears. Were it not then discreedy done To ope one fpring to let two run? Fy, ty, this Belly, Beauty's mint, Blushes to see no coyn stampt in't. Children were that I Employ it then for though it be strain the Thus. 96

Our wealth it is your royalty ; And beauty will have currant grace That bears the image of your face. How to the touch the Ivory thighes Veil gently, and again do rife, As plyable to impression As Vergins wax, or Barian Rone Diffolv'd to foftneffe; plamp, and full. More white and fofothen Cotfell Wool, Or Cotten from from the Indian Tree. Or prety filk-worms hulwifery. Thefe on two marble pillars rais'd Makeme in donbt which should be prais'd; They, or their Columnes must; but when I view those feet that I have feen Sonimbly tript it o're the Lawns, That all the Satyrs and the Fawas Have flood amaz'd, when they would passe Overthe layes, and not a graffe Would feel the weight, nor rufh, nor bent Drooping betray which way you went, 6 then I felt my hot defires Burn more, and flame with double fires. Come let those thighes, those legs those feet With mine in thousand windings meet. And woven in more subtle twines Then V Voodbine, Ivie, or the Vines. Forwhen Love fees us circling thus He'le like no Arbour more then us. Now let us kiffe, would you be gone ? Manners at least allows me onc. Blufh you at this? preny one flay, And I will take that kiffe away.

Thus with a fecond, and that too A third wipes off; so will we go To numbers that the stars out-run, And all the Atoms in the Sun. For though we kife till Phabus ray Sink in the scas, and kiffing stay Till his bright beams return again, There can of all but one remain: And if for one good manners call, In one, good manners, grant me all.

Are kifles all ? they but fore-run Another duty to bedone. What would you of that Minstrell fay That tunes his pipes and will not play? Say what are bloffoms in their prime. That ripen not in harvest time > Or what are buds that ne're disclose The long'd for fweetne fle of the role ? So kiffes to a Lover's gueft Are invitations, not the feaft. See everything that we espie Is fruitfull faving you and I: View all the fields, furvey the bowers, The buds, the blofloms, and the flowers, And fay if they forich could be In barren base Virginity. Earth's not fo coy as you are now. But willingly admits the Plow. For how had man or beaft been fed . If the had kept her maiden-head? Calis once coy as are the reft Hangs now a babe on either breaft, And Chloris fince a man she took,

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Has leffe of greennefle in her look. Our Ewes have can'd, and every damme Gives fuck unto her tender Lamb. As by these groves we walk'd along, Some birds were feeding of their young. Some on their egges did brooding fit. Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet. Those that were flower then the ieft. Were buffe building of the neft. You only will not pay the fine, You vow'd and ow'd to Valentine. As you were angling in the brook With filken line and filver hook, Through Chrystall streams you might descry How vaft and numberlette a fry The fish bath spawn'd, that all along The banks were crowded with the throng. And shall fair Venus more command By water then the does by land? The Phanix chaft, yetwhen the dies, Her felte with her owne afhes lies. But let thy love more wifely thrive To do the act while th' art alive. Tistime we left our childich Love That trades for toyes, and now approve Our abler skill; they are not wife Look babies only in the eyes. That imoother'd imile thewes what you meant, And modest filence gives confent. That which we now prepare, will be Bef done in Glent fecrefie, Come do not weep, what is't you fear? Left some should know what we did here.

See not a flower you prest is dead,
But re-crecks his bended head;
That who foe're shall passe this way
Knows not by these where Physicalay.
And in your forehead there is none
Can read the act that we have done.

Physics.

Poor credulous and simple maid!

By what strange wiles are thou bearaid!

A treasure thou has lost to day

For which thou can stransform d with sim!

How black are thou, transform d with sim!

How Brange a guilt gnaws me within?

Grief will convert this red to pale;

When every Wake, and Whistund ale

Shall talk my shame; break, break sad heart

There is no Medicine for my smart,

No herb nor balm can cure my forrow,

Unlesse you meet again to morrow.

Upon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a

Ales I Inforie, a

and to anthro

I Chanc'd sweet Lesbia's voyce to hear,
O that the pleasure of the care
Contented had the appetite;
But I must satisfie the sight:
Where such a sace I chanc'd to see
From which good Lord deliver me.
I'st not prophane if I should tell
I thought her one of those that fell
With Lucifers Apostate train
Yet did her Angels voyce retain?

A Cherubin her notes deferi'd. A Devill every whrre befide, Ask the dark woods, and they'l confesse None did fuch Harmony expresse In all their bowers, from May to June Yet ne're was face fo out of tune. Her Virginallteeth falle time didkeep. Her wrinkled forehead went too deep. Lower then Gammus funk her eyes. Bove Ela though her nofe did rife. I'le rruft Musicians now that tell Beft mufick doth in difcords dwell. Her ayres entic'd the gentlequire Of Birds to come, who all admire, And would with pleasure longer flay, But that her looks frights them away. Which for a good Priapus goes, And well may ferve to fear the Crows, Her voyce might tempt th'immortall race Bur let her only shew her face. And foon the might extinguish thus The lufting of an Incubus.

So have I feen a Lute o'reworn,
Old and rotten, patcht, and torn,
So ravish with a found, and bring
A close so sweet to every string,
As would strike wonder in our ears,
And work an envy in the Sphears.
Say wonster strange, what maist thou be?
Whence shall I feech thy Pedigree?
V hat but a Panthar could beger,
A beast so soulc, a breath so sweet?
Or thou of Syrens issue are.

If they be fish the upper part. Or elfe blind Homer was not mad Then, when he lung Visies had So ftrange a gift from Acelus, VVho odour-breathing Zephyrus In severall bottles did inclose; For certain thou art one of those Thy looks where other women place Their chiefest Pride, isthy difer ce. The tongue, a part which us'd to be VVorft in thy Sex, is best in thee. V Vere I but now to choose my dear Not by my eye, but by my ear, Herewould I dote ; how thall I woo Thy voyce, and not thy body toe > Then all the brood I get of thee, VVou'd Nightingales and Cygnets be: Cygnets betimes their throatstotry, Bornwith more Musick then thedye. Say Lesbia, fay, what god will bleffe Our Loves with fo much happinefic? Some women are all conque, but o VV hy art not thou my Lesbia fo? Thy looks do speak thee witch; one spell To make thee but invisible. Or dye ! refign thy felfe to death, And I will catch thy lateff breath; But that the nofewill scarce I teare Finde it fo sweet as did the ear. Or if thou wouldft not have me coy, As was the felf- cnamour'd Boy, Turn only voyce, an Echo prove, Here, here, by heav'n, I'le fix my Love. blindwall believes make 3

If not, you gods, to case my mind;
Or make her dumb, or finke me blind;
For grief, and anger in me rise,
While the hath tongue, or I have eyes.

The Mill-maids Epithalamium

That lye by one anothers fide!

Ofic upon the Virgin beds,

No loffe is gain but Maiden heads.

Love quickly fend the time may be When I shall deale my Rosemary!

I long to simper at a feast,
To dance, and kisse, and do the rest.
When I shall Wed, and Bedded be
O then the qualm comes over me,
And tels the sweetnesse of a Theam
That I nere knew but in a dream.

You Ladies have the bleffed nights.

I pine in hope of fuch delights:
And filly Damfell only can
Milk the Cows teats, and think on man,
And figh and wish to tast and prove
The wholsome Sillibub of Love.

Make haft, at once twin-Brothers bear;
And leave new matter for a flar.
Women and thips are never thown
So fair as when their fails are blown.

Then when the Midwife heares your moane, I'le figh for grief that I have none.

And you deare Knight, whole every kille Reaps the full crop of Gupids blille, Now you have found, confesse and tell That fingle sheets do make up hell. And then so charitable be To get a man to pity me.

An Eglogue on the noble Assemblies revived on Cotswold Hills, by M. Robert Dover. Collen. Thenot.

7 Hat Clod-pates, Thener, are our British fwains How Lubber-like they fell upon the plains? No life, no spirit in 'em; every Clown Soon as he layer his Hook and Tarbox down, That ought to take his Reed, and chanchis layes, Ornimbly run the winding of the Maze, Now gets a buth to room himfelf, and fleep; Tis hard to know the fhephend from the fheep And yeeme thinks our English pastures be As flowry as the Lawns of Arcadie : Our Virgins blith at theirs, nor can proud Greece Boaft purer aire, nor theer a finer flecce. The, Yet view their outlide, Collen, you would fag They have as much brawn in their necks as they. Fair Temps brags of lufty arms that fwell Wich able finewes, and might hurt as well The weighty fledg; their legs, and thighes of bo Great as Coloffus, yet their ftrength is gone, They look like yonder man of wood, that france

To bound the limits of the Parish-lands. Doft thou ken, Collen, what the cause might be Of fuch adull and general! Letharzy? Col Swain, with their sports their souls were to ne away. Till then they all were adive, every day They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow. Early in May up got the jolly rout Call'd by the Lark, and spread the fields about: One for to breath himfelf, would courfing be From this fame Beech to yonder Mulberie. A second leapt, his supple nerves to try. A third was practiting his Melody. This a new lig was footing, others were Bufied at wreffling, or to throw the Barre: Ambitious who should beare the Bell away, And kiffe the Nut-brown Lady of the May. This firr'd em up, a jolly fwain was me Whom Peg and Sufan after Victory Crown'd with a garland they had made, befet With Bailies, Pinks, and many a Violet, Cowflip, and Gillistower. Rewards though Imall, Encourage vertue, but if none at all Meet her, the languisherh, and dies, as now Where worth's deny'd the bonour of a bough. And, Theret, this the canfe I read to be Of fuch a dull and generall Lethargie. Th. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-fay, Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away! Col. Some melancholy fwains about have gone To teach all zeale their own complexion: Choler they will admit formetimes I fce, Bur Flegme, and Sanguine no Religions be. Thefe

Thefe teach that Dauncing is a lezabella And Barley-break the ready way to Hell. The Morice-Idols, Whitfun-ales can be But prophane Reliques of a Jubilee! Thefe in a zeale, t'expresse how much they do The Organshate, have filenc'd Bag-pipes too: And harmleffe May-poles, all are rail'd upon As if they were the towers of Babylon. Some think not fir there should be any sport I'th Countrey, tis a dish proper to the Court. Mirth not becomes 'em, let the favey fwain Eat Brefe, and Bacon, and goe fweat again. Belides, what sport can in their pastimes be When all is but ridiculous foppery? The. Collen, I once the famous Spain did fee, A nation glorious for their gravity; Yet there a hundred Knights on warlike Steeds Did skirmish out a fight arm'd bur with reeds; At which a thousand Ladles eyes did gaze, Yet 'twas no better then our Prifon-base. What is the Barriers but a Courtly way Of our more down-right sport, the Cudgel-play? Foot-ball with us may be with them Baloome, As they at Tilt, so we at Quintain runne, And those old Pastimes relish best with me. That have least Art, and most simplicity. Collen. They fay at Court there is an Art To dance a Ladies honour from her heart; Such wiles poor Shepheards know not, all their lense Is dull to any thing but Innocence, The Country Laste, although her, dance he good, Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood, And yet their sports by some controul'd have been, Who Who think there is no mirth but what is fin.
O might I but their harmlesse Gambols see
Restor'd unto an ancient liberty,
Where spotlesse dalliance traces o're the Plains,
And harmles Nymphs jet it with harmles swains;
To see an age again of Innocent Loves
Twine close as Vines, yet kisse as chast as Doves,
Me thinks I could the Thracian lyre have strung,
Or tun'd my whisse to the Mantum song.
Coll. Then tune thy whisse boy, and string thy
That age is come again, thy brave desire (lyre
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing shall be this yeer
Holy as the motion of a Sphear. (blew

The. Col. with sweeter breath Fame never Her facred Trump, if this good news be true! (the land Coll. Knoweff thou not Corfwold hills ? Th. Through all No fiver wool sunnes through the spinsters hand, But filly Cotten, ill thou doft divine, Canft thon miftake a Bramble for a Pine? Orthink this Bush a Cedar or suppose Young Hamler, where to fleep each shepheard goes, In circuit, buildings, people, power and name Equals the Bow firing'd by the filver Thame > As well thou mailt their fports with ours compare, As the foft wool of Lambs, with the Goats hair, Col. Last evening Lad, I meta noble swain, That four'd his fprightfull Palfrey o're the plain, His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay As any Laffe upon her Bridall day: I thought (what case faiths we shepheards, prove) This, not the Bull, had been Europa's Love I ask't the cause, they told me this was he, Whom this dayes criumph crown'd with victory ; Many Many brave steeds there were, some you should finde
So sheet as they had been sons of the winde:
Others with hoofs so swift, beat o're the race
As if some engine shot'em to the place.
So many, and so well-wing'd steeds there were
As all the brood of Pegasus had been there.
Rider, and horse could not distinguish'd be,
Both seem'd conjoyn'd a Contain's progeny,
A numerous troop they were, yet all so light
Earth never groan'd, nor selt'em in their slight.

Such Royall pastimes Cotswold mountains fill, When gentle fwains vifit her glorions hill : Where with such packs of hounds they hunting go As Cyrus nere did wind his Bugle to ! Whosenoise is musicall, and with full cries Beats o're the fields, and Ecchoes through the skies? Orion hearing wish'd to leave his sphere, And call his dog from heaven to sport it there. Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall So brave a dirge lung forth his funerall. Not Sprens sweetlier rill, Hares as they flie Look back, as glad to liften, loth to die. Thef. No doubt but from the brave Heroick fire In the more noble hearts, sparks of defire May warm this colder boores, and emulous firife, Givethe old Mirth and Innocence anew life. When thoughts of fame their quickned fouls shall fill At every glaunce that thews them Cotfwold hill. Coll. There Shepherd, there, the folenn games be plaid, Such as great Thefin, or Alcides made : Such as Apollo wiffies he had feen, And love defires had his invention been! The Nemean, and the Ist mian pastimes still

Though

Though dead in Greece, furvive on Cotfwoldhill. The. Oh happy hill the gentle Graces now Shall trip o're Thine and leave Citherons brow : Parnafius clift thall fink below his fpring. And every Muse shall on thy frontlet fing. The goddelles again in ftrife fall be, Aud from mount Ida make appeale to thee; Olympus pay thee homage, and in dread The aged Alpes thall bow his fnowy head; Flora with all her flore, thy Temples Crown, Whole height shall reach the stars: gods looking down Shall bleffe the Incense that thy flowers exhale, And make thee both a mountain and a Vale. How many Ladies on thy top shall meet, And preffe thy treffes with their od rous feet? Whose eyes when wandring men see from afar, They'I think thee Heaven, and each of them a flar. But gentle Collen fay what god or man. Fame we for this great work, Daphnis, or Pan? Col. Daphnis is dead, and Pan hath broke his Reed, Tell all your flocks 'tis levial Dovers ded. Behold the shepherds in their ribbands go, And shortly all the Nymphs shall wear 'em to: Amaz'd to fee fuch glory mer together, Bleffe Deperspipe, whose Musick call'd 'em hither. Sport you my Rams at found of Dovers name; Big-bellied Ews make haft to bring a Lamb For Dovers fold : Go Maids and Lillies get To make him up a glorious Coronet. Swains keep his holy-day, and each man fwear To Saint him in the Shopheards-Calender,

Ad Medicum,

I En qua me Colchis, magico qua Thessala cannu Hen qua me Collins, mis sant is coquit illia flam-Aut qua cera meas torret liquefacta me dullas? (mis Mitius in Lybiam Phobi jubar antra leonis Ingressum furit, & Vulcania mitius Etna Seviu, ardentes cineres, multamque favillam In Calabros jaculata sinus : Hen, quis mihi vectes Indust Herculeas ? nam fentio virus, & omnes Ebullire meas Nesseo sanguine venas! Mille licet pascas fibra crescente volucres, Felicem Tirium, multo quem frigore stringit Caulasus! O liciat mihitecum monte sub illo Eternum trast are gelu, glasieq; perenni Demulcere animum, nivibus q, extinguere flammas! Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modo detur in undis Stare, tuisque meum lymphis solarier astum, Tanta e, namque uror mifere mifer, aftuat intus In domitus, totosq; ignis depasciter artas. Dum gliscit calor, & savo coquit igne cruorem, Intumet extemplo cutis, exurgitque tumescens Purpurea macula, & muko distincta rubore; Non aliter quam de cœlo cum decidit imber, Plurima (vidi et enim) medio nat at aquore bulla; Aut quale in nostris (sape est videre) culinis Cum primum verubus stridit caro : Belides, in me, Inme perpetnam diffundite, Belides, urnam,

Gens est, humanos, que dicitur, impia carnes Condere visceribus; me, me, putet, & voret ore Jam tostum jecur : beu, fervent mea & omnia mem-Apta Thyasteis vivunt convivia mensis. At enimflamma satis totos batchata per art us Lenius ardescens deferbuit, illoco turgens. Descendit sutis, & paulo nunc mitius uror. Tandemomnis calor expirat, videorque repente Taygeti montis, geledive in vallibus Hami Ramorum dens a requiescere tectus in umbra; Ettandem revocata suas redit, improba, vires, Flamma, premit g, iter u, solitisque caloribus urit. Tunc mihiscintinant oculi, tremulumque videntes Imbelli spectant, acie, bina omnia, bina Conspicor, & binis exurgu mensalucernis; Tum videor Stygiis undis, ipsoque Acharonte Immergi, videm flagrant i claudier are Inque Perilzo mugire incendia Tauro. Sum meus ipse Rogus: que tantas pabula possunt, Quo valeam tant as nutrire bis umine flammas? Si qua est herbarum virtus (que maxima certe est) Extinguas plusquam Phezbeos, (Phzbe) calores Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde salutem, Ut semel annosum reparaverat Æsopa Colchis: Vique Aries juvenem redit grandavus in Agnu.

The Sang of Orphens.

Hailefacted Deferts, whom kind nature made

The

The

The now neglected Mulick, glad to fee
Lions afford her hospitality.
And Tygers bid her welcome, with the rest
Of savage beasts accept her for a guest,
Since men resuse her, and scarce daign an eare
To her high notes, or if they please to heare,
'Tis all; amongst my Pupills, you may see
The birds that learn's their sweetest layes of me;
Those that chant Carols in this thanklesse age
To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

SWeet'Lydia take this Maske, and shroud
Thy face within thy silken cloud,
And veil those powerfull Skies:
For he whose gazing dates so high aspire,
Makes burning-glasses of his eyes,
And sets his heart on fire.

Vaile, Lydia, vaile, for unto me
There is no Basilisk but thee,
Thy very looks do kill:
Yet in those looks so fixt is my delight,
Poor soule (alas) I languish still
In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes or we shall finde
Too great a lustre strikes us blind!
Or if a ray so good
Ought to be seen, let it but then appear
When sagles do produce their broad,
To try their young ones there,

Or if thou would'ft have me to know How great a brighmeffe thou cand fhow.

V Vhen they have loft the Sun ; Then do thou rife, and give the world this theme. Sol from th' Hefterides is run, And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the Goat when he shall gray, Thou through the Crab must take thy way;

For should you both shine bright In the same Tropick, we poor moles should get Not fo much comfort by the light,

astorment by the heat.

VVhere's Lydia now ? where shall I feek Her charming lip, her tempting check That my affections bow'd ? So dark a fable hath eclipft my fair, That I can gaze upon the cloud, That durft not fee the ftar.

But yet me thinks my thoughts begin To fay there lyes a white within, Though black her pride controul & And what care I how black a face I fee, So there be whitenesse in the fonle, Still Inch an Ethiope be.

A parley with his empty Purse.

Ourfe who I not know you have a Poet been When he dell look and find no gold herein? What respect (think you) will there now be shown Tothis foule neft, when all the birds are flown? Unnaturall vacuum, can vour emptineffo Answer to some flight queffions such as thefe? How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores Be cleer'd with Verfes to my Creditors ? Hexamiter's no flerling, and I tear What the brain coins goes fearce for currant there. Can meeter cancell bonds > Is here a time Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rime? Or if I were now burrying to the jail and about Are the nine Mufes held fufficient bail Would they to any composition come, the If we should morgage our Elisium, Tempe, Pernaffus, and the golden freams Of Tagus, and Pattelus, those rich dreams Of active fancy ? Can out Orpheus move Thole rocks, and flones with his best strains of love? Should I (like Homer) fing in lefty tones To them Achylles, and his Myrmidens! ... Heller, and Ajax are but Sergeants names, They relish Bay-falt bove the Epigrams Of the most leafon'd brain, nor will they be Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy. Mufe, burn thy Baies, and thy fond quill refigne, One croffe of theirs is worth whole books of mine. Of all the treasure which the Poets hold and and and all the There's none at all they weigh, except our gold; And mine's return'd to th'indies, and hath fwore Never to visit this cold climate more. Then crack your firings good Purie, for you need none; Gape on, as they do to be payd, gape on.

Upon love fondly refus'd for confeience fake.

TAture, Creations law, is judg'd by fenfe, Not by the Tyrant confcience, Then our commission gives us leave todo, What youth and pleasure prompts us to: For we must question, else heavens great decree, And rax it with a treachery; If things made fweet to tempt our appetite Should with a guilt frain the delight. Higher powers rule us, our felves can nothing do; Who made us love, made'lawfull roo. It was not love, but love transform'd to vice Ravish'd with envious Avarice, Made women first impropriate; All were free, Inclosures mens inventions be. I'th golden age no action could be found For trespasse on my neighbours ground: Twas just with any Fair to mix our blood; The best is most diffusive good. She that confines her beams to one mans fight, Is a dark-Lanthorn to a glorious light. Say, does the Virgin-Ipring leffe chait appeare Caule many thirsts are quenched there? Or have you not with the fame odours mer. When more have freek your Violer? The Phoenix is not angry at her neft, Caule her perfumes make others bleft : Though Incense to th'eternall gods be meant, Yet mortals Rivall in the fent.

Mands the Lord of Creatures & yet we fee That all his vaffals loves are free. The fevere wedlocks fetters do not binde ... The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind; But that he may be like a Bridegroom led Even to the Royall Lions bed. The birds may for a yeer their loves confine. But make new choise each Valentine. If our affections then more servile be Then are our flaves, wher's mans foveraignty? Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse please; And spare the sweets, being more sweethen these? If the fresh Trunk have fap enough to give That each infertive branch may live; The Gardner grafts not only Apples there. But adds the VVarden and the Peare, The Peach, and Apricock rogether grow, The Cherrie and the Damion too, An intire Orchard of Oriettee - 100 con llew mouse) Soleft our Paradife perfection wants V Ve may as well inoculare as plant. What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theam? Or nodding Nurfes idle dream? de gards cos So feign'd, as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies, To watch their Orchards, and their Daries. For who can tell when first ber reign begun? I'th'flate of innocence was none: And fince large Confcience (as the proverb fhewes) In the same fense with bad one goes, The leffe the better then, whence this will fall, Tis to be perfect to have none at all. Suppose it be a vertue rich, and pure, Tis not for Spring, or Summer fures & han and Tio Nor yet for Autumn Love must have his prime,

His warmer hearts, and harvest time.

Till we have sourish'd, grown, and reap'dour wishes;

What Conscience darcs oppose our kisses?

But when times colder hand leads us near home,

Then let that winter vertue come:

Frost is all then prodigious, we may do

What youth and pleasure prompts us to.

On Importunate Dunnes.

P Ox take you all, from you my forrwes swell
Your treacherous Faith makes me turn Insidell.
Pray vex me not for Heavens sake, or rather
For your poor Childrens sake, or for your Father.
You trouble me in vain, what e're you say
I cannot, will not, nay I ought not pay,
You are Extortioners, I was not sent
T'encrease your fins, but make you all repent
Thase're you rusted me, wee're even here,
I bought too cheap, because you sold too dear.
Learn Conscience of your V Vives, for they I swear.
For the most pare made in the better ware.

Heark Reader if thou never yet hadst one
I'le shew the torments of a Cambridge Dun.
He railes where e've he comes, and yet can say
But this, that Randolph did not keep his day,
V Vhat? can I keep the Day, or stop the Sun
From setting, or the Night from coming on.
Could I have kept dayes, I had chang'd the doom
Of Times and Seasons that had never come.
These evill spirits haunt me every day.
And will see serve eat, study, or pray.

I am so much in their Books that 'tis known
I am soo seldome frequent in my owne.

V V hat damage given to my Doors might be
If Doors might Actions have of Battery!
And when they find their comming to no end
They Dunne by proxic, and their Letters send,
In such a stile as I could never finde
In Tullies long, or Seneca's short wind,

Good Master Randolph, Pardon me I pray If I remember you forget your day. I kindly dealt with you, and it would be Unkindin you, not to be kindto me. You know Sir, I must pay for what I have, My Creditors will be paid, therefore I crave Payme as I pay them sir, for one Brother Is bound in Conscience to pay another bu Be fides, my Landlord would not be content, If I should dodge with himfor's quarters rent. My Wife lies intoo, and I needs must pay The Midnife, lest the fool be cast away. And'tis a second charge to me poor man To make the new born Babe a Christian. Besies the Churching a third charge will be Inbutter'd Haberdine & frummel). Thus hoping you will make a courteous end, I reft (I would thou would'ft) Your loving Friend

A.B.M.H.T.B.H.L.L.O.
L.F.M.G.P.VV. Nay I know
You have the fame stile all, and as for me
Such as your stile is shall your payment bea

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Just all alike, fee, what a curled spell Charms Devils up, to make my Chamber hell-This some flany'd Prentice brings, one that does look With a face blurd more then her Masters book. One that in any chink can peeping lye More flender then the yard he measures by : When my poor ftomack barks for meat, I dare Scarce humout it, they make me live by ayr, As the Camelions do; and if none pay Better then I have done, even so may they. When I would go to Chappell, they betray My zeal, and when I only meant to pray Linto my God, faith all I have to do Istopray them, and glad they'l hear me too. Nay should I preach, the Rascals are so vent, They'd fee a Beadle to arreft my Text; And fue it fuch's fure might granted be, My Use and Doctrine to an Outlawry. This flings, yet what my gallmost works upon Is that the hope of my revenge is gone. For were I but to deal with fuch as those, That knew the danger of my Perfe or Profe I'de feep my Mofein Vineger and Gall Till the foerce fcold grew tharp and hangd'um all But those I am to deal with are fo dull. (Though got by Schollers) he that is most full Of under franding can but hither come Imprimis, Irem, and the totall-fum. I do not wiff them Egypes plagues ; but even As bad as they; I'de add unto them (even. I wish not Grafboppers, Fregs, and Lice come down, aur clouds of Moths in every thop i'th Tran. Then boneft Devil to their Inkconvey And the removed they have

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Some Aqua-fortis that may eat away
Their books. To adde more torments to their lives
Heaven I befeech thee fend 'um handsome Wives.
Such as will pox their flesh till fores grow in't
That all their linnen may be spent in lint.
And give them Children with ingenuous faces,
Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces
Of Soule and Body, that it may be known
To others, and themselves they'r not their own.
And if this vex'nm nor, I'le grieve the Towa
With this curse, States put Trinity Lesture down:
But my last Imprecation this shall be,
May they more debtors have, and like me.

A Character.

Anlico-politico Academico.

Thou Cozen to great Madams and aliyed,
To all the Beauties that are Ladified,
Thou Bagle of the Realm whose eyes can see,
Th'invisible plots of forraign policie,
Thou great and unknown Learning of the Nation
Made not by study, but by inspiration!
The Court, the State, the Schools together be
By th'cars, and sight, and scratch, and all for thee
When I behold the cringe in some faire Hall,
And scrape proportions mathematicall,
Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick-spell
To circle, ovall, square, and triangle,
And take a Virgin by the Ivory hand
Minning words to her, none can understand

120 XXXX POEMS.

But in a vision, and some verse repeat So wellinchanted, none the fense can get, Tillthey have conjur'd in lines ftrange and many. To find what spirit it has, if it have any. To fee thy feet (though nature made them fplay) Screw in the toes to dance and forceaway To some smooth measure, as might justly vaunt Thou art turn'd Monfieur of an Elephant. Thy mother fure going to fee fome fport, Tilting, or Malque, conceav'd thee in the Court. But when I view thee gravely nod, and fpit In a grave posture, shake the head, and fit Plots to bring Spain to England, and confine King Philips Indies unto Middletons Mine. When I read o'rethy Comments fagely wris On the Currentoes, and with how much wit Thy profound Aphorismes do expound to us The Almanacks, and Gallobeleicus : When I conceive what news thou wilt bring o're When thou return'st with thy Embaliador, VVhat flops the Switzers wears to hide his joynts, How French, and how the Spanyard truffe their points, How ropes of Onions at Saint Umers goe, And whether Turks be Christians, yea or no. Then I believe one in deep points fo able, V Vas furely got under the Councell table. But when I heare thecof Celarent write In Ferie, and Baralypton fight. Methinks my then Propherick foule durft rell Thou must be born at Aristotles VVell. But shall I tell thee friend how thy bleft fate By chance hath made thy name to formnate, The State man thinks then haft too much oth' Court, The

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The Courtier thinks thy fager parts do fore Best for the State; as for the Ladies they Pos'd with the Medley of the language, say Th'art a meer Scholler, and the Scholler swears Thou art of any tribe rather then then theirs. One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either, Thou thinkst thy self th'art all, and I think neither.

On the loffe of bis singer.

TOw much more bleft are trees then men? Their boughes lept off will grow agen; But if the feel our limbs diffever. The joyne once loft is loft for ever. But fondly I dull fool complain. Our members shall revive again. And thou poor finger that art du? Before the other members, muft Return as foon as hevens command. And reunired be to'th hand As those that are not ashes yet, VVhy doft thou then fo envious fit. And malice Oaks that they to fate Are tenants of a longer date? Their leafes do more years include Butonce expir'd, are nere renew'd. Therefore deare finger though thou be Cut from those muscles govern'd thee, And had thy motion at command, Yer ftill as in a margent ftand, To point my thoughts to fix upon

The hope of Refurrection:
And fince thou canft no hoger be
Be a death's head to humble me,
Till death dorn threather fling in vain,
And we in heaven shake hands again.

A paranicon to the truly noble Gentleman M. Endymion Porter.

Oe bashfull Muse, thy message is to one That drinks and filsthy Helicon. Who when his quill a sportive number seeks, Plants Roles in the Ladies cheeks. 'And with a fad note from their eyes can call Pearl-showers to dew those buds withall, Whose layes when I by chance am bleft to heare My fonle climbs up into mine care, And bids your fifters challenge from the Moon The Learned, as the fair Endymion. Sing of his faith to the bright foule that's fled, And left you all poor girls fleuck dead With just despair of any fature men T'employ, or to reward 2 Pen. A foul that flaying would have wonders wrought, High as himselfe, or his great thought, And full of dayes, and honours, (with our prayer In Bead of Beads fumm'd up with tears.) Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone, Offer what's heart, his hand, his fword had done, But fing not thou a tale of discontent To him whose joy is to lament.

We ought to pay true tears upon the hearle,

And lay some up in faithfull verse,
And so cast off our black; for more then thus
Troubles the faints for troubling us.
Say to him Cupid being once too kind
Wept out his eyes and so grew blind.
For dead Adons, grief being paid her due
He turn'd Loves wanton god, and to do you.

To a painted Mistriss.

There are who know what once to day it was;
Your eyes, your Conscience, and your morning glasse,
How curst you venture that adulterate part
Belabour'd with your Fucus, and best Art
To the rude breath of every rashsalute?
What did your profer whisper? expect suit?
You were too plyant with your eare, yno wisht
Pomatum and Vermilion might be kis'd,
That lip, that cheek by man was never known,
Those favours you bestow are not your own.
Henceforth such kisses The desie, like thee,
Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

Sign of Madam, choose you whether,
Nature twists you both together.
And makes thy soul to each confesse,
Both perticoat and breeches dresse.
Thus we chastise the god of Wine,

K 3

VVich water that is feminine. Till the cooler Nimphabate, His wrath, and fo incorporate, Adam till hisrib was loft Had the fexes thus ingroft. When providence our Sire did cleave. And out of Adam carved Eve. Then did man bout wedlock treat To make his body up compleat, Thus Marrimony Speaks hur thee In a grave foiemnity; For Man and VVife make but one right Canonicall Hermaphrodite. Ravell thy body, and I finde In every limb a double kind, VVho would not think that head a pair, That breeds fuch factions in the hair? One halfe's fo churlifh in the touch, That rather then endure fo much I would my tender limbs apparell VVith Regulus bis nailed barrell. And the other halfe fo fmall, And fo amorous with all, That Cupid thinks each hair to grow, A firing for his invisible Bow.

VVhen I look babies in thire eyes,
Here Venus, there Adonis lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orbs contain both Sun and Moon.
How many melting killes skip,
Betwixtehy Male and Female lip,
Betwixt thy upper brush of hair,
And thy nether beards despair?

VVhen

V Vhen thou speak'ff (I would not wrong) Thy [weetneffe with a double tongue) Butin every fimple found A perfect Dialogue is found. Thy breafts diftinguish one another, This is the fifter, that the brother. when thou joyn'ft hands my ears ftruck, fancles The nuptiall found, I John take Frances. Feel but the difference, foft and rough, This is a gauntlet, that a muffe. Had fly Vliffes at the fack Of Trey, brought thee his Pedlers-pack And weapon too, to know Achilles From King Nicomodes Phillis. His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel The needle, that, the warlike steel. When mulick doth thy pace advance Thy right leg takesthy left to dance. Nor is'ta Galliard danc'd by one But a mixt dance although alone, Thus every Heteroclite part Changes gender, but the heart. And those which modesty can meane (And dare not fpeak) are Epicene. That Gamefter needs must overcome That can play both Tyb and Tom. Thus did natures Mintage vary, Coyning thee both Philip and Mary.

To his wel Timbred Mistris.

Weer, heard you not tames lated breath rehearle How I left hewing blocks to back a Verse, Now grown the Mafter-Log, while others be But shavings ane the chips of Poetry. And thus I Saw Deal-boards of beauty forth, Tomake my Love a Ware-house of her worth. Her legs are heart of Oak, and columns stand To bear the amorous bulk; then Muse command That Beech be work'd for thighes unto those legs, Turn'd round and carv'd, and joyned fast with pegs. Contrive her belly round, a dining room, When Love and Beauty will a feafting come, Another flory make from wast to chin With breafts like Pots to neft young spirrows in, Then place the Garret of her head above, Thatcht with a yellowhair to keep in Love. Thus bave I finish'd Beauties master prize Were but the Glasier neer to make her eyes. Then Mule her out-work ceale to raile To work within, and wainfcot her with praifer

On fix maids bathing themselves in a River.

Then bashfull Day-light now was gone,!
And Night that hides a blush came on.
Six pretty Nymphs to wash away
The sweating of a summers day,
In Chams sair streams did gently swim

And naked bathe each curious limb. O who had this bleft fight but feen would think that they had Clalia's been. A Scholler that a walk did take (Perchance for meditation fake) This better object chanc'd to finde, Streight all things elfe were out of minde; What fitter Rudy in this life. For Practick or Contemplative. He thought poor foul what he had feen Dyana and her Nymphs had been, And therefore thought in pitcous fear Afteons fortunes had been near. Or that the water Nymphs they were Together met to fport them there. And that to him fuch love they bore As unto Hilas once before.

What could be think but that his eye
Six Nymphs at once did there espic
Rise from the waves? Or that perchance
Freth-water Syens came to dance
Upon the stream with tongue and look
To tempt poor Schollers from their book?
He could not think they Graces were
Because their numbers doubled are.
Nor can be think they Muses be
Because (alas) there wanted three.

I should have rather guest that there
Another brood of Helens were.
The maids betrai'd were in a fright
And blosht, but ewas not seen by night.
At last all by the bank did stand,
And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.

Where

VVhere 'twas his bliffe to feel all o're
Soft paps, fmooth thighes, and fomething more.
But envious night hid from his eyes.
The place where love and place we like

The place where love and pleasure lies.
Guesse lovers guesse, guesse you that dare
VVhat then might be this Schollers prayer.
That he had been a Cat to spy,
Or had he now Tiberius eye.
Yet since his wishes were in vain
He helpt them d'on their cloaths again,
Makes promise there should none be shent,
So with them to the Tavern went.
How they all night did sport and play
Pardon my Muse, I darenot say,
Guesse you that have a mind to know
VVhether hewere a soole or no.

The wedding Morne.

A Rife, come forth, but never to return
To the fame Center, 'tis thy virgin Urn,
Bury in it those thoughts you did possesse
Thee from thy Cradle, till this happinesse;
Vhich but to think upon will make thy cheek,
Fairer then is the Morn you so much seek
In beauty to outry; and be the pride
Of all that ever had the name of bride.
Up Maids and let your nimble singers be
True instruments of euriosity:
Set not a pin amisse, nor let a pleat
Be solded in her gown but what's in state.

And when her Ivory-temples you would deck Forbear your Art, for Nature gives you check. There in the circuit of her radient haire See Cupid fetter'd in a golden fnare. Mark the triumphant throne wherein the Boy Infalled fits to give the Bridegroom joy. But when the's dreft, and that her liftning car Is welcom'd by the Bridegrooms being neer, Look how he stande, and how her stedfast eye Is fix'd on him at's first discovery. Both being met, mark how their fouls do ftrive To bein eithers joy contemplative. V Vhose killes raise betwixt them such a fire That should the Phoenix see, he to expire VVould thun the fpicy mountain, and so take Himself berween their lips a grave to make.

In praise of women in Generall.

HE is a Paricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murthers her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women, that dares write
Libels on Saints, or with foule ink requite
The milkthey lent us; better Sex command
To your defence my more religious hand
At sword, or Pen; ours is the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth,
The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed:
Adam in's sleep a gainfull losse sustain'd
That for one rib a better self regain'd.
V ho had he not your blest creation seen,

130

An Anchorite in Paradife had been Why in this work did the creation reft But that eternall providence thought you best Of all his fix dayes labour : beafts should do Homage to man, but man should wait on you. You are of comlier fight, of daintier touch. A tender fleth, a colour bright, and fuch As Pariam fee in marble, skin more fair, More glorious head, and far more glorious hair, Eyes full of grace, and quicknesse, purer roses Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes Your stately froms, your breath more fweet then his Breaths spice, and Nectar drops at every kiffe. Your skins are smooth, brifles on theirs do grew Like quills of Porcupines, rough wool doth flow O're all their faces, you approach more near The form of angels, they like beafts appear : If then in bodies where the fouls do dwell You better us, do then our fouls excell? No; we in fouls equall perfection lee There can in them nor male nor female be. Boast we ofknowledg? You have more then we You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree, And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth lye Let him dispute zgainft that dares deny Your least commands, and not perswaded be With Sampfons Brength, and Davids picty, To be your willing Captives ; vertue fure Were blind as fortune, should shee choose the poore Rough corrage man to live in, and despile To dwell in youthe flately edifice. Thus you are prov'd the better fex, and we Must attrepent that in our Pedigre.

We chose the fathers name, where should we take
The mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould ma!'
Our generation sure, and certain be,
And I'de believe some faith in Heraldry!
Thus perfect Creatures if, detraction rise
Against your sex dispute but with your eyes,
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtile and so strong an argument
Will teach the Stoick his affection too,
And call the Cinick from his Tub to woo.
Thus mustring up your beauteous troops, go on
The fairest is the valiant Amazon.

To M. I. S. on his gratefull Servant.

I Cannot folminate or conjunate words
To puzzle intellects, my ninth lasse affords
No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain
Garaganturne lines to Gigantize thy vein,
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies
Are terr'del fo-gos, or incognitaes,
Thy Pegasus in his admir'd career,
Curvets no Capreols of Nonfence here.

Voice on the Niles Cataracts do fall

Victor and profession on the Cock-pit stage

When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage

Gives it a foule from the immortall rage. I heare the Muses birds with full delight Sing where the birds of Mars were went to fight Nor flatter I, thou knowest I do abhor it; Let others praise thy Play, I'le love thee for it; That he that knows my friend shall say, he has friend as Gratefull as his servant was.

In Obitum Francissi Verulamii.

Vm moriens tantam noffre Verulamius Hero Tritiviam Musis, luminaqua uda facit: 'Credimmo beunullum fieri post fata beatum, Caedimus & Samium de fipuiffe fenem: Seilicet bie mifert, felix nequet effe, Camoenis, Necfe, quam Musas plus amat iste suas. At luctantem animam Clotho imperiofa coegit Ad calum, invitos traxit in aftra pedes. Ergene Phocheias jacuiffe putabimus artes? Atque berbas Clarii nil valuiffe Dei ? Phoebusidem potuit, nec virtus absuit berhis, Hune artem atque illas vim retinere patec : At Phoebum (ut metuit ne Rex foret ifte Camoenis) Rivali medicam crede nega femanom. Him dolor eft; quod cum Phoebo Verulamios Heros Major eraveliquit, bac foret arte minor. Postamen O, tantum manes atq; umbra, Camoenz, Et pene inferni pallida turba jovis, Si Spiratis adbue & non luffis ocellos, Sed neque pof illum vos superesse potem e

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Hi

Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus, Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam : Discite nunc gemitus, & lamentabile carmen. Ex oculis vestris lachrima multa fluat. En quammulta fluit ? verm agnosto Camoenas, Et lachrimas, Helicon vix fatis unas erit; Dencabonais & qui son mersus in andis Pernaffus (mirum eft) bifce latebit aquis. Scilicet hic peruit, per quem vos vivitis, & qui Multa Pierias nutriit arte Deas. Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas, Languere ut (smmo feminas parfa folo ; Crefere Pegaleas docuit, velut bafa Quirini Crevit, & exigno tempore Laurus erat. Ergo Heliconiadas doenit eum crefere divas, Dimineun: bujus (eculanalla decus. Necferre ulserius generali pettoris aftus Contemptum potust, Diva Minerva, taum. Refliquit calamus felitum divinus bonorem, Difbulit & nubes alter Apollo tuas.

Dispulit & tenebras, sed quas obsusca vetustas,
Temporis & prisca lippi senecta tulis;
Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravis acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sen sua filo dedis.
Scilicet antiquo sapientum valgus in avo
Tam clarus oculus non habuisse liquet:
Hi velus Eoo surgens delitrore Phoebus,
Hic velus in media sulget Apollo die:
Hi velusi Typhis tentirunt aquora primum,
At vix deservit littora primaratis:
Pleisdes hic, Hyadasque asque amnia spacra noscens,
Syrces, asque vuos, improba Sylia, canes:

Scit quod vitandum es, quo diviget aquore navem, Certius & curfum naveica monfrat acus:

Infantes illi Musas, hic giganadultas; Males illi, gignit ad ife Deas.

Palmamideo reliquit Magna Instauratio libris Abstulit, & cedunt squalidaturba sophi

Et vestida novo Pallas modo prodit amietu, Angnis depositis ut nitet exuvits.

Sie Phæuix cineres spectat mode nata paternos, Acsonis & reditt prima juventa senn.

Inflaurata suos & sic Vernlamio muros Iditat, & antiquum sperat abinde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quammortalu ocelli Lumina, dum regni, mpftica sacra canat? Dum sic natura leges, arcanaque Regum, Tanquam à secretu esset utrissque eanat: Dum canat Henrigum, qui Rex, idemq; Secerdos, Connubio stabili junxit utranque Rosam.

Atqui hac sunt nostris longe majora Camoenis, Non hac infelix Granta, sed Aula sciat. Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis, Jus habet, in landes (maxime Alumne) tuas. Ius habet, ut mæstos lachrymis extirqueret ignes, Posset ut e medio diripuisse rago. At nostra tibi nulla serant encomia Musa, Ipse canis, laudet or canis inde tuas.

Nos tamen & laudes, que possumus arte, canemus, Si tamen ars desie, lam erit ifte dolor.

Sing Carrie

and a state

THE MUSE'S Looking-Glasse.



我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我

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7 1 Marie Marie Logical for the Down



THE Muses Looking-Glasse.

Attus I. Scen I. Enter

Bird a Feather-man, and Mrs Flowrdew, wife to a Has berdafter of small Wares; the one having brought feather to the Play-houfe; the other Pins and Looking-glaffes; two of the fanctifed fraternity of Black Fryers.



Lowrden, fee brother how the wicked throng and crowd, To works of vanity! not a nook, or corner In all this house of lin, this cave of filthyneffe,

This den offpirituall theeves, but it is ftuffe, Stuffed, and ftuffe full as a cushion With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Sifter Were there not before Innes, Yes, will I fayInnes, for my zeal bids me Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour fuch As travell'd to diffruction the broad way ?

But they build more and more, more shops of Satan,
Fowerd, Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach preach, huffe, puffe, and snuffe at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth, Had we seen a Church,
A new built Church, erected North and SouthIt had been something worth the wondering at.
Bird. Good works are done.

Flowrd. Flay no works are good,

Good works are meerely popish and Apoeryphall.

Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea & confonuds

No marvell now if Play-houses increase.

Forthey are all grown so obscene of late,

That one begets another,

Flowed. Flat fornication!

A wonder any body takes delight.
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a ---- tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you fell Pins.

Flowrd. Or you fell Feathers brother, But are they not hang'd for it?

But are they not hang'd for it?

Eird. Law grows partiall.

And finds it burchance medly: And their Comedies
Vill abuse you or me, or any body;
Vic cannot put our monies to increase
By la wfull usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives.
Finer then others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Flow. Is northis flat conjuration To make our ghoffs to walk ere we be dead!

Bird. That nothing Mikris Flowrden, they will play

The

Looking-Glaffe

The knave, the fool, the Divell and all for money,

Flow Impiety! O that men indued with reason

Should have no more grace in them?

Bird. Be there not other

Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Baylies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitors,
Beadles, and Martials-men, the needfull inframents
Of the Republque, but to make themse ves
Such Monsters, for they are Monsters, th'are monsters,
Base finfull, shamelesse, ugly, vile deform'd
Pernitious monsters?

Flow. I have heard our Vicar Call play-houses the Colledges of transgression, Wherin the seven deadly sins are studyed,

Bird. Why then the City will intime be made

An university of iniquity.

We dwell by Black Fryers Colledge, where I wonder How that porphane neft of pernitious birds Dare rouft themselves there in the midst of us So many good; and well disposed persons.

O Impudence?

Flow. It was a zealous prayer

I heard a brother make concerning Play-houses.

Bird For charity what is it?

Flow. That the Globe,

Wherein (quoth he) raigns a whole world of vice,
Had been confum'd? The Phanex purn't to Aihes,
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore: Black-Frygrs
He wonders how it (cap'd demolishing
I'th' time of reformation: Lastly he wish,d
The Bull might crosse the Thanes to the Bear Garden
And there be foundly baited?

Bir. A good prayers.

A 3

Flore

Leg

Flow. Indeed it fomthing pricks my conscience, I come to sell 'em Pins and Looking glaffes.

Bird. I have their custome too for all their Feathers: Tis fit that we which are such sincere Professors Should gain by Insidels.

Scen; 2. Enter Rofcius a Player.

Mr. Roscius we have brought the things you spake for.

Flow. Pray Sir what ferve they for ?

Rofe. We use them in our play.

Bird. Are you a Player?

Rofe. I am Sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawfull?

Good fifter lets convert him. Will you use So fond a calling?

Flow- And fo impious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by fin?

Rose. My spleen is up: And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity and you both may break,
what serve your lawfull trade of silling Pins,
But to joynt gew. gaws, and to knit together
Gorgers, strips: neck. cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such like toyes as these,
To make the Baby Pride, a pretty Puppet?

And you fweet Fether-man, whose ware though light, Oreweight your conscience, what serves your trade

But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,

To

To deck vain-glory? spoyling the Peacocks tail T'adorn an Idiots Coxcomb: Odullignorance How ill tis underflood what we do mean For good and hone f! they abuse our Scene. And fay we live by vice, indeed tis true As the Philitians by discales do, Only to cure them. They do live we fee Like Cooks by pamp'ring ptodigality, Which are our fond accusers. On the stage We fer an ilferer to tell this age How ugly looks his foul: A prodigall Is taught by us how far from liberall His folly bearshim : boldly I dare fay There has been more by us in some one play Laugh't into wit or vertue, then hath been By twenty redious Lecturs drawn from fin, And foppish humors; hence the cause doth rise Men are not won by th'ears fo well as eyes. First fee what we prefent.

Flow. The fight is able
To unsandifie our eyes, and make 'm carnall.'

Rosc. Will you condemn without examinations
Bird No Sister, let us call up all our zeal,

And try the firength of this temptation:

Satan shall see we dare desie his Engine.

Flow. I am content.

Rose. Then take your places here, I will come to you.
And moralize the plot,

I do approve, it may be for instruction

Scen. 3:

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. Roscius, I heare you have a new play to day.

Rosc. We want not you to play Mephostopholis.

A pretty naturall vizard!

Defer. What have you there? Refe. A Looking-glasse or two.

Defor, What things are they?

Pray let me see them. Heaven, what fights are here? Pave seen a Divell. Looking glasses call you them? There is no Basiliske but a Looking-glasse.

Rofe. Tis your own face you faw.

Defor. My own, thou lieft:
I'de not be such a monster for the world.

Rof Look in it now with me. wharfeeft thou now?
Defor An Angel and a Divell.

Refe. Look on that

Thou caldit an Angel, marke it well, and tell me Ist not like, my face

Defor. As were the fame.

Rofe. Why so is that like thine. Dost theu not soe, Tis not the Glasse, but thy deformity
That makes this ugly shape; if they be fair
That view the Glasse, such the resections are.
This serves the body: The soul sees her face
In Comedy, and has no other glasse.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather see

Hell, then a Looking-glaffe, or Comedy.

Roje. And yet me thinks if twere not for this Glaffe Wharein the form of man beholds his grace,

Looking-Glaffe

We could not finde another way to fee How neer our shapes approach divinity. Ladies, let they who will your glaffe deride. And fay it is an inftrument of Pride: I will commend you for it sthere you fee If yee befair, how truly fai r you be: Where finding beautious faces, I do know You'l have the greater care to keep them fo. A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes, which nature hath denyed to your own eyes; V Vereit not pitty you alone should be Debarr'd of that others are bleft to fee ? Then take your Glasses, and your selves enjoy The benefit of your felves : it is no toy. Though ignorance, at flight efteem hath fet her, That will preferve us good, or make us better. A Countery flut, (for fuch thee was, though here Ith' City may be some as well as there:) Kept her handsiclean, (for those being alwayes feen Had told her elfe, how fluttish she had been) But had her face as naffy as the fall Of a Fish-monger, or a vourers Hall Daub'd ore with dire one might have dar'd to fay She was a trve piece of Promethus clay, Not vet inform'd : And then her unkem'd hair Dreft up with Cob-webs, made ber hag-like fare. One day within her pail (for Country Laffes (Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glaffes:) She fpied her uglineffe, and fain fhe would : Have blufh'e if through fo much dirt the could: Asham'd, within that water, that I say Which shew'd her filth, she washt ber filth away. So Comedies, as Poets do intend them,

Serve

Serve first to shew our faults, and then to to mend them Upon our stage two glasses ought there be.

The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragedy:
The Comick glasses full of merry strife,
The low restection of a County life.
Grave Tragedy void of such homely sports
Is the sad glasse of Cities and of Courts.
Ile shew you both, Thalia come and bring
Thy Buskin'd sister, that of bloud doth sing.

Scene 4.
Comedy. Tragedy. Mime. Satyre.

Trag Hy do you flop? go on.
I charge him flay
My robe of flate, Buskins, and Crown of Gold
Claim a propriety.

Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrell
Is vertues Diadem: This grew green and flourish'd
When nature pittying poore mortallity
Hide thine within the bowels of the earth:
Men looking up to heaven found this thats minde,
Digging to find out hell they li't on thine.

Treg. I know you have tongueenough.

Gives me the first possession.

Trag . How, your birth-right?

Com. Yes Sifter, Birth-right: and a crown besides, Puton before the Altar of Apollo By his dear Priest Phenomoe, the that first Full of her, God rag'd in Heroique numbers. Trag How came it then the Magistrate decreed A publick charge to furnish out my Cherw, When you were faint'appear in raggs and tatters, And at your own expences?

Com. My reward

Came after, my deferts went before yours.

Trag. Deferts? yes! what deferts, when like a gypfic You tooke a poore and beggerly Pilgrimage.

From village unto village; when I then As a fit ceremony of Religion.

In my full flate contended at the Tomb

Of mighty Thefeus.

Come. I before that time
Didchaunt our Hymnes in praise of great Apollo,
The sheepherds Deitie, whom they reverences
Under the name of Romius, in remembrance
How with them once he kept Admetus sheep.
And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till Sophacles layd guilt upon your Buskins
You had no ornaments, no robes of state.
No rich and glorious Scene; your first Benefactors
Vyho were they, but the reeling Priests of pacebus?
For which a Goat gave you reward and name?

Trag. But fifter, who were yours, I pray, but fuch As chaunted forth religious, bawdy fanners;

In honour of the fine chaft god Priapus:

. Come. Let age alone, merit must plead our Title.

Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?

I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings and Emperours

From their close cabinets, and Councell Tables

Yeild me the stall matter of my Scene.

Com Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities, (Of which this age I feare is grown too fruitfull,)

Yeild subjects various enough to move

plentifult

Plentifull laughter

Trag. Laughter! aft objet

For Poetry to aym at.

Gom. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'cis a property

Trag. So:

But I move horrour; and that frights the guilty From his dear fins: he that fees Oedipus Inceft uous, shall behold him blind withall. VVho views Orostes: as a Parricide, Shall fee him lashe with Furies too; Th'Ambitious Shall fear Promethem Vulture; Daring gluttony Stand stighted at the sight of Tantalus, And every family great in sins as bloud Shake at the memory of Peleps house. Who will rely on fortunes giddy smile

That hathfeen Priam acted on the stage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with shame,

A thing more powerfull in a generous breft.

Who fees an eating Parafite abus'd:
A covernous Bawd laugh'd at: an ignorant Gull
Cheated: a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffl'd
Acrafty fervant whipt; a niggard churl

Hoarding up Dicing monies for his Sonne;
Afpruce fantastique Courtier, a mad F.oarer,

A jealous Tradefman, an over-weening Lady, Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,

But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame As well to act those follies, as to own them,

Trag. The subject of my Scene is in the persons Greater, as in the vices; Athists, Tyrants.
O're-daring Favourits, Traytors, Parasits,
The Wolves and Cats of state, which in a language

High

High as the men, and lowd as their crimes I thunder forth with terrous and amazement Unto the gastly wondering Audience.

Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place Of thy light Mistris, so yelld thou to me, Fantastique Mime.

Mmie. Fond Satyre why to thee?

Sat, As the attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my felfe more worthy?

Mime How! more worthy.

Sat. As one whole whip of feel can with a lash Imprint the Characters of shame so deep. Even in the brazen forchead of proud fin, That not eternity shal wear it out, When I but frown'd in my Lucilius brow, Each conscious cheek grewsed, and a cold trembling Freezd the chill foul: while every guilty brek Stood fearing of diffection, as afraid To be anatomiz'd by that sklfullhand; And have each arrery, nerve, and vein of fin By it layd open to the publique fcorn. I have untruft the proudeft; greateft tyrants Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, half dead With expectation of the fmarting jerk, VVhofe wound no falve con cure : each blow deth leave A lafting fear, that with a poylon cats Into the marrow of their fames and lives ; Th'eternall ulcer to their memories! VVhat can your Apish- fine gesticulations My man-like- Menky Mime, vie down to this? Mime. When men through fins were grown unlik the Gods.

Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his firks and jerks.

The Spartans when they ftrove t'expresse the loath-

Of Drunckenneffe to their children. brought a flave, Some Captive Heles, over-charg'd with wine Reeling in thus ; ---- His eyes fhor out with Raring, A fire in his nofe, a burning redneffe Blazing in either cheeke, his hair upright. His tongue and fences faltering, and his Stomack Or'burden'd ready to discharge his load In ech mans face he met. This made'em fee And hate that fin of fwin, and not of men. Would I expresse a complementall youth, Thatthinks himfelf afpruce and expert Courtier, Bending his supple hammes, killing his bands. Honouring Shooftrings, scruing his writh'd face To severall posturs of affection. Dancing an entertainement to his friend, VVho would not think it a ridiculous motion? Yet fuch there be that very much please themselves In fuch like Antique humours To our own fins VV ill be Moles. even to the groffeft of 'em: But in anothers life we can fpy torth The least offaults with eyes as tharp as Bagles, Or the Epidaurean Serpent : Now in me. Where felf-love cafts not her Egyptian mifts, They find this mif-becoming foppifhnelle. And afterwards apply it to themselves: This (Satyre) is the use of Mimique Elves. Trag. Sifter lets lay this poor contention by, And friendly live rogether, if one womb

Could hold us both, why should we think this room.
Too narrow to contain us. On this Stage
VVee I plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which shall do best a that hast, she then that shall
By the most facred and impartiall judgement
Of our spolle, best deserve the Bayes,
Shall hold th'intire possession of the place.

Come- I were unworthy if I should
Appeal from his tribunall; Be it so:
I doubt not but his censure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's sad and tragicall
Dare to approach his presence; let him be
So happy astothink no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd misery,

Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only see, Not be the subject of a Tragedy! Sifter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,

Let us joyn whips together. Come Tis agreed.

Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The Maique which we intended
Mime. Tis my care

Letunt.

Flowr. How did the fay? a Masse? Brother fly hence, Fly hence, Idolary will overtake us.

Resci It was a Malque the spake of , a rude Dance

Pretented by the feven deadly fins

Bird. Still 'tis a MaffeSifter,away I tell, you

It is a Maffe, aMaffe of vile Idelatry,

Rof. Tis but a simple Dance, brought into shew The native foulnesse and deformity Of our dearsin, and what an ugly guest, He entertains, admits him to his breft

Songand Dance,

Say, in a Dance how shall we go,
That never could a measure know!
How shall we sing to please the Scene
That never yet could keep a mean?
Disorder is the Masque we bring,
And disords are the Tunes we sing.
No sound in our har, hears can sinde a place
But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and consciences Had notbeen sear'd, and cauterized, how could they. Affect these filthy harbingers of hell!

These Proctors of Belzebub, Lucifers Hinch-boyes!

Rose. I pray ye stirre your selves within a while

Erent

Rofcius Solius

And here, unlesse your favourable mildnesse VVith hope of mercy, do encourage us, Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture Neither what's past, nor that which is to come Upon his Countery, 'tis so weak, and important It cannot stand a tryall: nor dares hope The benefit of his Clergy; but is rigour Sit ludge, must of necessity be condemn'd To Vulcan or the Spunge: all he can plead Is a desire of Pardon: for he brings you

No plotat all, but a meer Ole Poddrie. Amedly of ill plac'd, and worfe pen'd humours. His defire was in fingle Scens to thew How Comedy prefents each fingle vice Rediculous, whole number as their Character He borrows from the man ro whom he ows All the poor skill he has, great Ariftetle, Now if you can endure to hear the reft, Y'are welcome ; if you cannot do but tell, Your meaning by some figne, and all farewell. If you will flay, refolve to pardon first; Our Author will descreet by offending. Yet if he mile a pardon, as in justice You cannot grant it, though your mercy may, Still he hath this left as a comfort to him, That he picks forth a Subject of his Rime May lose perchance his credit, not his time. Finis Actus 1.

Exic

ACTVS 2. SCENA. I

Roscius Bird. Flowrdew.

Rose. Receive your places. The first that wee prosent are she entreams of a versue necessary in our conversation, called Comitae or courteste, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one Colax, that to seem over-courteous, fall into a service state, the others (as fooles fall into the contraries which they shunn (is Discolus, who hating to be a slatvish Parrases growes into prevish nesses and impertinent distaste.

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one verme.

Rofe. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

Colaz. How far they fin against humanity Thatule you thus ! Believe me 'tisa fymtome, Of blasphemy, and rudnesse, so to vex A gentle, modeft nature, as yours is. Dysco. Why doff thou vex me then? Colax. 1? Heaven defend! My breeding has been better; I vex your You that I know fo verteous, just and wife, So pyous, and religious, so admir'd, So lov'd of all ? Dyf. VVilt thou not leave me then Eternall torture ? could your cruelty finde, No back but mine, that you thought broad enough To bear the load of all thefe Ephethites ? Pious, Religious, he takes me for a fool. Verteous and just ? Sir, did I ever cheat you, Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just, And vertuous ? Jam grown the comon scoffe Of all the world, the scoffe of all the world! Colaz. The world is grown too vile then. Dyfc. So art thou. Heaven I am turn'd ridiculous! Colar. You ridiculous ? ap in the Land and this or But 'ris an impious age ; There was a time, (And pirey tis fo good a time had wings To fly away, when reverence was payd Toa gray head; 'twas held a facriledge Notexpicable, to deny respect To one, Sir, of your years and gravity. Dyf. My years and gravety ! Why how old am I? I am not rotten yet, or grown fo rank

VVrite

As I should finell oth grave : O times and manners ? Well Colax, well; go on, ye may abule me, Poor dust and ashes, wormes-meat, yeares, and gravery; He takes me for a Careleffe I what fee you So crazy in me, I have half my teeth ; I fee with spectecles, do I not and can walk roo With th'benefit of my ftaffe, marke if I cannot ! But you Sir at your pleasure with years and gravity Think me decripit. Colar. How , decript fir ; Hee young Roses bud within your checks ; And a quick active bloud run free and fresh Through your veins. Dyfco. I amturn'd boy again y A very ftripling, School-boy; have I not The Irch, and kibes, am I not feab'd and mang About the wrifts and hams, Celax. Still Dyfcolus ,----Dysco. Dyscolm ; and why Dyscolus, when were we Grown to familiar ; Dy Colus by my name Sure we are Pylades and Orefles are we not ? Speak good Pylades. Colax. Nay worthy Sir Pardon my error 'twas without intent Of an offence, He find some other name To call you by----Dyfe. What do you mean to call me? Fool? Affe? or Knave? my name is not to bad As that I am afham'don't. Elaz. Still you take all worlethen it was meant, You are too jealous. Dyfce. Jealous ? I ha'not cause for't, my wifes houest; Doft fee my horns? doft? if thoudoft.

VVrite Cockold in my forchead; do, write Cuckold With Aqua-fortin, do. Jealous! I am jealous; Free of the Company! wife, 1 amjealous, Colax. I mean suspitious. For what ? for treason, fellony, or murder? Carry me to the Inflice: bind me over Dyfc. How! fulpitions? For a suspicious person! hang me too For a fuspitious perfon! O, O, O, Some courteous plague feize on me, and free my foul From this immortall torment, everything I meet with is vexation, and this, this Is the vexation of vexations, The Hell of Hells, and Divell of Divells. Flow. For pitty fike fret not the good old Gentleman. Dife. O! have I not yet torments great enough, But you must ad to my affiction? Brernall filence scize you! Color. Sir we ftrive To please you, but you fill misconstrue us. Difc. I must be pleased, a very babr, an infant ! I must be pleated, give me some pappe, or plums Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horfe, Tofill me, do ! be pleafd? wouldft have me get A Parafite to be flatter'd? Col. How ? a Parafite ? A cogging flavering, flavish Parasite? Things I abhor and hate, Tisnot the belly Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers! Souls below reason will not stoop so low As to give up their liberty; only flatterers Move by anothers wheele. They have no paffions Free to themselves. All their actions, Qualities

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Qualities, humors, appetites, defires, Nay withes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts Are but anothers bondman. Let me tugg At the Turks Gallies; be eternally Damn'd to a Quarry: In this state my minde Is free : A flatterer has not foul nor body : What shall I say ?--- No I applaud your temper, Tharin a generous braueneffe, take diffafte Ar fuch whose servill nature strives to please you Tis royall in you Sir. Dife. Ha! Whats that? Colax. A ferther fluck upon your cloak. Dyfc. A feather! And whathave you to do with my feathers? VVhy should you hinder me from telling th'world I do not lye on flock-beds? Colax. Pray be pleaf d. I brusht it off for meer respect I bare to you. Difc. Refpett, a fine refpett, Sir is it not, with a wife To make the world to believe I nourish vermine ? O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms VVictor tongues to tormentus, let'um have What teeth they will. I meet not here an object But adds to my afficien! fure I am nor Aman, I could not then be fo ridiculous: My ears are overgrown, I aman Ade; dead aven lest It is my earsthey gaze at : What firang Harpy and V Centaure or Gorgin am I turn'd into? What Circe wrought my Metamorphofis? If I be a beaft, the might have made me a Lyca, and had Or Comthing not rediculous! O Action, the future of If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune! and will will and Why looke they on me elfe? there is within

B 3 DA CATBON STREET & PORT OF

A glaffe they fay, that has strange quantities in it; That shall resolve me. I will in to see Whether or no, I man or monster be.

Exit

SCEN 2.

To them Delius. Aphobus.

Bird. Who be these? They look like presumption, and Dispaire.

Rese And such they are. That is Aphobus, one that out of an impius considence fears nothing. Theother Deilus that from an Athistical distruct, shares at the motion of a reed. These are the extreams of Fortitude, that steers an even course between over-much daring, and overmuch fearing.

Flow. VVhy flayes this reprobate Colax ?

Rojc. Any vice

Yeilds work for flattery.

Flows A good Doctrine, mark it.

Delius. Is it poffible, did you not feare it, fay you?

To me the meer relation is an ague.

Good Aphobus, no more fuch tirrible flories; I would not for a world be alone to night:

I shall have such ftrange dreams to worse

Apho. Whar con there be and W

That I should fear ? the Gods ? if they be good,

Tis fin to fear them; if not good, no Gods :-

That must affright mes O leute lustbar ton gnidinal

Delius. Divelle i where good aphobus ? sold dans adob 1 il I thought ther was former injuring abread, it should sall

Tis fuch a terrible wind; Obereit is;

Now

Now it is here again ! O still, still, still. Apho. Whats the matter ?

Deilus. Still it followes me! The thing is black, behind; foon as the Sun But shines, it haunts me ? Gentle spirit leave me ! Cannot you lay him Aphobus: what an ugly looks it has! With eyes as bigg as fawcers , nofterils wider Then Barbers basons 1

Apho. Tisnothing Deilus

Bur your weak phancy, that from every object Draws arguments of fear. This terrible blackthing---

Deil. Where is it Aphobus? 100 3183

Pho ...- Is but your shadow Deilus. Deil. And should we not fear shadowes?

Apbo. No I why should we?

Deil. VVho knows but they come learing after us To feal away the substance ? watch him Aphobus. and amore to a proper as

Apho I nothing fear.

Colax, I do comend your volour

That fixes your great foul fast as a Genter, Not to be moved with dangers ; let flight cock-bots

Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardnesse

Rebeats the fury of the raging Sea.

Dashing it in froth, Base fear doth argue A low degenerace (oul. It was wall same a second at the

Deil. Now I tear every thing.

Colar Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger

And therefore every thing is to be fear'd

I do apland this wildom: Tis a symptome Of weary providence. Histoo confidencrashnesse

Argues a flupidignorance in the foul,

A blind and fenfecleffe judgement sgives me fear

To man the fort, 'tis fuch a circumfpett And wary Sentenell----Flowrd. Now thame take thee for A Luke-warm formalift. Colar ... But daring valour Vncapable of danger fleeps fecurely, And leaves an open enterance to his enemies. Deil. What are they landed & Aphe. Who? Deil. The enemies That Colax talks of. Apho. It they be I care not; Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder. Deil. Why do you not fear thunder? Apho. Thunder? no! No more than fquibs and crackers Deil. Squibs and crackers ? I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers! The meer Epitomies of the Gun-powder Treason, Fanz in a leffer volume, Apho. Let fools gaze At bearded flars, it is all one to me As if they had been flav'd .- thus, thus would I Out beard a Meteour, for I mightas well Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes. Deil Is therea Comet fay you ? Nay I faw it, It reach't from Pauli to Charing, and portends Some certain eminent danger to th'inhabitants Twist those two places: I'le go get a lodging Out of its influence. Colax. will that ferve? --- I fear It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdom

Dail. I'le to fome other Countery.

Colax. Ther's danger to stoffe the Seas. Deil Is there no way , good Colais. To croffe the Sea by land? O the scituation! The horrible scituation of an Island! Colan. You fir are far above fuch frivolous choughts. You fear not death. Alpho. Not I. Colax. Not Sudden death. Alpho. No more then fudden Aceps: Sir I dare dye, Deil. I dare not, death to me is terrible: I will not dye. Alpho. How can you Sir prevent it? Deil. VVhy I will kill my felfe. Col. A valiant courfe: And the right way to prevent death indeed. Your Spirit is true Roman! - But yours greater That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it, Should heaven fall ---Apho. Why then we should have Larks. Deil. I shall never care Larks again while I breath. Col. Or should the earth yawn like a lepulchre, And with an open throat fwallow you quicke? Apho T'would fave me the expences of a grave. Deil. I had rather trouble my executors by th'halfe. Apho. Cannons to me are pot guns. Deil. Pot-guns to me Are Cannons ; the seport will ftrike me dead. Aho. A Rapier's but a bodkin. Deil, And a bodkin, Ir is a most dangerous weapon; fince I read Of Julia Cafars death, I durft not venture Into a Taylors shop for fear of bodkins; Aphe. O'that the valiant Gyants should again

Rebel

Rebell against the Gods, and beseige Heaven, So I might be their leader.

Col. Had Encelanus

Been half fo valiant, Tove had been his prifonera Alpho. Why should we think there be such things as

dangers?

Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables. Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales Sea monffers, Serpents, all Poeticall figments. Nay Hell it felfe, and Acheron meere inventions. Or were they true, as they are falle, fould I be So timerous as to fear thefe bug-bear Harpyes, Medufas, Centaurs Georgus ? Deil. O good Aphabus, Leave conjuring, or take me into th'circle. V Vhat fhall I do good Colar ?

Col. Sir walke in , There is they fay, a Looking-Glaffe, a ftrange one Of admirable vertues, that will render you

Free from inchantments

Deil, How! a Looking glaffe? Doft think I can endure it? why there lyes A man within't in ambush to entrap me. I did but lift my hand up, and prefencly Catch't at it. Colax. 'Twas the shadow Sir of your felfe.

Truftme, a meer reflection. Deil. I will truft thee. Apho. What Glaffe is that ? Colar. A trick to fright the Idiot

Out of his wits, a Glasse so full of dread, Rendering unrothe eye fuch horrid fpettles As would amaze even you. Sir I do think

Your

Your optick nerves would thrink in the beholding:
This if your eye endure, I will confesse you
The Prince of Eagles.
Alpho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuse this fight,
My nayles thall damne you to eternall night,
Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

Acolaftus. Anaiftherus, hauod yan laid

Rosci. Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures, when they are prefent . and a moderate defire of them being abfent; Andthefe are the extreams of that vertue, Acola ftus a veluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and un tam'd defire , seeks after all pleasurer , pramifenoully, without respect of boneft or lawfull, The other Ansiftherus a meer Anchorite that delight in nothing, not in thole legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature. Acolaft . O now for an eternity of eating participal A Fool was he that with'd but a Cranes fortneck; Give me one, nature; long as is a Cable, sales sens bath Or Sounding-line, and all the way a palate at any all To tast my meate the longer. I would have My fenfes feaft together ; nature envied us In giving fingle pleafures ; let me have 100, 1 both and My ears, eyes, palate, nofe, and rouch, at once Injoy their happinesse; lav me in abed and a bald bald Made of a fummers cloud s to my embraces Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen, was to Laidism so Fresh, plump, and adive'; the that Mars enjoy'dos aist Is grown too fale : And then arthe fame inflant My

My touch is pleaf'd, I would delight my fight With pictures of Dians, and her Nympths, Naked, and bathing drawn by tome Apelles; By them fome of our fairest Virgins stand; That I may fee whether 'tis Art or Nature Which highens molt my bloud and appetite. Noe cease I here. Give me the seaven Orbs To charm my ears to their calcitial lures, To which the Angels that do move those sphears Shallfing fome amorous ditty; nor yet here Fix I my bounds, The fun himselfe shall fire The Phanex nest to make me perfume While I do cate the bird, and eternally Quaffe of eternal Nectar. Thefe fingle, are Buttorments, but together O together ! Each is a Paradice. Having got luch objects To please the lenses, give me lenses roo Fit to receive those objects: Give me therefore An Eagles eye, a bloud-hounds curious fmell, A Staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be As fubeile as the Spiders, and my safte Sharpe as a Squirrills: Then I'le read the Alcoran, And what delights that promifes in future T'le pradife in the prefent Bird. Heathenill Glutton! Flow. Bale belly-God, licentious libertine! Anai. And I do thinke there is no pleafure at all But in contemning pleafures; Happy Niebs And bleffed Daphne, and all fuch as are Turn'd flocks and flones, would I were Lawrell too Or marble, I or any thing infentible. It is a toyle for me to eat or drink. Only for natures latisfaction; Would

VVould I could live without it. To my car Mufick is but a mandrake. To my fmell Nardlents of Rue and wormwood; and I talke Nedar with as much loathing, and diffafte As gall, or alloes, or my Doctors portion. My eye can meet no obje & but I hate it. Acola. Come brother Stoique be not fo melancholy. Anai. Be not fo foolish brother Epicure. Aco. Come wee'l go and fee a Comedy, that will raife Thy heavy spirits up. Anai. A Comedy? Sure I delight much in those toyes ? I can V Viel as much patience hear the Marriners Chide in a storme. Ace. Then lets go drinke a while. 'Tis too much labour; Happy Tantalus Anai. That never drinks Aco. A little Venery Shall recreate my foule. Aza. Yes like itch, For tis no better : I could wish an heire, But that I cannot take the pains to get one. Aco. VVhy, marry, if your conscience be so tender, As not to do it otherwise; Then 'tis lawfull. Ana, TrueMatrimony's not hing elfe indeed But fornication licenc'd, lawfull Adultery. O heavens! how all my lenfes are wide fluces To let in discontent and miseries! How happy are the Moles that have no eyes! How bleft the Addersthat have no ears They never fee nor hear ought that af flicts them, But happier they that have no fence at all; That neither fee, nor hear, taft, smell, nor feel,

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Any thing to torment them fouls were given To tortur bodics, man has reason too To ad unto the heap of his diffructions. I can fee nothing without fenfe, and motion. But I do wish my felfe trans form'd into it. Col. Sir, I commend this temperance; your arm'd foul Is able to contemne thefe petty baits. Thefe flighttemptations, which we tittle pleasures; That are indeed but names ; Heaven it felfe knows No fuch like thing; the flars nor cate nor drink. Nor lye with one another; and you imitat e Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence You gain the names of moderate, chafte, and fober; While this effeminate gets the infamous terms Of Glutton, Drunckard, and Adulterer : Pleafurs, that are not mans, as man is man, But as his nature Tympathies with beafts. You shall be the third Cate. This grave look And rigideye- brow will become a Cenfor. But I will fit you with an object Sir, My noble Anaifthesis, that will please you. It is a Looking-Glaffe, wherein ar once You may fee all the difmall groves and caves, The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deferts, With what in Hell it felfe can difmall be. Anaif. That is indeed a prospett fit for me Acel. He cannot fee a flocker from but presently He wishes to be turn'd to one of those. I have another humour, I cannot fee A fat voluptuous fow, with full delight VVallow in dirt, but I do wish my selfe Transform'd into that bleffed Epicure. Or when I view the hor follations Sparrow

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetito. I with my felfe that little bird of love. Colax. It shews you a man of a fost moving clay. Not made of flint, nature has been bountifull To provide pleasurs, and shall we be niggards Applentions boards? He's a discourreous guest That will observe a dyet at a feast. When nature thought the earth alone too little To finde us meat, and therefore for'd the ayr With winged creaturs, not contented yet, She made the water fruitfull to delight us. Nay I believe the other Element too Doth nurse some curious dainty for mansfood; If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander: Did she do this to have us eat with temperance? Or when the gave fo many different Odors Of spices, unguents, and all forts of flowers, She cry'd not ---- ftop your nofes: would the give us So weet a quire of wing'd Musitians To have us deate? of when the plac'd us here Here in a Paradice, where fuch pleasing prosped, So many ravishing colours entice the eye, VVas it to have us winck? when the bestow'd So powerfull faces, such commanding beauties Oamany glorious Nymphs, wasit to fay Be chaft and continent? not to enjoy All pleasurs, and atfull, were to make nature Guilty of that the ne're was guilty of, A vanity in her works. Acal. A Learned Lecture ! Tis fit fuch grave and folid arguments Havetheir reward ... - here --- halfe of my effate T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,

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That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Col. Within Sir is a Glasse that by restedion

Doth shew the image of all forts of pleasures

That ever yet were aded, more variety

Than Aretines pictures.

Aco. Ile tee the lewel;

For though to do most moves my appetite,

I love to see, as well as a delight.

Bird. These are the shipps indeed the stage doth teach,

Dear hears, what a foule link of sins run here!

Flow, In sooth it is the common shore of lewdnesse,

Scene 4.

Afotus. Ancleutherus.

Role. These are Ancientherus an illiberall, niegardly Uferet, that will fell beaven so purchase earth. That his son
Asotus, a profuse Producall, that Wilfell earth to buy
Hell. The excreams of liberality, which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of riches.

Aneleu. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go Afot. I was in hope you would have faid a Bawdy

house.

Anel Thence to th'Exchange.

Alst. No, to the Tavern Father

Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counself

Afor. Your counself? No dad, take you mine,

And be a good fellow -- shall we go and roare?

S'lid Father I shall never live to spend.

That you have got already---Pox of Atturneys,

Marchants, and Seriveners, I would hear you take

Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel

Anel. Prodigall child ! Thou doft not know the I weets of getting wealth. Not. Nor you the pleafure that I take in spending it, To feed on Caveare, and cat Anchoves! Anel. Afetus, my deare fon, talk not to me Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare. No, feed on Widdowss, have each meale an Orphan Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire With all his lands melted into a morgage. The Gods themselves feed not on fuch fine dainties, Such farting, thriving dyct. Afot, Truft me Sir, I am asham'd la-to call you Father, Ne're truft me now I'm come to be a Gentleman! One of your havings, and thus cark and care? Come, I will fend for a whole Coach or two Of Bank-fide Ladyes, and we will be Jovial! ! Shall the world fay you pine and pinch for nothing Well doe your pleafure, keep me fhore of mosics, When you are dead. as dye I hope you muft. Ile make a fhift to fpend one halfe at leaft Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe Bre you are fully laid into your grave. Were not you better help away with fome of it > But you will farve your felfe, that when y'are rotten, One-- Have at all of mine may fet it flying. And I will have your bones cut into Diee, And make you guilty of the spending of it : Or I will get a very handlome bowle Made of your skull, to drink's away in healths. Anel. That's not the way to thrive ! No, fit and broom On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd, Into maturity. Afer.

Afor. Marry I will broad upon it, And harch it into chickin, capons, henne, Larks, thrushes, quailes, wood-cocks, fnites, & phelants The best that can be got for love or money. There is no life to drinking! Anel. O yes, yes; Exaction, ufury, and opreffion. Twenty I'th hundred is a very Nedar, And wilt thou, wastfull lad, spend in a supper What I with (weat and labour, care and industry Have been an age a fcraping up together, No, no Afotus, truft gray-head experience; As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe, A dilligent , toyling , and laborious (ize To plow up gold for thee; fo I would have thee .---Afet. Be a fine filly Affe to keepe it. Anct. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preferve it. Colax. Sir, Lover-heard your wife infructions, And wonder at the gravity of your counfell; This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown; Acquainted with the world; he has not felt The weight of need, that want is verm's clog; Of what necessity, respect and value V Vealth is, how base and how contemptible. Poverty makes us. Liberality In some circumstances may be allow'd; As when it ha's no end but honefty, VVith a respect of person, quantity, Quality, time, and place; but this profuse, Vaine, injuditious spending speakes him Idiat. And yer the best of liberality Is to be liberall to our felves; and thus Your wisdome is most liberall, and knowes

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How fond a thing it is for difereet men To purchale with the loffe of their eftate The name of one poor vertue, liberalitie, And that too only from the mouth of beggers \$ Onc of your judgement would not, I am fure, Buy all the vermes at fo deare a rate. Nor are you Sir, I dare prefume, to fond As for to weigh your grains by the firid feale Of equity and fuffice, names invented To keep us beggers: I would counfell now Your fon to tread no steps but yours, for they V Vilk certainly direct him the broad way That leads unto the place where plenty dwels; And the thall give him honour. Anel. Your tongne is powerfull: Pray read this lecture to my fon; I goe To find my Scriv ner who is gon , I heare, To a frange Glaffe wherein all things appeared Afor To fee if it can thew him his loft ears. Now to your Lecture. Col. And to fuch a one As you will be a willing Pupill to. Think you I meant all that I told your Father? No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks, I love a man like you, that can make much Of his bleft Genius: Miracle of Charity! That open hand becomes thee; Let thy father Scrape like the Dunghill-cock the Dirt and mire, To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken Of the white Hen to weare, It is a wonder How fuch a generous branch as you, could spring From that old root of damned averice! For every widdows house the father swallowes,

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The sonne should spew a Taverne, How are we Richer then others? not in having much. But in bestowing; And that thines glorious in you. The chuffs crown Imprison'd in his trufty cheft methinks I heare groan out, and long till they be thine. In hope to fee the light again. Thou can't not Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th'chin, And yet not dare to fupit; nor canft fuffer The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips, Bur thou wilt tafte the fruit. 'Tis generous this, Afor. Gramercy thou thale be Doctor o'th' Chaire. Here-- 'tis too little, but t'tis all my flore, I'le in to pump my Dad, and fetch the more, Colax. How like you now my art ? is's not a fubtle one? Flow. New outupon thee thou lewd reprobate! Thou man of fin and shame that fower cushions Unto the elbowes of iniquity. colax. I do commend this zeale; you cannot be Too fervent in a cause so full of goodnesses There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion, And without such like ardent flames as these There is no hope to that it. The word, Puritane, That I doglorifie, and efteem rever'rend, As the most fantified, pure, and holy Sec Of all Profesiors, is by the prophane Vs'd for a name of infamy, a by word, a flander. That I footh Vice I do but flatter them, As we give children plums to fearn their prayers, T'enrice them to the cruth, and by faire meanes Workout their reformation. Bird. 'Tis well done. I hope beele become a brother, and make

A Separatift!

Flowr. You shall have the devotions

Of all the Elders. But this foppishness
Is wearisome; I could at our Saint Autline,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

Rose. Goe in with me to recreate your spirits,
(As Musiquetheirs) with some retreshing song,
Whose patience our sude Scene hath held soo long,

Finis Associated.

ACTUS. 3 SCEN. I.

Roscius, Bird, Flourdew.

Bird. J will no more of this admonition.

Rosc. The end crowns every action, stay till that,

Just Judge will not be prejudicate,

Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing.

Rosc. The next we present are the extreames of Magnisicence, who teaches a Decoram in great expenses, as Liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a meer oftentation vaive gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one in

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Banaufus, Mistoprepes.

Our country and our for our felves but for our friends,

Our country and our glory; it is fit

We do expresse the Majesty of our soules

In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond sooles

Promise themselves a name from building Churches,

Or any thing that tends to the Re-publique;

'Tis the Re-private that Issudy for.

Banau. First therefore for the same of my Re-publique,

I'leimitate a brave Ægyptian King,

And plant such store of onions, and of gaslike,

As shall maintaine to many thousand workmen,

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To th'building of a Pyramid at Saint Albens, Upon whose top I'le set a hand of braffe, With a scrowle in't to thew the way to London For th'benefit of Travellers. Colax Excellent, 'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim. Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare To build our Reeple up, now to fave charges I'le gee a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels To make a peale shall ferve as well as Bow. Colaz. 'Tis wifely caft, And like a carefull Reward of the Church. Of which she fleeple is no part, at least No necessary. Bird . Verily tis true

They are but wicked Synagogues where those infiru-

ments Of Superflition and Idolatry ring Warning to finne, and chime all into the Divell Banau, And 'cause there be such swarmes of Herefies ri-

fing: I'le have an Artift frame two wonderous weather-cocks Of Gold to fet on Pauls and Gransam Steeple, To thew to all the kingdome what fathion next The wind of Humour hither means to blow. Micro. A Wicker Chaire, will fit them for a Pulpit.

Colax. It is the Dodrine, Sir that you respect. Flow. In footh I have heard as wholfome instructions From a zealous wicker Chire, as e're I did From the cary'd Idell of wainfcor

Banas. Next I intend to found an Hospitall For the decayed Profesfors of the Suburbs.

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With a Colledge of Phisitians too at Chelfy Only to fludy the cure of the french Pox; That fo the finners may acknowledge me Their only benefactor, and repent. colan. You have a care Sir? of your countries, health. Micro. Then I will fell the Lead to thetch the Chancel. Ban I have a rare device to fet Dutch windmills Upon New-market heath, and Salisbury Plaine, To drain the Fensa Colex. The Fens Sir are not there. Ban. But who knowes but they may be? Col. Veryright; You aime at the prevention of a danger Micr. A Porters Frock shall ferve me for a furplice. Flow. Indeed a Frock is not fo Ceremonious. Ban. But the great Work in which I mean to glory. Is in the raising a Cathedrall Church: It shall be at Hoggs-Norton, with a paire Ot flately Organs; morethen pitty twere The Piggs should lose their skill for want of practice. Bird. Organs, fye on them for Babil onian Bag-pipes, Micro. Then for the painting, I bethink my felfe That I have teen in mother Red-caps Hall In painted cloth, the flory of the Prodigall Col. And that will be for very good use and morall. Sir, you are wife, what ferve Egyptian Pyramids, Ephelian Temples, Babilonian Towers, Carian Coloffes. Traians water-works, Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine coft of ignorance and prodigalitie? Rome flourish'd when her Capitall was thatch'd, And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages: Since Parian marble and Corynthian braffe

Enter'd her gaudy Temple, foone the fell, to magnet O all To Superstition, and from thence to raine; 12 18 108 You fee that in our Churches glorious Statues, Jani Rich Copes, and other ornaments of flate Draw wandring eyes from their devotion. Vitto a wanton gazing, and that other Richedifices, and fuch gorgeous toyes Doe more proclainie our conntries wealth then fafety. And ferve but like for many gilded baits who the total of the T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invation, Total and the Goe in, there is a Glass will shew you, Sir, sales and What freet simplicity our Grandfires us'd, How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit. Miero.

Banau. O I have thought on't, I will fraight way build A Free-schoole here in London, a free Schoole For th'education of young Gentlemen To fludy how to drinke, and take Tobacco. To fweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell : Twill be the great Gimnafium of the Realme, The Frontiftertumof great Britany : And foreheir better fludy, I willfurnish them With a large Library of Drapers books. col. 'Twill put down Bodlies, and the Vatican. Royall Banenfus! how many Spheares flye you Above the earthly doll Microprepes In the state of the I hope to live to fee you build a Stewes Shall out-brave Venice; to repaire old Tiburne And make it Cedar. This magnificent course Doth purchase you an immortalities siles amobile to In them you build your honour to remaine The example and the wonder of posterity, While other hide-bound Charles do grateh themfelves The The Charges of a Tombe and religions I phing sold branch

Ban. But Ile have one sale monther web fire till of

In which I le lye embalm'd with Myrrhe and Coffia,
And richer unguents then th' Egyptian Kings.
And all that this my precious I ombe may furnish

The Land with Mummie, and bas and agree have and

Colar. Yonder is n.Glalsneng og doul out 3 223

will show you plots and modells of all monuments. Form'd the 'old way, you may invent a new,

Twill make for your more glory.

Ban. Colax, true.

Rosc. I hese are she extreames of magnanimity. Caunity a fellow so highly conceited of his owne parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other Micropsychus, a base and low spirited session, that undervaluing his owne qualnities, dares not assire to those dignicies; these otherwise his merit are capable of.

onado SCEN. Minibare

Caunus, Micropfychiu.

Caun. I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.

Colax. All haile unto the honourable Caunus.

Caun. The honourable Caunus? Tis decreed

I am a privy Counfellour; our new honours

Cannot so alter us as that we can a court familliar.

Forget our Friends; walke with us our familliar.

Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,

That they should put so great anhonour on me,

That they hould put fo great anthonour on me, Colax. Siz, I do know and fee, and so do all That have not wilfull blindness, what rare skill of wildome, policy, judgement, and she rest.

Of the flate services be within this bress.

As if it were their Parliament; but as yet

The Muses That tels you , you are cal'd unto the Helm: Or that the Rudder of great Britany Is put into your hands, that you may fleere Our floating Dolos till the be arriv'd At the bleft port of happineffe, and furnam'd The Fertunate Ife from you that are the fortunate. Can. 'Tis frange that I the beft experienc'd The skilfulleft and the rareft of all Carpenters, Should not beyet a Privie Councellour ! Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk Opium And fleepes, but when it wakes it cannot chuse But meetche glorious beames of my deferts Bright as the rifing Sun, and fay to England. England behold thy light! Mocre. Make me a Confable! Make me that am the fimpleft of my Neighbours So great a Magifrate ! fo powerfull an Officer ! I blufh at my unworthineffe: a Conftable! The very Prince o'th' parish! you are one Sir Of an abilitie to discharge it better, Let me refigne to you Cau. How ? I 2 Constable: What might I be in your opinion Sir? Micro. A Carpenter of worship. Can. Very well; And yet you would make me a Conflable.

I'le evidently demonstrate, that of all men Your Carpenters are beft Statesmen; of all Carpenters I being the beft, am belt of Statementoo: Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Logge, Or a rude block of wood, your Statefman comes, (For by that word I mean a Carpenter) And with the faw of Policie divides it

Looking-Glaffe.

Into fo many boards or feverall orders, Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other : Inferiour boards call'd vulgar fitfor nothing But to make files or planks to be trod over-Or trampled on : this adds unto the Log Call'd Common wealth at least some small perfection But afterwards he plains them, and fo makes The Common-wealth, that was before a board, Apretty wainfcot; fome he carves with Titles Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; Some fland plaine, And ferve us more for ufe then ornament, VVe call them Ycomen ; (Boards now out offashion; And leaft the disproportion breake the frame, He with the pegs of amity and concord, As with the glew-pot of good Government Joynts'm together, makes an absolute edifice Of the Re-publique : State-skil'd Machivell Wascertainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke A Constable, aGyant dignitie. Micro Pray heaven that Icarus like I do not melt The waxen plumes of my ambition! Or that from this bright chariot of the Sun I fall not headlong downe with Phaeten . I have afpir'd fo high : make me a Constable That have not yet attain'd the Greeke tongue! VVhy 'tis his office for to keep the peace, His Majefties peace : I am not fit to keep His Majefties Hogs, much leffe his peace, the best Of all his Jewells: How dare I prefume To charge a man in the Kings name ! I faint Under the burthen of fo great a place, Whole weight might prefle down Atlas: Magiftrares Are only Sumpter-Horfes, Nay they threaten me

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To make me a warden of the Church Am I a Patriot ? or have I ability To prefent Knights- Reculant, Clergy reelers, Or Genelemen Fornicators? Col. You have worth Richly enamel'd with a modefly ; And though your lofty merit might fit crown'd On Cancalus, or the Pirenean mountaines. You choose the humbler valley, and had rather Grow a fafe fhrub below; then darethe windes. And be a Cedar, Sir you know there is not Halfe so much honour in the Pilots place Asdanger in the storme. Poore windy Titles Of Dignity, and Offices that puffe up The bubble pride till it fwell big and burft, What are they but brave nothings? Toyes cal'd Honours Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better Then glorious flaves, the fervants of the Vulgar: Men Iweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare. There is a Glaffe within shall shew you, Sir, The vanity of these Silke-worms, that do thinke They toyle not, cause they spin so fine a thread. Micro. I'le fee ir. Honour is a babies rattle, And let blind Fortune where the will, beflow her; Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. Can, colax, what newes? col. The Perfian Emperour Is defperately ficke. Can. Heaven take his foule! When I am the grand Sephie, (as tis likely I may be) Colax thou art made for ever: Col. The Turke they lay prepares again for Poland. can. And I no Bufhamyer? Sultan repensit!

Looking-Glaffe.

Cal. The State of Vanice 100 is in diftraction. can. And can that State be fo Supinely negligent, As not to know whom they may chuse their Duke? Col. Our Merchants doc report th'inhabitants there Are now in consultation for the fetling The Crowne upon a more deferving-head Then his that beares it. Can. Then my fortunes rife On confident wings, and all my hopes fire certaine Colax. Bebold, thou feeft the Preffor John. Well England of all Countries in the world Moft blind to the own good. Other Nations Woo me to take the bridle in my hands With gifts and prefents; had I liv'd in Rome Who durft with faunus Hand a candidate? I might have choice of Edile, Conful, Tribune. Or the perpenual Diffators place I could discharge em all, I know my merits Are large, and boundless: A Cafar might be hewed Our of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman But undertookeit. Colax. Tis a worthy confidence. Let birds of night and fhame, with their Owles eye Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour : They are no Prefidents for Bagles : Bats, Like dull Micropfychus; things of earth, and lead Maylove a private fafety; men in whom Prematheus has frent much of his folic fire. Mount upwards like a fame, and court bright honor Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! What a man V Vichous defere? and what's defert to him That does not know he has it ? Is he rich That holds within his house some buried Cheft .

Of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them? What was the Load-frone, till theufe was found, But a foule doarard on a Fouler Mistreffe? I praise your Argus eyes, that not alone Shoot their beams forwards, but reflet and turne Back on themselves, and find an objed there More worthy their intentive contemplation: You are at home no stranger, but are grown A equainted with your vertues, and can tell What use the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cockes Scrape into durt'again. This fearching judgement Was not intended to work wood, but men. Honour attends you. I shalllive to see A Diadem crown that head. There is within A glaffe that will acquaint you with all places Of Dignity, Authority and renown, The State and carriage of them & Choole the best, Such as deferve you, and refuse the reft. Cas. I go, that want no worth to merit honour; "Tis honour that wants worth to merit me, Fortune, thou arbitrefic of humans things Thy credit is at ftake : if I but rife, The worlds opinion will conceive th'haft eyes.

Exit.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rosc. These are the extreemes of mechnesse. Orgylus an angry quarrelsome man mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect. Aorgus, a fellow so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury That carties steeleabout him, Dags, and Pistells!

Tobite his thumbe at me, Aor. Why faculd not any man Bite his own thumb > Org. At me? were'l fword To fee wien bite their thumbs !- Rapiers and Daggers He is the fonne of a whore. Aer. That hurts not you. Had he bit yours, it had beene some pretence T'have mov'd this anger; he may bite his own And eate it too. Org. Muskers, and Cannous !- eat it ? If he dare eat it in contempt of me, He shall eate something else too that rides here, He try his Effridge flomack. Aor. Sir, be patient Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not. Aor. To what purpole is this impertinent madneffe? Pray be milder. Org. Your Mother was a whore, and I will not put it up. Aor. Why should so flight a toy thus trouble you? Org. Your Fatherwas hang'd, and I will be reveng'd. der. When reason doth in equal ballance poyle The nature of two injuries, yours to me Lyes heavy, when that other would not turne An even fcale; and yer it moves not me; My anger is not up. Org. But I will raife it : You are a foole! Aor. I knowit, and fhall I Be angry for a truth? Org. You are befides An arrant Knave!

Aor. So are my betters, Sit.

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Against

Org. I cannot move him-O my speen-itrifes, For very anger I could eat my knuckles. Aer. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me: Org. You are a horned beaft, a very Cuckold, Aor. 'Tis my wives fault, normine, I have no reason Then to be angry for anothers fin. Gre. And I did graft your hornes, you might have come And found us glewd together like two Goats, And flood a wheels to your transformation. Aer. Why if I had, I am fo far from anger I would have e'ne faine down upon my knees, And defir'd heaven to have forgiven you both. Org. Your children are all Baffards, not one of them, Upon my Knowledge, of your own begetting. Aer. Why then I am the more beholding to them That they will call me father; it was luft Perchance, that did beget them, but I am fure Tis charity to keep the Infants. Org. Not yet flirre'd > Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now Be angry, to expressehis scome of me, Tis above patience this, infufferable. Proclaim me coward, if I put up this! Dotard you will be angry, will you not; Acr. Tofee how ftrange a course fond wrath doch goe; You will be angry 'caule I am not fo. Org. I can endure no longer, if your fpleen Lye in your breech, thus I willkickt it up-Aor. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta. Epfilon. Zeta Eta. Theta, Iota, Kippa Lambda, Mo. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Ro. Sigma Teu, Vpfilon. Phi. Chi. Pfi. Omega. Org. How? what contempt is this? Aor. An Antidote

Against the poylon, Anger: 'twasprescrib'd A Roman Emperour, that on every injury Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done His anger too was over. This good rule I learn'd from him, and Practile Org. Not yet angry?

Stil will you vex me ? I will pradife too, (Kicks again)

Aor. Aliph, Beth, Gimel. Org. What new Alphabet

Is this?

Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I use

A Second remedy.

Org. O my Torment fill?

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?

Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occasion For to be angry with my buttocks.

Org. VVell,

I'le try your Physick for the third affault; And exercise the parience of your nose.

Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.P.

W.X.Y.Z.

Org. Are you not angry now?

Acr. No fir ? why now?

Now have you done. Org. O'tis a meer plot this,

To jeer my tamenelle : will no fence of wrong

Waken the Lethargy of a cowards foul >

Will not this rowle her from her dead fleep, nor this ?

Aor. VVhy hould I Sir be angry if I fuffer

An injury? it is not guile of mine?

No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong ; Nothing but peace approaches innocence:

Org. A bitternelle o're-flows me ; my eyes flame,

My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Offoule and body move in a diforder,
His patience hath fo tortur'd me: Sirrah villain
I will diffed thee with my rapiers point:
Rip up each vein, and finew of my storque,
Anatamize him, searching every entraile,
To see if nature, when she made this Asle,
This suffering Asse, did not forget to give him
Some gall.

Cola. Putit up good Orgylus, Let him not glory in fo brave a death. As by your hand, it stands not with your honour To ftain your rapier in a coward s blood. The Lesbian Lyons intheir noble rage Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne; But trouble not the painted butterfly, Ants crawle fecurely by him. Orey. 'Tis intolerable! Would thou wert worth the killing. Colax. A good wifh, Savouring as well difcretion, as bold valour. Thinke not of fuch a baffl'd affe asthis, More ftone, then man. Meeduja's head has turn'd him. There is in ants a choler, every flye Carries a spleen : poor worms being trampled on Turn tayle, as bidding battayle to the feet Of their oppressors. A dead pally fure Hath ftruck a desperate numneffe through his foule, Till it be grown infenfible . Meer flupidity Hath feiz'd him : Your more manly foule I finde Is capable of wrong, and like a flint Throwes forth a fire into the ftrikers eyes. You beare about you valours wherstone, anger;

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Which fers an edge upon the fword, and makes it Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience Is an injustice to our felves, the suffering One in sury invites a second that, Calls on athird, till wrongs do multiply And reputation bleed. How bravely anger Becomes that martial Brow, A glaffe within Will thew you fir when your great spleen doth rife How fury darts a lightning from your eyes. Org. Learn anger fir against you meet me next, Never was man like me with patience vext, Aor. I am fofarre from anger in my felfe, That 'tis my guiefe I can make others fo. Colax. It proves a sweetneffe in your disposition. A gentle winning carriage -- deare Aorgus, O give me leave to open wide my breft, And let fo rare a friend unto my foule ; Enter, and take posseffion; fuch a man As has no gall, no bitterneffe, no exceptions; Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive The flame of amity whereall discourse Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken. He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors; But he's a better, takes no notice of them. How like a beaft with rude and favage rage Breath'd the diftemper'd foule of Orgylas? The pronenelle of this passion is the Nurse That fosters all confusion, ruines states, Depopularies Cities, layes great Kingdomes wafte; 'Tis that affection of the minde that wants The ftrongest bridle, give it reins it runs A desperate course, and drags down reason with it. It is the whirlewind of the foule, the form

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And tempest of the mind, that rayles up
The billowes of disturbed passions
To shipwrack judgement, O--a soule like yours
Constant in patience! Letthe Northern wind meet
The South at Sea, and Zephyrus breath opposite
To Eurus; let the two and thirty sonnes
Of Eolus break forth at once, to plow
The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calme; it is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injur
Call blood into it. There's a glasse within
VVill Jet you see your selfe, and tell you now
How sweet a tame nesse dwels upon your brow.
Aor. Colas. I must believe, and therefore goe;
VVho is distrustfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon, Eiron.

Rosc. The next are the extreames of truth, Alazon one that arrogates that to himselfe which is not his; and Eiron, one that out of an iteh to be thought modest disembles his qualities; the one erring in desending a falshood, the other effending in denying a truth.

Ala. I heare you're wondrous valiant?

Eir. I! Alas

Who cold you I was valiant?

Ala. The world Speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does the fpeak truly?

Ale. I am indeed the Hetter of the age;

But the cals you Achilles.

Eir. 1 Achilles

7

No, I am not Achilles: I confesse
I am no coward, -- That the world should think
That I am an Achilles! yet the world may
Call me what she please.
Ala. Next to my valour,
(VVhich but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my share;

But the last valour shew'd in Christendome

VV as in Lepanto. (him not;
Alazon. He might be thought so fit by them that knew
But I have found him a poor baffl'd snake:
Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every Post i'th'City.

Eiron. VVho?

Alaz. Lepanto,
The valour fir that you so much renown.
Eir. Lepanto was no man fir, but the place
Made famous by the so much mention'd battayle
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaz. Cry you mercy?
Then the Lepanto that I meant, it frems,
VVas but Lepantoe's name-fake. I can
Find that you are well skil'd in history.
Eir. Not a whit, A novice, If I could perchance
Discourse from Adam downward, but what's that
To History? All that I know is only
Th'original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common-wealth. I have read nothing
But Plutarch, Livy, Taciene, Suctionius,
Appian, Dion, Iunius, Baterculus,
VVith Florus, Justin, Salus, and some few

More of the Latine : For the modern, I

Di

Have all without book Galle-belgious, Philip De comine, Machiavele, Guicgiardine, The Turkish and Egyptian Histories, With those of Spaine, France, and the Netherlands, For England, Polidore Virgil, Cambden, Speed, And a matter of forty more; nothing Alas to one that's read in Histories. In the Greek I have afmack or fo, at Xenophon, Herodotus, Thurydides, and Stomes Cronicle. Alay. Believeme fir, and that Stomes Chronicle is very good Greek; you little Think who writit! Doe you not fee him? are You blind ? I am the man. Eir. Then I must number You with my best Authors in my Library. Alaz. Sir the reft to are mine, but that I venture'em With other names to fhunne the opinion Of arrogance; to the fubrile Cardinall Cals one book Bellarmine, 'nother Toftatus, Yet one mans labour both, You talke of numbering; You cannot choose bur heare how loud fame speaks Of my experience in Arichmetique : She fayes you too grow neare perfection. Zir. Farre from it I; fome in-fight, but no more. I count the Statres, can give the Totall fumme, How many fands there bei'th' fea, but thefe Are trifles to the expert, that have fludied Pen keels mans prefident. Sir I have no skill In anything, if I have any, 'tis In languages, but yet in footh I fpeak Onely my mether-Tongue; I have not gain'd The Hebrem, Chaldre, Sprinck, or Arabiek; Nor

Nor know the Greek with all her Dialects. Scaliger and Tom Choriate both excell me. I have no skil in French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Egyptian, China, Persian Tongues, Indeed the Latine I was whipt into; But Ruscian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian With Saxon, Danish, and Albanian Speech. That of the Coffafites, and Hungarian too, With Bifeays, and the prime of languages, Dutch, welch, and Irifh are too hard for mee To be familiar in: and yet somethinke (But thought is free) that I doe speake all these As I were borne in each; but they may erre That thinke fo; 'Tis not every Judgement fits In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth All Europe, Afia, and Africa too; But in America, and the new found world I very much feare there be some languages That would goe neere to puzzle me. Alaz. Very likely. You have a prety pittance in the Tongues, Rut Eiren, I am now more generall; I can speake all alike, there is no ftronger Offo remote a nation heares me talk But confidently cals me Country-man. The witty world giving my worth her due Surnames me the Confusion : I but want An Oratour like you to speake my praise. Eir. Am I an Oratour Alazon ? no; Though it bath pleas'd the wifer few to fay Domofthenes was not fo eloquent; But friends will flatter, and I am not bound To believe all Hyperboles: fomething fir

perchance

Perchance I have, but 'tisnot worth the naming. Especially Alazon in your presence Ale. Your modely Eiron (peaks but truth in this. Colax. I need not flatter thefe, they'le do'r themfelges, And croffe the Proverb that was went to fay. One Mule doth ferubanother, here each Affe Hath learn'd to claw himfelfe.

Ala. I doe furpaffe

All Oratours. How like you my Orations, Those against Cataline, I account them beft, Except my Philippicks, all acknowledge me Abave the three great Oratours of Rome.

Eir. VVhat three, Alazon ? Ala, Marcus, Tullius.

And Cirero, the best of all the three.

Zir. V Vhy those three names are all the selfe same mans Ale. Then all is one. Were thole three names three

I should excel them all, And then for Poetry Eir. There is no Poetry but Homer's Iliads, Alaz. Alas 'twas writ'th' nonage of my Muses, You understandeh'Italion ? Eir, A little, fir,

I haveread Taffe.

Ala. And Torquate too? Eir. They're ftill the fame.

Ala. I finde you very skilfull

Biron. I erre only to found your judgement.

You are a Poet roe ?

Eir. The world may thinke fo, But'tis deceiv'd, and I am forry for't. But I will tell you fir fome excellent verfes Made by a friend of mine; I have not read 230063

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, fir, to ler me learn'um.

Sir. Strange sights there late were seene that did affright The multitude; the Moone was seene by night,

And Sun appear'd by day-is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good ! proceed.

Eir. Without remor/e

Each flarre and planet hept their wonted courfe.
What here could fright them (mark the sniwer now)

O fir aske not that :

The Vulgar know not why they fears, nor what, But in their humors too inconstant be, Nothing seemes strange to them but constancy, Has not my friend approved himselfe a Poet? Ala. The verses fir are excellent, but your friend Approves himselfe a thiese.

Eir. VVhygood Alazon?

Ala. A Plagiary, I mean, the verfes fir VVere stolne.

Eir. From whom?

Ala. From me, believ't I made'um.

Eir. They are alas unworthy fir your owning, Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on

This morning.

Ala. Nay, they may be yours: I told you That you come neere me fir. Yours they may bee. Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, Eiron, Tour friend must steale them, if he have them. Col. What pretty Gulls are these? He take um off. Alazon. You are learned.

Ala: I know that.

Alaz. Tis confess'd, Col. A good Historian.

Ala. Who dares deny it?

Col. A rare Arithmetician.

Ala. I'have heard it often.

Col. I commend your care

That know your vertues, why should modesty (neighbor: Stop good mens mouths from their own praise? our Are envious, and will rather blesse our memories With infamy, then immortalize our names; When same hath taken cold, and lost her voyce, We must be our own trumpets; carefull men Will have an Inventory of their goods, And why not of their vertues? should you say You were not wise, it were a sinne to truth.

Let Eirons modesty tell bash full lyes,

To cloake and masque his parts: he's a foole for't.
T'was heavenly counfell bid us know one felves.

You may be confident, chaunt your own incomiums.

Ring out a Panegyrique to your felfe;

And your selfe write the learned Commentary

Of your own actions.

Ala. So I have.

Co. Where is it?

Ala. Tis folne.

Co. I know the thiefe, they call him Cafar.

Goe in good fir, there is within a Glaffe

That will prefent you with the Felons face. Exit, Alaz,

Eiren. You heare the newes?

Ein Not I, what is it?

Co. That you are held the onely man of Art.

Eir. Is't currant Colax ?

col. Currant as the Ayre

Every man breathes it for certainty. Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth. Can it be certaine; fo much charity left In mens opinion? Co. You call it charity Which is their duty : Vertue fir, like yours Commands mens prayles, Emptinefleandfolly, Such as Alazon is, ufe their own Tongues. While reall worth hears her own praife, not speaks it. Other mens mouths becomes your trumpeters, And winged fame proclaimes you loudly forth From Eaft to Weft, till either pole admire you. Selfe praise is bragging, and begets the envy of them that heare it, while each mantherein Seems undervalued : You are wifely filent In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a fin For others to be fo: The fifth would lofe Their being mute, ere fuch a modest worth Should want a fpeaker: yet fir I would have you Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them. Eir. Why good fir bring me but acquainted with them. Col. There is a glaffe within thewes you your felfe By a reflection ; goe and speake 'em there. Eir. I should be glad to fee 'em any where. Exit, Ein. Rofe. Retire your felves againe, for thefe are fights 1 Made to revive, not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Figis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENAI.

Flowrdew, Bird, Refeise.

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a por,

An over heated pot, ftill, ftill it boyleth;

It boyleth, and it bubleth with distaine.

Flow. My spirit within me too sumeth, I say

Furneth, and steemeth up, and runneth ore

V Vith holy wrath, at these delights of slesh,

Rose. The Actors beg your slence--- The next verice

whose extreames we would present, wants a name both in
the Greek and Latine.

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

Rosc. But they describe it such a modesty as directs us in the pursuite, and refusal of the measure honours, and so answers to the Magnanimity on Liberality to Magnificence:
But here, that humour of the persons, being already forestal'd and no pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparrell, let me present you Philotimia, an over curious Lady to neat in her attire; and for Aphilotimus, Luparius a nasty sordid soven.

Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia. Luparus. Colax. Phil. What mole dreft me to day? O patience ! (maids? who would be troubled with those mop ey'd Chamber-There's a whole haire on this fide more then t'other, I am no Lady elfe! come on you floven. VVas ever Christian Madam so tormented To wed a fwine as I am? make you ready, Lipa, I would the Taylor had bin hang'd for me That fir & invented cloathes -- O nature, nature ! More cruell unto man then all thy creatures ! Calves come into the world with doublets on; And Oxen have no breeches to put off. The Lamb is borne with her Freez-coar about her: Hogsgoe to bed in reft, and are not troubled V Vith pulling on their hole and shoos'ith morning With gartring, girdling, truffing, buttoning, And And a thousand torments that afflict humanity, Phi Tofee her negligence! the hath made this cheek By much to pale, and hath forgot to whiten The natural rednesse of my note, the knowes not What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memery I If the has not fet me in the felfe-fame teeth That I wore yesterday, 12m 2 lew. Does the think that I can eate twice with the fame, Or that my mouth frands as the Vulgar does > What, are you fnoring there, youle rife you fluggard, And make you ready Lupa. Rife, and make you ready? Two works of that, your happy birds makes one; They when they rife are ready. Bleffed birds : They, fortunate creatures! fleep in their own cloathes, And rife with all their feather beds about them. VVould nakednesse were come againe in fashion : I had some hope then when the breasts went bare Their bodyes too would have come to't in time. Phi. Befrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fil'd. Youl goe and wath - you are a pretty husband! Lapa Our Sowne're washes : yet she hasa face Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is, If you durft weare, your owne. Co. Madam, Superbia, You're fludying the Ladyes Library, The Looking-glaffe ; 'tis well ! fo great & beauty Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns The Peacocks rayle with fars; 'tis the attires The Bird of Paradice in all her plumes; She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis the Spangled the Heavens with ail those glorious lights; She spotted the Ermine'sskin; an arm'd the fift

In filver male. But man the fent forth naked Not that he fould remain fo, but that he Indued with reason should adorn himselfe With every one of thefe. The filke worm is Onely mans spinster, elfe we might suspett That the effeem'd the painted Butterfly Above her mafter-peece. You are the Image Of that bright goddelle; therefore wearethe lewels Of all the Baft; let the red fea be ranfack'd To make you glister, look on Luparus Your husband there, and fee how in a floven All the best characters of Divinity, Not yet worn out in man, are loft and buried. Philo. I fee it to my griefe, pray counfell him. Col This vanity in your nice Ladies humors Of being fo curious in her toyes, and dreffes, Makes me suspitious of her honesty. Thefe Cobweb Lawnes carch Spiders Sir, believe it; You know that cloathes doe not commend the man, But 'tis the living; though this age preferre A cloake of Plush, before a braine of art. You understand what mifery 'tisto have No worth but that we owe the Draper for; No doubtyou fpend the time your Lady loses In tricking up her body, to clouch the foul. Lup. To cloath the foule, must the foul too be cloath'd? I protest fir, I had rather have no foul Then to be tormented with the cloathing of it. Role. To thefe entro the extreames of modefty, a neer kinfwoman of the vertues, Anaiskyntia er Impudence, a band, and Cataple aus an over bafhfull Schollar : where our Author hopes the woman will pardon him, if of 4. 6 23 vices, he prefents but two (peide and impudence) of their SCEN. fout.

SCEN. 2.

Anaiskyntia. Kataplestus. Thile. Here comes Ananh mia to; -- O fares ! Acolaftus, and Aforus have fent for me, And my breath not perfum'd yet! Kat, O fweet mother Are the Gentlemen there already? Anais. Come away; Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull ? well If I had thought of this in time, I would As foone have feene you fairely hang'd as fent you To 'th Vniverfiey. Phil. What Gentleman is that? Anaif. A shameful Scholar, Madam : looke upon her, Speake to her, or you lofe your exhibition --- Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons. Kata. What should I fay ? Anaif. Why tell her you are glad Tofce her Ladiship in health, nay out withit. Catap- Gaudeote bene valere-Phil. A pretty Proficient! What standing is he of i'th Vniver fity? Anaif. He dares not answer to that question, Madam ... Philo. How long have you been in the Academy? Katap .- Profecto Do - Domina fum Bas--- Bac-- Baccha. laureus Artiunt.

Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!

Anaif. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vaine;
I have as your Ladiship knowes full well,
Good practise in the Subirrbs; and by reason
That our Mortality there is very subject
To an infection of the French Disease,
I brought my Nephew up i'th Vaiversity,

Hoping

Hoping he might (baving attain'd fome knowledge) Save me the charge of keeping a Physitian: But all in vaine : he is fo bafhfull, Madam, He dares not look upon a womans water. Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in bafhfulneffe, Tis verrues beft preferver--Kara. Recte dicis, fie inquit Ariflotiles.

Col. That being gone,

The rest soone follow, and a swarme of vice Enter the foul; no colour but a bufh Becomes a young mans cheek : pure fhamefaftneffe Is porter to the lips, and cares, that nothing Might enter, or come out of man, but what Is good, and modeft : Nature frives to hide The parts of hame, let her, the best of guides,

Katap Natura dan optima. Colaz. 7 each us to doe fo too in our discourfe.

Katap. Gracias tibiago.

Philo. Injure him to speake bawdy.

Anaif. A very good way: Kataple tus her's a Lady.

V Vould heare you speake obscenely.

Katap. Obscenum oft, qued intra scenam agi non oportuit. Ansil. Off goes your velvet cap! did I maintain you

To have you disobedient? you'l be perswaded?

Karap Liberis operum dare,

Anail. V Vhat's that in English ?

Karap To doe and endeavour for children.

Anaif. Some more of this, it may be fomething one day:

Ra ap. Communis eft omnium animinium conjunctionie appetitus procreandi caufa.

Phil. Conftrue me that.

Katap. All creatures have a natural defire, or appetite to be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony,

that

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Phil

I long

that they may have fons and daughters Anail. Your Landrelle has beflow'd her time but ill Why could not this have been in propertearmes? Hyou could catechize my head, and fay, What is your name, would it not fay, a head ? So would my skin confesse it felfe a skin a Nor any part about me be afham'd Of his own name, although I catechiz'd All over. Come good Nephew, let not me Have any member of my body nicknam'd cel. Our Stoique, the graveft of Phyofophers Is just of our opinion, and thus argues : Is any thing obscene, the filthiness Is either grounded in the things themselves, Or in the words that fignific thofe things; Not in the things that would make nature guilty, Who creates nothing filthy and unclean, But shaft, and honeft; if not in the things, How in the words, the shadowes of those things To manure grounds, is a chaft honeft terme; Another word that fignifies the fame, Volawfull: ever man endures to heare. He got a child; fpeak plainer and he blufhes, Yet means the fame. The Stoigne thus dilpures, That would have men to breath as freely down'ward. As they doe upward. draif. I commend him Madam. Vnto your Ladyships service, he may mend With counsell; let him be your Gentleman-wiher, Midam, you may in time bring down his legs Tothe just fize, now overgrown with playing Too much at foot-ball. Phile. Sohe will prove a Stoique;

I long to have a Stoique first before me:
Here kille my hand. Come what is that in Latin?
Katap. Deofesior mations.
Philo. My lip; -- nay fir you must if I command you.
Katap. Ofculor re, vet ofculor ate.
Philo. His breath finells strong.
Anais. 'Tis but of Logick, Madam.
Philo. He will come to it one day-you shall go with me
To see an exquiste glasse to dresse me by:
Nay goe! you must goe first; you are to mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so-onColan. Slow Luparus rise, or you'l be metamorphos'd;

A Eleon's fate is imminent. Lup: VV hore's my wife?

Colax. She's gone with a young Snip, & an old bawd.

Lip. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my comfort is

She'has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me

With pulling off, yet Madam II'e prevent you

Exit.

Rosc. The next are the exercames of justice.

SCE N. 3.
Enter Inflice Nymis Inflice Nyhil.
Plus and Minus their Clarks.

Nym. Plus!
Plus. VV hat fayes your worship,
Nym. Have my renants
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs.
By copy hold from me, their Lord in thiese,
payd their rent. charge?
Plus They have and t please your worship;
J, Receiver generall gave em my acquitance.
Parum. Sir I refigne my Pen, and, ink horn to you;
shall forget my handis I stay here.
I have not made a Marinin fince I served you.

T

Were Ia reverent Juftice as you are, I would not fit a Cypher on the Bench, But do as Juffice Nima does, and be The Dominus-fac-totum of the Sellions, Nibil. But I will be a Dominus fac-mifericordiam Inflead of your Totums : People shal not wish To fee my fpurs fil'd off, iyt do's me good To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench, Where I fo sweetly dream of being pitrifull I wake the better for it. Nym. The yearly value Of my faire manner of Clerken-well, is pounds So many-befides New-years capons, the Lordship Of Turnball fo-which with my Pick hatch grange And Shoredisch farme, and other premifes Adjoyning--very good, a pretty maintenance To keepe a Juffice of Peace, and coram too; Besides the fines I take of young beginners, With harriors of all fuch as due, quatenus whores And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due To fuch as huntin Purly, this is something, With mine own Game referv'd Plus. Befides a pretty pictance too for me, That am your worships Bayly. Wil't please your worship fir, to heare the Ca-Parum.

talogue Of fuch offenders, as are brought before you? Wibil. It does not please me, fir, to heare of any That doe offend; I would the world were innocent. Yet to expresse my mercy you may reade them. Par: First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purfe. Nibil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it beguit

To be accus'd, who shall he innocent?

Discharge

Discharge him Parum

Parum. Here's another brought For the fame fad, ta'ne in the very Action, Nibil Alas it was for need, bid him take warning. And fo discharge bim too; Tis the first time. Nimis. Plus, fay, what hopes ofgain brings this dayes

Plus Anaiskymia Sir was at doore Brought by the Conftable. Nimis, Setthe Conflable by the heels. he's at certain with us

Plus. Then there's Intemperance the bawd.

Nim. A tenant too.

3012

Plus. With the young Lady, Madam Incominence.

Nim. Search o're my Doomes day book; is not she PLMS.

One of my laft Compounders? Plus. I remember it. Then there is jumping lude, Heroique Doll, With bouncing Nan, and Ca, your worthip's finner. Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free'em all. Parum. Sir here's a known offender ; one that has Been flockt, and whipt innumerable times, Has fuffer'd Bridewell'often ; not a Jayle But hee's familiar with, burnr in the hand, Forehead, and fhoulder; both his eares cut off. with his note flit, what shall I do with him? Nibil. So often punish'd? nay, if no correction will ferve histurn; even let him run his cou fe. Plus. Here's Miffreffe Frailty too, the waiting woman Nim. For what off nce? Plus. A finne of weakneffe too Nim. Let ber be ftrongly whipt.

NH

Plus. An't please your worthip She has a noble mans-letter. Nim Tell her, Plus, the must Havethe Kings picture too. Plus. Belides Sh'has'promis'd me I should examine her Above i'th garter. Nim. What's all that to me? Plus. And the entreats your worthip to accept-Nim. Nay, if the can intreat in English Plus, Say she is injur'd. Par. Sir here's Snip the Taylor. Charg'd with a riot. Nihil, Parumi Let him goe, He is our Neighbour. Perum. Then there is a Branger for quarrelling. Nibil. A ftranger! O'cis pitty To hure a firanger, we may all be frangers, And would be glad to find fome mercy, Parson. Plus. Here's a Gentlewomam of S. Ioanes is Charg'd with dishonefty, Nim. With difhonefty? Severity will amend her, and yet Plas Aske her a question, if the will be honest? Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold. Nim. Tell her of cooking-stooles, tell her there be Oyfer queenes, with Orange women. Carts and coaches flore, to make a noyle, Yet if the can food Englifb, We may suppose her filent, Par. Here's a Batchelour And a Cirizens wife for flat Adultery, What will you do with them?

I

P

As

Nib. A Citizens wife!
Perchance her husband is grown imporent,
And who blame her then >
Par, Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.

Nih. Noenquire

First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty; And lustice counts it veniall.

And Justice counts it ventall,

And Sophron, that doc mutually accuse

Bach other of flat felony !

Nym. Of the two which is the richer?

Plus. Adiem is the richer.

Nym. Then Sopbron is the thiefe.

Plus. Here is withall

Paneurgia come with one call'd Prodoces Lay creafon Sir to one anothers charge;

Panourgus is the richer.

Nym He's the Traytor then. Plus. How Sir? the richer?

Nym. Thou art ignorant Plus;

We must doe some injustice for our credit,

Not all forgain.

Plm. Entrapeles complains Sir, Bubielocus has abus'd him.

Zym. Send Eutrapeles to th' Jayle.

Plus. It is Eutrapeles that complains Sir.

Nym. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'ewas he offended.

Will must be law: wert not for Sammum 1113, How could the land subfist?

Color. I, or the Justices

Maintain themselves-got on- The Land wants fuch

As dare with rigour execute her Lawes : Her feftred members must be lane't and tended He's a bad Surgeon, that for pitty spares The part corrupted, 'til the Gangrene foread And all the body perish; he that's mercifull Unto the bad, is cruell to the good. The Pillory must cure the eares difeafe The flocks the foots offences; let the back Beare her own fin, and her rank blood purge forth By the Phlebotomy of a whipping poll: And yer the forrer, and purfe-parishment Is held the wifer course; because atonce the design ? It helps the vertuous and corrects the vitious Let northefword of Justice fleep, and ruft Within her Velver theath; preferve her edge, Andkeep it tharpe with cutting, Vie mult whet her Tame mercy is the breft that luckles vice, Till Hydra-like the multiply her freads. Tread you on fin, fqueeze our the Serpents brains, All you can find- for some have larking holes Where they lye hid. But there within a glaffe Will shew you every close offenders face, Nym. Come Plus let'ts go in to finde out thefe concealemenes:

We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus-I meane to be a Baron of Summen Int. Exit. My. Place Parume, you are the firangest man, you will acknow?

None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murther.
Nibil. How!

Par. He kill'da man laft night.

E 4

Pa'

Par. Vpon a falling our.

Nib. They shall be friends, I'le reconcile em. Parum.

Par. One of them is dead.

Ni. Is he not buried yet?

Par. No Sir.

Ni. Why then I fay they shall shake hande.

Col. As you have done

With Clemeney, most Reverend Justice Mibil: A gentle mildnefathrones it felfe within you, Your worthip would have justice ufe her ballance More then her fword ; not can you endure to dye The robe the weares, deep fearlet, in the blood Of poor offenders & How many men hath rigour By her to hafty, and fevere proceedings

Might have turn'd hourst and have provid good Chri-

Should Tove not faire his chunder, but as often Discharge at us, as we dare fine at him. Earth would want men, and he himfelf want arms. And yet tyte Valcan, and Pracmanton You imitate the Gode ! and he fins leffe Strikes not at all, then he strikes once smille. Sometimes a wilfull blindness much becomes her Assuhen upon the Bench the fleeps and winks Archeeransgressions of Mortality: In which most mercifull pofture I have feen Your picifull worthip faorting out pardons To the despairing finner, there's within A mirrour fir like you! got fee your face How like Afrem ein in her own Glasso Par. And I'le petition justice Rimi's Clerke To admit me for his under officer.

Excunta

SCEN. 4.

Role. This Agroicus, a rustique clownish fellow, whose discourse is all country; an extreame of urbanity, whereby

you may objerus there is a vertue in jefting.

Agro. They talke of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deale of prittle praitie, would make a Cat piffe to beare'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams Buglish ? They think they talk learned. ly, when I had rather heate our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests with a mugrain, when I had as live heare'em break wind Sir reverence, My zonne Dist is a presty bookish Schollar of his age, God bleffe him, he can write and read, and make, bonds and bills, and hobligations God fave all. Butby's Lady, if I worted it would make him fuch a Jackfawce, as to have more witthen his vore-vathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old Agroicie, but to keep scallegt There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation. I wist not what a they call em-Boes, a new name for beggars I think, fince the frature against Gypfical would not have my Zonne Dick one of those Boets for the best Pig in my five by the mackins: Boets Heav'n shield him. and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho. goe, hut, gee, ho, it isbetter I trowthen being a Boer. Bocts ? I had rather zee him remitted to the layle, and have his twelve God vathers, good men & true contema him to the Gallowes, and there fee him vairely perfectted. There is a Bemelshus one of the Boets, now a hore the all the red-note tribe of 'em for Agroisus li he does den for the me four time

o abuse his betters! well 'twas a good world, when fi wirst held the plow! Col. They car'd not then so much for speaking well As to mean honest; and in you still lives The good simplicity of the former times; When to do well was Rhetorique, not to talke.

When to do well was Rhetorique, not to talke. The tongue difease of Court spreads her infections.

Through the whole Kingdom; fluttery, that was wont

Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts

Are borne between our lips: The heart is made he 100

A franger to the tongue; as if it us'd and the said was a language that the never understood.

What is it to be witty in these dayes,

But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least and walks. A bufy? wit is grown a petulant walpe, it and the state of the state of

And flings the knows not whom, nor where, nor why;

Spues Vinegar, and gall on all the meets

VViehout diffinction, buyes laughter with the loffe

Of reputation, Pather, Kinfman Priend;

The idle Timpanies of a windy brain:

That bestes and throbs above the pain of child bed,

Till every care the meetes be made a Midwife

Toher light baftardiffue; how many rimes

He's lo wirey -- bere he comes -- away --

Agre. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not flay.

Bomolochus.

Roll. This is the other extreame of urbanity; Romolo chus a fellow conceived of his own with though indeed it beneathing but the bafe drees of foundally and a lump of mofe vile and lost blome fourvility.

Bird.

Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while ! Scurrility, here the hath her impious throne, Here lyes her heathenish dominion, was a selection In this most impious cell of corruption: For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer Lymbo, Where the black Devil and his damb Scurrility Do rule the roft, foule Princes of the ayee Scurrility! That is he that throweth feandols, Soweth and throweth francolsas twere dust Even in the face ofholinefie, and devotion. His presence is contagious, like a dragon He belches poylon forth, poylon of the pic, Brimftone, hellish and sulphurious poylon; I will not fray, but flye as farre as zeal, and not live to Can bury me-the roofe will fall and brain me, If Lendure to heare his blasphetnies His gracelefie blafpemits, and another of Dentile In & Rofe. He shall vent none here ; hand now we we But flay, and fee how juftly we have us'd him, Flow. Stay brother, I do find the fpirit grow ftrong. Col. Hayle facred wit !- Earth breeds not bayes enough To crown thy spatious merit. Bome. Oh-Oh-Oh-Remo, Ota Oh. Oh. Col. Continus, Eupolie, Ariftophanes, in il al al al Or wharfoever other wirdid gives a lock my or seal Old Comedies thereins, and let her look To fligmatize what brow the pleas'd with flander Of People, Prince, Nobility - All must yeeld To this triumphant brain, the same all above the Bomo Oh-Oh-Ohcol. They fay you'l lole a friend before a jest, Tis true, there's nor a jeft that comes from you, That is the true Minerva of this brain, direction But

But is of greater value then a world Offriends were every payte of men we meet A Pylades and Oreffer

Bourd Oh Oh Oh

Col Some fay you will abufe Your Father too, Rather then loofe the opinion of your wit; Who would not that has fuch a wir as yours? Twere better swenty Parents were expord To fcorn and laughter, then the Simple & thought Or least conceit of yours, should dye aborcive, Or perifh a brain-Embrio Bomo, Oh-Oh-Oh-

Col. How's this that tongue grown filent that Syren Stood fill to admires

Bomo. Oh-Oh-Oh- (harmony,

Col. Twere better that the fpheares should lose their And all the Chorifters of the woods grow hoarle : VVhat Wolfe hath spyed you first

Bomo, Oh-Oh-Oh-

Col. Sure Hermes envying that there was on earth An eloquence more then his has ftruck you dumb! Malicious deity ?

Bome. Oh. Oh. Oh.

cola. Go in fir, there's a Glaffe that will reffore That tongue whole sweeness Angels might adore. Bome, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-

Rofe. Thus Sir you fee how we have put a gagge In the licentious mouth of bale feurrility;

T' infect the place with pertilential breath; We'le keep him tongue-tyde : you, and all, I promife By Phebus and his daughters, whole chaft Zones

Were never yet by impure bands united,

Our language shall flow chaste nothing founds here That can give just offence to a strict care. Bird. This gage hath wrought my good opinion of you. Flow. I begin to think'em lawfull recreations. colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practile, l'le flatter my deare felt-O that my skill Had but a body, that I might embrace it! Kiffe it, and hug it, and beget a brood, and and and Another brood of pretty skills upon it Were I divided I would hate all beauties, And grow inamour'd with my other half! Selte-love, Narciffus, had not been afault. Hadft thou, instead of such a beauteousface, Had but a brain like mine, I can gild vice, And praise it into Alehymie till it goe For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchsone, I can perswade a toad into an Oxe, Till fwell'd too big with my Hyperboles She burft afunder, and 'tis vertures name Lends me a maske to scandalize her felf. Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do ? That are is great makes vertue guilty soo. I have fuch strange varieties of colours, Such shifts of shapes, blew Protess fare begot me On a Cameleon, and I change fo quick That I suspect my mother did conceive me, As they fay Mares do, on fome wind or other. I'le peep to fee how many fooles I made VVith a report of a miraculous glaffe. -- Henven bleffe me, Jam ruin'd O my brain VVitty to my undoing ! I have jefted My felf to an eternal milery. I fee lean hunger with her meager face Language and Allegatives and

Ride Post overtake me, I do prophese A Lent immortall; Phalm I could curfe Thee and thy brittle gifts ; Pandera's box Compar'd with this might be effeem'd a bleffing. The Glaffewhich I conceiv'd a fabulous humour, Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth, The two extreams of every vertuethere Beholding how they either did exceed, Or want of just proportion, joynd rogether, And are reduc'd into a per fed Mean : As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Physitian Does rake two different poyfons, one thats cold, The other in the fame degree of heare, And blends them not to make an Antidote; Or as the Lutanist takes Flats and sharps, And ont of those so diffonant notes, does frike Aravishing Harmony. New there is no vice. Tis a hard world for colax: what fhifinow? Dyfcolus doth exped me-fince this age Is grown too wife to entertain a Parafite, Ile to the Glaffe, and there turn vertuous too, Still frive to pleafe, though not to flatter you. Bird. There is no good use indeed la to be made From their Convertion. Flow. Very good in footh la And edifying. Rofc. Give your eyes fonte respite. You know already what our vices be, In the next Ad you shall our vertues fee,

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

Roseius, Flowrden, Bird.
Flow. Now verily I finde the devour Ber
May suck the bony of good Dodrine thence,

Exit.

And

And beare it to the hire of her pure family, Whence the prophane and irreligious spider Gathers her impious venome ! I have pick'd Out of the Garden of this play a good And wholetome falad of inftruction! What doe you next prefent? Rofe. The feverall vertues. Bird. I hope there be no Cardinall Vertues there! Rofe. There be not. Bird. Then I'leffay, I hate a vertue That will be made a Cardinall: Cardinall-vermes. Next to Pape-vertues are most impious. Bifhop-vertues are unwarrantable I hate a vertue in a Mortis dance. I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues, Or Elder-vertues. Rofe. Those are Morall vertues. Bird. Arethey lay-vertues? Mariator of the Rofc. Yes! Bird. Then they are lawfull, Vertues in Orders are unfandified. Rofe. We do prefent them royal, as they are In all their flate, in a full dance. Bird, Whatdance? No wanton lig I hope, no dance is lawfull But Prinkum Prankum! Flow, Will vertues dance? O vile abfurd, Maypole-Maid-Marrion vertue ! Rofe. Dancingislawful, &c. Vental not Flourish . The control of

Enter Mediocrity.

Rofe, It is the Mother of Vertues.

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Flow. Mother of Pearle I thinks the it to gawdy, Rofe. It is the golden Mediocrity.
Flow. She looketh like the Idal of Cheap, fide, Mediocrity.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept To thun two dangerous gul fes; the middle trad Twist Scylle and Charybdis; the Small I fhomus That fuffers north' Egean ty de to meet The violent rage of the loman wave. I am a bridge o're an imperuous fea; Free, and lafe pallage to the wary flep: But he whole wantonneffe, or folly dares Decline to cither fide, falls def, erate Into a certain roine . - Dwell with me. Wholemansion is not plac'd so near the Sun. Asto complain of's neighbourhood, and be fcorch'd With his directer beames ; nor fo remote From his bright rayes as to be fituare Under the Isy Pole of the cold Beare; But in a temperare zone : 'tis I am fhe, I am the golden Mediocrity : The labour of whose wombe areall the vertues, And every passion too commendable: Sifters folike themselves, as if they were All but one birth; no difference to diffinguish them But a respect they beare to severall objects: Elle had their names beene one as are their features. So when eleven faire Virgins of a blood, All Siffers, and alike grown ripe of yeares, March into feverall houses, from each family, Each makes a name diffind, and all are different : They are not of complexion red or pale, But a fweet mixture of the fieth and blood,

As if both roles were confounded there. Their flature neither Dwarfe nor Giantiff. But in a comely well dispos'd proportion; And all folike their Mother, that indeed They are all mine, and I am each of them. When in the midft of dangers I ftand up A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring. Not fo ungodly bold, as not to be Fezrefull of heaven's just anger when the speaks In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard Of my Religion thake to fee my Country Threatned with fire and fword, by a stark coward To any thing may blaft my reputation: But I can fcorn the worft of poverty, Sickness, Captivity, Banishment, Grim deartis If the dare meet me in the bed of honour ; where, with my countries cause upon my sword Not edg'd with hope or anger, normade bold With civil blood, or customary danger; Nor the fooles whetstone, in experience : I can throw valour as a lightning from me. And then I am the Amazon fortifude! Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleasures, And I am Temperance. Take me wealths just stewards And call me ? Liberality; with one hand I'le gather riches home, and with the other Rightly diffribute e'm, and there observe The persons, quantity, quality, time and place: And if in great expences I be fer Chiefe Arbitress, I can in glorious works, As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines, Vestures, and ornaments to Religion, be Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.

And to my country the like meane obletve, In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Caffles, walls. Conduits, Theaters, and what elfe may ferve her Fo use or ornament : and at home be royall In buildings, Gardens, coftly furniture. In entertainments free and hospirable. With a respect to my estate, and meanes. And then I may be nam'd Magnificence: As Magnanimity, when I wifely ayme At greatefilmonours, if I may deferve'm. Not for ambition, but for my countryes good, And in that vertue all the reft do dwell. In leffer dignities I want a name; And when I am not overpatient, To put up fuch groffe wrongs as call me coward, But can be angry, yet in that observe What cause bath mov'd my anger, and with whom, Look that it be not fuddain, nor too thirty Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater Then the offence, know my time when, where I mud be angry, and how long remain fo; Then, then you may furname me Manfuetude, VV hen in my carriage and discourse I keep Themeane that neither flatters nor offends, I am that vertue the well purtur'd Court Gives name and should do being - Courtefy. Twix tfly diffemblingand proud arrogance I am the Vertue Time calls danghter, Truth. Give me my fword and ballance rightly fwayd, And Juftice is the Title I delerve. VV hen on this stage I come with innocent wit, And jefts that have more of the falt then gall. That move the laughter and delight of all, Without VVithout the griefe of one; free, chaft conveits, Not scurril, base, obseene, illiberall, Or contumelious slandyrs, I am then The vertue they have term'd, Phanity:
To whom if your least countenance may appeare She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come-

The Song.

The Mafque, wherein all the vertues dance together Medioc. You have feen all my daughters, Gentlemen! Chuse you wives hence; you that are Batchelours Can find no better; and the maryed too May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives. Two may have the fame wife, and the fame man May wedtwo Vertues, yet no Bigamy; He that weds most is chastest; These are all The daughters of my womb; I have five more, The happy iffue of my intellect And thence fyrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues They now attend not on their Mothers traine. We hope they act in each spectators braine, I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one My daughters deare companion-levely Friend his A Royall nymph; her we prelent not too, It is a Vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Charo contantium.

SCBN. 3.

Bird. O Sifter what a glorious traine they be Flow. They feem to me the Family of love, But is their fuch a Glaffe, good Rofeius?

Rofe. There is! fent hither by the great Apollo Who in the worlds bright eye and every day

Stein this Car of light, furvayes the earth

Fa

From Haft to West : who finding every place Fruitfull in nothing but phantaftique follies, And moft ridiculous humours, as he is The God of Phylick, thought it appertain'd To him to find a cure to purge the earth Of ignorance and fin, two grand difeales, And now grown Epidemicall: many Receipts He thought upon, as to have planted Hellebore In every Garden-But none pleas'd like this. He takes out water from the Mules fpring, And fends it to the North, there to be freez'd Into a Chriffall-That being done, he makes. A Mirrour with it : and infills this vertue, That it should by reflection shew each man All his deformities both of foul and body, And cure'em both---

Flow. Good Brother lets go see it!

Saints may want something of persection.

Rose. The Glass is but of one dayes continuance.

For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,

His Kingdome would grow empty (for ti's sin

That peoples hell, went to the fates and bid'em

Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing.

As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)

They, as they must obey, gave it a thread

No longer then the Beasts of Hyppanis

That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.

But Phabus to require the black Gods envy,

Will, when the Glass is broke, transfuse her vertue

To live in Commedy, if you mean to see it,

Make haste-

Flow. We will goe post to reformation.
Rose. Nor is the Glass of so short life I seate

Excunt.

As this poor labour—our districted Author
Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her cradle
will hardly set before her funerall:
Your gracious and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or when shee's dead,
Raile her again, and spin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4. Enter Flowrden and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes Religion fin,
Sets zeale upon the rack, and firetches her
Beyond her length—Most blested Looking-glass
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the narrow way!
Bird. Hereaster I will visit Comcedies,
And see them oft, they are good exercises!—
I'le teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it shall lose any of her heat
Or Purity, but hencesorth shall be such
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

かかかかれれれからしれれられるかか

EPILOGUS.

Y'Have feen The Muses Looking-Glas, Ladies faire
And Gentle journs; and others too who are
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
Your selves unto your selves still to prosens.

A fouldier shall himselfe in Hector see,
Grave Counsellawrs, Nestor, view themselves in thee.
When Lucrece Part shall enour Stage appeare,
Every chast Lady sees her shadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses
will shew both sooler, and heaves, and all their faces,
To vexe and cure them: but we need not seare,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire soule and a Beauteous sace,
Will vist oft the Muses Looking-Glasse.

EINIS.

arm of start Jook Mollo file, where the services of

Land Gentler authorized ather teaching be

THE OF REATHER LINES

सिन्छ है है है है कि क्षित्र है कि इसी कर को कर कि है 3 बता है से दे कि की के हैं कि है कि है कि है से कि मित्र कि

北北北北北北北北北部北西北西北

AMYNTAS.

OR THE

IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED before the King and Queene At WHITE-HALL.

By T.R.

Pastorem, Tityre, pingues Pascere
oportet oves, didactum dicere Carmen.



LONDON

Printed in the yeare. 1653.

territetertertertertertert

Drammet is per fona. The high Priest of ceres: Father to Damon Pilumnus. and Weania Medorus Father to Laurinda. wild Sylvan, father to Amyntas and clajus. Amaryllis. corymbus An under-Prieft. Dames Two Rivalls in Leurinda's Lover Alexis. Amyntas. A mand Shepheard, A wavering Nymph. Laurinda. A fad Nymph, enamoured on Amintas. Prania. Amaryllis diffressed sheapheardesse, in love with Damon. Theftilis. Anold Nymph, fifter to clajus. Iocaftus. A phantaftique theapheard and a fairy Knight His man, a blunt Clown. Bromius. Mopfus. A foolish Augur enamoured on Thefilis. Dorylas. A knavish boy. Esho. Priefts. Cherusof Shepbeards. Quorum fit mentio Nymphs. Philabus. Lalage. The Scene Sicile, in the Mycon.

boly vaile.

Noone to Noone.

The time an Aftrologicall day from Prologus

the shift of the shift of

PROLOGVS.

Nymph. Shephcard. Nymph. The speake the Prologue. Shep. Then you doe me wrong. Nymp. V Vhy, dare your Sexe compare with ours for tongue?

Shep. A Female Prologue! Nym. Yes, as well as Male. Shep. That's a new trick : Nym. And t'other is as fale. Shep. Men are more eloquent then women made.

Nym. But women are more powerfull to perfwade. Shep. It feems fo; for I dare no more contend. Nymph. Then best give ore the strife, and make an end. Shep. I will not yeeld.

Nymph. Shall we divide it then? Shep. You to the women ipeake.

Nymph. You to the Men. Shep. Gentlemen, look not from us Rurall Swaine, For polish'd speech, high lines, or courtly ftrains : 11 Expect not we should bring a labour'd Scene, I de total Or Complements; we ken not what they meane. Nym. And Ladies, we poore Country Girles do come VVith fuch behaviour as we learn'd at home. How shall we talke to Nymphs fortim and gay. That nere law Lady yet, but at a May ? **中心社会** Shep. His Muse is very bashfull, should you throw A Snake into ber Cradle, I do know She is no Hercules to out-live your Ire.

Now. One Hiffe would make the fearfull foole expires VVithout a fling.

Sh. Gentlemen do but you
Like this, no matter what the women doe.

Nym. It was a lawcy Swain thus to conclude!

Ladyes, the Gentlemen are not forude,

If they were ever school'd by powerfull love,

As to dislike the things you shall approve.

If you but like him twill be greater praise



Then it each Muse of Nine had feach'd him Bayes!

AMYNTAS.

ACTUS. I. SCENA, I.

industrial work the

Der. Tis newes Laurinda that will ravish you!

L. How ravish me ? if t be such desperate newes

I pray concealeit, Der. So I will.

Laur, Nay Donles

Pray tell it though.

Dor, Tis desperate newes, I dare not,

Laur. But prethee doc.

Bor. I must conceale it.

Las, Doe not.

Dor. Midreffe you have prevail'd: I will relate it.

Laur. No matter though whether you do or no,

Dor.

Amount as.

2m)nias.	
Der, No? then I will not sell you	Assisting the principle of
Laur. Yet I care not	Leves Assiman
Much if I heare it.	Wacany and pale of 14.
Der. And I care not much	Day, My Mark of Mickey
VVhether I tel't or no.	Marsy A, one their com
Laur. VVhat is it?	L. J. J. J. J. J. J. J. A. T.
Dor. Nothing	respective and made
Laur. Sweet Dorylas let me know.	Lawe Profession Cowal
Der. What pretty weather-Coc	ks a a water all ma Wh
These women are ? I serve a Mi	Areffe here
Fit to have made a Planet: fheel	
Twice in a minute.	Die Chat, Creek Line
Laur. Bur good Derylas	Land Land Land
Your newes.	er en a la constant de la constant d
Dor. V'Vhy excellent newes?	Low Way Demoi bel
Leur. But what ?	Dor. Hayle, which
Dor. Rare newes!	Lan. Excensively
Newes fit,-	Der, Why then you le
Laur. For what?	Lan Ofung.
Dor. To be conceal'd: why Mis	trelle, o haly a sil end
The Rivalls, thefe on whom this	powerfull face and
Doth play the Tyrant	Der, Berbisting
Laur. Dorylar, what of them?	And Lectwern Land
Dor, Now, now the wanes: Of	for a dainty husband
To make her a full Moon! The	
Your brace of sweet hearts, Dan	on and Alexis
Defire your audience. Laur. Is this all your newes? You may conceale it.	Dor, and not Alexis?
Laur. Is this all your newes?	Lau, Aled Michig
You may concealeit,	a tri pinom arig. 1280.
Dor. New you have heard it told	Language Property Control
I may conceale it ! well, I thank	thoe hattere
Thou didft create me man, for I	Lev. V. Litwinten
Enough to make up woman, but	To a straight boog
(atw	VVha

What do you think of Damon.

Worthy the best of Nymphs.

Der. What of Alexis?

Laur. As one that may deserve the fairest Virgin BEKELLEY WARREN & 12 75 75 75

In cicily.

Dor. What Virgin?

Lau. Proferpine,
Were she yet ceres daughter.

Der, And what Damon?

Lau, He ? ceres felfe, were the not yeta mother.

Dor. creet, creet ! There is no Labytinth but a woman! Laurinda, gentle Miftris tell me which

---- strain it could be he doed

Of thefe you love?

Lau. Why Damon best of any,

Dor. Why fo, that's well and plaine: Best of asmon one B

Lau, Except Alexis-

Der. Why then you love Alexis best ? CHARLEST STATE OF THE STATE OF

Lau. Of any.

Dor I am glad on't.

Lau. But my Danon.

Dor. Be this true

And Ile beswerne cupid is turn'd a jugler ;

Breffe! You love Alexis beft but Damon,

And Damen but Alexis! love you Damen. Law, I docs at here your 'D grand past to svend mo.

Dor, And not Alexis?

Lau, And alexis.

Dex. She would ha'both I think,

Lan. Not I by Ceres, Jan breadoved with wolf ...

Der. Then you love neither?

Len, Yes, I doe love either.

Der. Either, and ver not both, both beft, yet neither

Why

1

Why do you torture those with equal Racks. That both vow fervice to you? If your love Have prefer'd Damon, tell Alexis of it: Or if Alexis, let poor Damon know it, That he which is refus'd, Imothering his flame, May make another choyce, now doubtfull hope Kindles defire in both. Lau. Ah Doryles, Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love! Thou haft not learn'd the mysteries of cupid! Doft thounot feethrough all cicilia, From gentle ft thepheards to the meanest Swaines, What in auspicious torches Hymen light: At every wedding ? what unfortunate hands Link in the wedding ring? Nothing but feares larres, discontents, suspitions, Jealoufies, Thefe many yeares meet in the bridall fheers. Or if all thefe be miffing, yer a barrennels, A curse as cruell, or abortive births Are all the bleffings crown the Geniall bed Till the successe prove happier, and I find A bleffed change, lle temper my affection, Conceale my flames, diffemble all my fires, And spend those yeares I owe to love and beauty Only in choosing one whose love to fixe My love and beauty. Dor. Rare feminine wildome! Will you admit'em ? Lan Yes, goe call them hither. Yet do not now I thinkon't : yet you may too; And yet come back again. Dor. Nay I will goe.

Lau. VVhy Dorylas:

챨

Der. VVhat newer

Lan. Come back I lay.

Dor. Yes, to be fent againe.

Lan. You'l flay I hope.

Dor. Not I by ceres.

Lau. Dary'es.

Der, No good Miftris

Farewell, for I at length have learn'd to know. You call me back onely to bid me goe.

Law Tis no great matter firrah :- when they come

Ile beare my felfe le equall unro both,

As both shallthink Hove him best, this why I keep both fires alive, that when I please

I may take which I please. But who comes here?

SCEN. 2. Laurinda. Theftylin.

O Thestylis y'are welcome!

Theft. If Laurinda,

My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely As to diffurbe your private meditations,

I begge your pardon.

Lau. How now Theffylin?

Grown Orator of late > has learned Mopfus

Read Rhetorique unto you, that you come

To fee me with Exordiums?

Theft. No Lawrinda;

But if there be a charm call'd Rhetorique, An art, that woods and forrests cannot skill;

That with perswasive Magique could command

A pirty in your fonle, I would my rengue

Had learn'd that powerfull are !

Lau. VVhy Theftylis?

Thou know fiche brefts I fuck'd were neither VVolves

No.

Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of waxe. Soft and foone melting; try this amorous beart, 'tis not Of flint or marble. The. If it were, Lawrinda, The teares of her, whose Orator I come have power to loften it. Beauteous Amaryllis, She that in this unfortunate age of love This haplefferime of cupids Tyranny Plac'd her affection on a scornfull shepheard, One that difdaines her love. Lau. Difdaines her love ! I tellthee Theflylis in my poor judgement. (And women if no envy blind their eyes, Best Judge of womens beauties) amarylis May make a bride worthy the proudeft fliepheard In all cicilia : but wherein can I Pitty this injur'd Nymph? The. Thus the defires you, As you defire to thrive in him you love: As you do love him whom you most defire, Not to love Damon: Damon alas repayes Her love with fcorn; tis a request the fayes She knowes you cannot grant, but if you do not She will not live to askeagain. Law. Poore Nymph! My Amarylin knowes by fidelity, How oftent have we sported on the Lawns, And danc'd a roundelay to Iocaffus pipe? If I can do her fervice Theffylis, Be fure I will : Good wench ; I dare not flag Left I displease my Father; who in this age Of hapleffe lovers watches meas close

As did the Dragon the Hefferian fruit,

Farewell.

Este Laur.

Theft. Farewell Lauvinda! Thus poor foole I toyle for others like the paintuil Bec, From every flower cull hory drops of love To bring to others hives: Cupid does this Caufe I am Clajus fifter. Other Nymphs Have their variety of loves, for every gown, Nay every petticoate; I have only one, The poor foole Mapfes! yetno matter wench, Fooles never were in more request then now : He make much of him, for that woman lyes In weary sheets, whose Husband is too wife.

SCEN. 1.

Theftylis. Mopfes. locaftus. Mop. locaftus, I love Theftylis abominably, The mouth of my affection waters at her. Is. Be wary Mopfes, learn of me to fcorn The mortalls; choose a better march : go love Some Fairy Lady! Princely Oberon Shall fland thy friend: and beauteous Mah his Queen Give thee 2 Maid of Honour. Mop. How Jocaftus? Marry a Pupper? Wed a mote ith' Sunne & Go look a wife in nutfhells > wooe a gnat That's nothing but a voyce? No, no, locastus, I must have fight and blood, and will have Thestylis, A fig for Fairies! The- Tis my fweet-heart Mopfus, And his wife brother : O the twinsof folly Thefe do I entertain only to feafon The poor Amyatas madness. Mop. Sacred red and white,

How faresthe reverend beauty? The Very ill Since you were ablent, Mapfus! where have you Been all this live-long hour? Discouring with the Birds Theft. VVhy, can birds lpcak?

10. In Fairy land they can: 1 bave heard'em chirp Very good Greek and Latin, Lasting Both I I que Mee. And our Birds Mop. And our Birds
Talk better farre than they: a new-laid egge Of Sicily shall out-talk the bravest Patrot In Ober ons Etopia. Theft. But what languages Doc they fpeak, fervant? Mop Severall languages, As Camation, Chirpation, Hostation, Whiftleation, Crowation, Cacklestian, Shreehation, Hiff ation. Theft. And Foolagion? M p. No that's our language, we our felves fpeak that That are the learned Augurs Theft. What focceffe of the store and T. Does your art promise? Laterate Committee Mop. Very good. Theft What Birds Folger Louis Valantage Met you then first ? Mop. A Wood-cock and a Goofe, Theft. Well mer-Mop. I told'm fo.
Theft. And white mis portend? Mop. Why thus-and first the Wood-cock-Wood Both very good fignes, For first the wood doch fignific

The fire of our love shall never goe our,
Because it has more suell: wood doth fignific
More suell.

Theft. VVhat the Cock?
Mop. Better then t'other:

That I shall crow o're those that are my rivals,

And rooft my felfe with thee.
Theft. But now the Goele?

Mop. I, I, the Goole that likes me best of all,

Th' haft heard our gray-beard, shepheards talk of Rome, And what the Geefe did there: the Goofe doth fignifie That I shall keep thy Capitoll.

Theft. Good Gander !

10. -It cannot choole but strangely please his highness Thest. What are you findying of locastus, ha?

Io. A rare device, a Malque to entertaine

Thef. A Malque ? what is t?

Io. An anti-Malque of fleas, which I have taught To dance Curranto s on a spiders thread.

Mop. Anami-malque of fleas? brother me thinks
A Malque of Birds were better, that could dance
The morrice in the ayre, Wrens and Robbin-redbrefts,
Linnets, and Titmice.

Io. So! and why not rather

Your Geele & wood-cocks > moreall hold thy tongue,

Thou doft not know the mystery.

Theft. Tistruc.

He tells you Mopfe, leave your Augury,

Follow his counsell, and be wife.

Mop. Bewile?

I skorn the motion, follow his countell and be wife? That's a fine wick i taich! I sehir an see

For

Amymas.

For to be wife in ? The. Then you meane I fee, T'expound the Oracle, and set aved bat Mop. I doe mean to be
Th'interpreter.
Io.-- And then a Jig of Pilmires Is excellent.

Mop. VVhatto interpret Oracles ? A foole must be th'interpreter. The. Then no doubt was the part of the part But you will have honour. I am as faire for the another man.

If I should now grow wife agains my will, More of the Williams And catch this wifdome! The Never feare it Mopfus. Mop. Twere dangerous vent'ring now I think on't too Pray Heaventhis agre be wholfome I is there not An Antidote against it ? what doe you think Of Garlike avery morning? How Was and has a seed out I The. Fye upon't. Twe. Fyeupon t,
'Twill speyle our kissing ! and besides I cell you Garliks a dangerous diff, eating of garlick May breed the fickneffe, for as I remember Tis the Phytosophers dyet, a see you has avade and Mop, Certainly shaned the store and seles and seles I am infected, now the fit's upon mel Tis something like an ague, sure I caughe is With miking with Schollarnex my heart. The Howlad a lifelive I on how was a server of Betwixt their folly and Ammer madneffe! For Mopfin He prescribe you fuch a dyes As shall fecure you.

to

And have the better pradice. Jour on thangare ? The. First my Mopfus, Take heed of fasting, for your hungry meales . April 1970 pil s nauthof - at Nurle wildome. Mope True ! O what a flomackhave I down to be her patient! The. Brades, take specialleare was desdiffere and a You weare not thred bare clothes : 'twill breed at leaft Sulpition you are wife. The stand available worth lo. I marry willit. The. And walk not much alone; or if you walk With company, be fure you walk with footes, land I l None of the wife. And carein chie wild me 1 Mone of the wife. He walk with no body but my brother here, 19 4 Or you er and showing of a date sidenove H and The, By all meanes y Joh sailwa al finitys applians all Take heed of Travell, your beyond-fee wit miles of Is to be fear'd. Te Preupon't, Mop. If eye I travell bang me, gail and sty of liw ! Io. Not ro the Fairy land ques ditte euorogene best lied The. Thither he mayor I so sol should od heardy M Bur above all things weare no beard, long beards de T Are fignes the bramesarefull ; because the excrements Come out to plentifully ogus in advert bale a me ! Io. Rather empeyes I amit, out as all gridering T Because they have fent so much our, as if beir braines were funk into their beards ! King Oberos

le ne're a heard, yerfor his wit I am fure le might have been a Giant, Who somes here? Enter Dorylus. Der. All haile unto the fam'd incerpreter

Of fowles and Oracles 1

Mop. Thankes good Dorilas.

Dor. How fares the winged cartell are the wood-cocks. The Jayes, the Danes, the Cuckoes, and the Owles

In health ?

Mop. I thanke the gracious flarres they are.

Dor. Like health unto the prefident of the Jigs,

I hope King Oberon and his Royall Meb

Are well.

lo. They are, I never faw their Graces

Hate fuch a meale before.

Dor. E'ne much good do't'em !

lo. They're rid a hunting

Dor. Hare or Deere my Lord?

Io. Neither, a brace of fuailes of the fift head. Theft. But Dory les, there's a mighty quarrell here,

And you are cholen umpire. Comer trem and well

Dor. About what?

Theft. The exposition of the Oracle.

Which of thefe two you think the verier foole. Dor It is a difficult cause, first let me pole em.

You Mopfus, caufe you are a learned Augur,

How many are the feven liberall Sciences?

Mop. Why, much about a dozen.

Dor. You locaftus,

When Oberen fhav'd himfelfe, who was his Barber?

10. I knew him well, a littledapper youth, They call him Perriwinkle.

Dr. Theffylia,

A weighty cause and askes a longer time.

The. Wee'l in the while to comfort fad Amontas.

Excunt. The. Mop. 10. SCEN.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas, Laurinda

Lau. I wonder much that Dorylas Rayes folong, Fain would I heare whether they'l come or no,

Dor. Ha? would you fo? Laur. I fee in your Meffages You can goe fast enough.

Dor. Indeed forfooth, I loyter'd by the way.

Lan. VVhat will they come?

Lour. Damon.

Der. No.

Laur. Alexis will ?

Dor. Nothe.

Lawr. How neither; am I then negleded?

Dor. Damon will come.

Law And not Alixis too?

Der Onely Alexis comes.

I wonder who fent for him; unleffe both,

He fpeake with none.

Der. Why? both will visit you.

Lau. Both ? one had been roo many. Was e're Nymph

So vex'd as I ? you fawcy rafcall you,

How do you frivero croffe me?

Still will croffe you, its the onely way

Truly to please you.

SCEN. S.

Medo. So, you'l all pleafe her,

I wonder who'l please me ? you all for her

Can runne of errands, carry love ficke letters. And amorons Eglogues from her howling fuitors To her, and back again, be cupids Heraulds. And point out meerings for her. Dor. Truly Sir. Not I, pray aske my Miffreffe: Your fweet-hearts, fpeak, fpeak, nay fpeak if you can: Doc I ? Laur. VVhy no. Dar. Nay fay your worft, I care not, Did I goe ever ? Lau. Never. Der . La you now! We were devising nothing but a fnare To catch the Pole-cat. Med. Sirrah get you in; Take heed I doe not find your haunts. Dor. WVhat haunts ? Med. You'lin? Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy, To skimme the milke-bowles like a lickorish Fairy.

Med. He that's a womans keeper, should have eyes
A hundred more than Argus, and bis eares
Double the number. Now the newes, What letters?
What posse, ring or bracelet wooes to day?
VV hat grove to night is conscious of your whilpers?
Come tell me for I feare your stusty squire,
Your little close blabbes into your eare.
Some secret, let me know it.
Laur. Then you seare,
Lest I should be in love.
Med. Indeed I doe.

cupid's a dangerous boy, and often wounds The wanton roving eye. Laur, Were I in love, Northat lam (for yet by Diane's bow I have not madelmy choyce, and yer suppose, Suppose I say I were in love, what then > Me. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girle, Till lovers prove happier, till the wretched Clajus Hath fatished the gods. Law, Why Clajus, Father? Me, Haft thou not heard it ? Law. Never. Me. Tis impossible. Lau. How should I fir? you know that my discourse Is all with walls and pictures, I nere meet The Virgins on the downs. Me, V Vhy I will tell thee, Thou knowest Pitummus? Law, The high Priest of Ceres? Me. Yes: This Pilumnus had a fon Philebus, V Vho was, while yet he was, the only jey The staffe and comfort of his fathers age. And might have Rill been fo, had not fond love Undone him L w. How did love undoe philebus? Me. Why thus ; one Lalage, a beauteous Nymph Asever eye admired, Alpheftus daughter, Was by her father promis'd him in marriage, Lan. Whythitherto his love had good fucce fle. Me. But only promis'd for the thepheard Clajus, (A man accurled in Sicilian fields!) Being rich, obrain'd the beauteous Lalage From fweet Philabus: he fad heart being rob'd, Of all his comfort, having loft the beauty

VVhich

Vnder

VV hich gave him life and motion; feeing clajus Injoy those lips whote cherries were the food That nurs'd his foul, fpent all his time in forrow, In melancholly fighs and discontents; Look'd like a witherd tree o'regrown with moffe, His eyes were ever dropping Iceakles. Dildain and forrow made Pilumnus rage, And in this rage, he makes his mounto feres (Ceres most facred of Sicilian powers;) And in those moanes he prosecutes revenge, And that revenge to fall on Lalage. Law. V Vould Ceres heare his prayers? Me. Silly maid! His passions were not causelesse; and with what justice Could the deny Pilumnus? how ofthath he fprinkled. The fineft flower of whear, and fweeteff myrthe. Vpon her Altars & Lalage ru'd the time Shee floured brave Philabus. Now the was great With two fweet twins, the faire chafte Amarylin, And mad Amyntos; (an unincky payre) Thefe the brought forth, but never liv'deo fee them. Lucina caus'd her forrowes flop her breath; Leaving this marchleffe payre of beauteous infants, In whom till now the lives. Lau, After her death How far'd the forrowfull Philebus? Me. V Vorfe Then ever: She being dead whose life was his. V Vholelooks did hold his ares from fruiting up, He pin'd away in forrower, gricfe ir was To fee thewas not his, but greater farre That the was not at all, Her Exequies being paff, He caftshim down upon chartarfe of carth,

School V

Vnder whole roofe his Lalage was hous'd, And parlied with her ashes, till his own lamp V Vas quite extinguish'd with a farall damp Hereended th'noble thepheard.

Lau. Vnhappy lover!

Tis piety but the Virgins once a yeare, Should wash his comb with maiden scares! but now Both Lalage being dead, and her Philabus, How comes it other loves thould prove untortunate? Med, Philumus baving loft his hopefull Sonne, Though he had two more Children, faire Prania And noble Damen; yet the death of Lalage Suffic'd not his revenge, but hea new implores (me thus His goddelle wrath gainft Claim .- Doth Geres prize Shall Claim tread upon the flowry Plain, And walke upon the afhes of my body? VVIII I be archy flamen where the gods Are foremiffe ? let woolves approach their fhrines ? Their howlings are as powerfull as the Prayers Offad Philumnas !-- Such dilgueffs at laft A waken'd (was with hollow murmuring noile Her Ompha like a thunder 'gins to roare. (The Omphaif it menace speaks aslarge In copious language, burperplexed terms) And laid this curfe on all Trinacria.

Sicilian frains, all tuck fhatt long betide To every bridegroome, and to every bride : No factifies, no vow fhall fill mine Ire, Till Clajus blood doub quench and kindle fire The wife fall misconceive me, and she wis Scornd, and negletted shall my meaning hit.

Laur. Ameryand intricate! Alas for love! VV hat then became of clajus? 1

Me. VVhy, the Ompha Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing The hate of old Philumonis fled away : I think he's fayl'd to the antipodes, No tidings can be brought what ground receives him. Enlefie Corymbus make a happy voyage; Corembus that will fearch both East and Occident And when he finds him, spill his captive blood. Which Ceres grant he may ! tender Laurinda, Now doft thou feethe reason of my care. And why my watchfull eyes fo close oblerve Thy fleps and actions. Lan. And I promile, father, To temper my affections, 'till the Goddeffe Doc mitigate her enger. Me. Doe fo then ! For now you fee with what unfortunate choyce Pilumuus daughter, delicate Vrania loves The mad Amintas : for the angry Goddeffer Though fierepaid the wrong done to Phil chin, Yet not approving the revengefull mind Of great Pilumnus, Scourg'd him with his own asking, By threatning an unhappy marriage To his Vrania, unlesse hethat wooes her Payan impossible dowry; for as others Give Portions with their daughters, Ceres Prichs Victo regeive for theirs. The words are thefe, That which then haft not, mail not nor cang not have

Amyntas is the Downy that I crave

Rest hopeless in the lowe, or esse droine

To give Vranitation, and she is thire.

Which while the poore Anynea would interpret,
He lost his wiss take heen of love, Laurinda,

You

You fee th'unhappinesse of it in others;
Let not experience in thy selfciniting thee
Be wise my Girle: so come and sollow me.

Lau. I'le make a Garland for my kid and tollow you,

Vyhat a sad tale was here! how full of forrow!

Happy that heart that never selt the shaft

Of angry Capid.

SCEN. 6.

Damon, Alexia Damon and Alexis? molegy edgesal magnetica wall Their prefents quickly puts thefe cogitations any dw hand Out of my mind : Poorefoules, I fain would pity them, And yet I cannot, for to pity one Were not to pity tother, and to pity had the tromps and Both were to pity neither. Mine old temper Is all the shift I have ; some dew of comfort To either of them. How now bold intraders, wanted How dare you venture on my privacy? If you must needs have this walk, beit fo ! and he mand I'le feek another : What ? you'll let me goe, he good ! Da. Cruell Laurinda (if a word to foule was established Can have to faire a dwelling.) feale not up and more Thy cares, but let a pity enter there And find a paffage to thy heait, and a manifest of Alex. Laurinda. have to ly two belethooning va The name which but to speak I would not with For life or breath Let nor thy powerfull beauty Tormen: us longer .: Tell us which of us and and You vallue moft. spare Land , we da Ma Landing Da, and t'other, for old friendship Strangling his bitter Corrofive in his heart, Hathpromis'd to defift from furthenfuit. Alex. Or if he cannot fo, as fure he cannot;

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Yet he will rather chuse to die then live Once to oppole your liking. Lau. Since you are wanted whates will diship to drawy Growne fo importunat, and will not be answer'd VVith modest sience; Know, I wish you well. Alex. How, me Lauriade ? a no practini squal set and f. Laur, VVhy I with Alexis and the san to and to be said Do Fort so her defe in hearing I were thy wife Da. Then most unhappy me Alex. That word doth relish immortality Lau. And I do wish thou wer't my husband, Damon Alex. Still more perplexed, what do you think I am? Most bines at me, wash Lan. My head, Alcais. Da. And what I? Lau. My heart-Da. V Vhich band am I ? Law, Damin, my right. Alex. VVhich I? Some ment of the only soll IA Las. My left, Alexis. Alex. Thus you forn my love. Lau. Not I Alexis; th'arr my only hope. Da. Then I am all despaire, no hope formes Lau. Why formy Damon 2 thou are my defit of Alenis is my flame; Damen my fire. 120 11e2 Alexis doth deferve my nuprialt Bed, And Daman's worthy of my Maindenhead!

Alex. Damon, desist thy suit or lose thy life.
Thou heard'st Laurinda with the were my wife
Dz. Thy wife Alexin? But how can it be
Without a Husband? and I must be he.
Alex. I am her head; that word doth seems impare
She meanes my marriage.

Da. How without her beart? For that am I : befides you heard her fay I was the right hand you the left, away, Defift Alexa, mine'sthe upper hand. Alex But Damen, I next to her heart doe fand. I am her hope, in that you plainly fee, Theendot her intents doth ayme at me, Da. But I am her defire, in that'tis shown Her onely wish is to make me her own. Alex. I am her flame, Da. Tiscrie but I her fire, Alex. The flame's the hotter, therefore har defire Moft aimes at me. Da, Yet when the flame is fpent, The fire continues; Therefore me the meant, Al. She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed. Da, Alexis doe, fo I her maiden-head. Al. I fee the fill conceales it, and with fpeeches Perplext and doubtfull masks her fecret thoughts. Da. Let's heve another meeting, fince her words Delude us thus ; wee'le have a pregnant figne To fbew her mind. Alex. I goether way a hunting. And will call for her. Da. I'le the while retire

Into the Temple, if I linger here

I am afraid of meeting Amazylis,

Who with unwelcome love folicites me,

Alex. And would the might prevaile I

Da. Till then farewell.

Alex. All happinesse to Damon be

Except Law inda

Da. All but her to thee,

Alex. Thus we in love and Courteficcomend. 12 Da. The name of Rivall should not lofe the Friend. Exeust.

Fines, Adam, 1. ACTUS SCEN. I.

Pilnmnus, Vrania.

Vra. [Ather perfivade me not! The power of Heaven Can never force me from Amintai leve

'Tis rooted here fo deep within my bear and of That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once That and my foul together. to sales duch sty Q adl

Pil. Fond Viania!

That now by company Can ignorant love make thee affect the feet.

The hatefull feed of curled Lalage? " 10 100 00 01 01 1 Dog not Pegnia

Did I for this beget thee; Fra. Father you know

Divinity is powerfull, cupids will men; lun

Muli not be questioned, when love meaner to fore (I'have heard your felfe relate it) he can make

The V Volte and Lamb kiffe friendly , force the Lyon

T'forget his Majesty, and in amorous dattlance Sport with the frisking Kid; when Penus rides.

She'le linke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan

To the fame chariot, and will youle together

The necks of Doves and Eagles, whenes the Commands; all things lofe their Antipathy,

Even contraricties; can I alone of an enwarrant W. 1.4

Refift her will? I cannot, my Amyntas,

Shall wirneffe that!

Pil I blame thee not to much and oviowing

For loving him, while yet he was Amystan Rutbeing mad, and having loft himtelfe, and aving shall VVhy (hould not thou lose thy affection too?

Fra. I love him now therather he hadrioft

Himfelfe

Himfelfe for me : and should he lote me too? It were a finne he fhould! Pil. Vybat canft thou love In his diftemper'd wildernesse ? Vra. Onely that, His wildernelle: 'tis the comfore I have left To make my teares keep time to his diftractions ; To think as wildly as he talkes, to marry Our griefes together, fince our felves we cannot The Oracle doth aske fo ftrange a Dowry, That now his company is the onely bliffe My love can ayene at : but I flay soo long I'le in to comfort him. Pil. Doenot Prania Vra. Doe not. I must and will; pature commands me no. But love more powerfull fayes it shall be fo

Pil The Gods did well to make their Deftinies Ofwomen, that their wills might Rand for law Fixt and unchang'd, who's this corymbus, Sir Ide St &CEN. 12.

Pilumnus, Corymbus.

Pil. commbat -welcome - 1 . ban to cor. Sacred Pilumnus - havle And fruitfull Sicilie I kille thy duft --Pil. What news Corynbus? is our Countries Mischiefe Fetter'd in chaines? Car. Thrice the fun hath paft Through thetwelve Inns of heaven, fince my dilligence Has been imploy'd in quest of him, whose death Must give poor Lovers life, the harefull Clajus; Yet could I ne're heare of him .- The meane while How fare the poore Sicilians ? Does awfull ceres

Still

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Still bend the analystrow? Find the lad lovers No reft, no quiet yet? Pil corymbus none! The goddeffe has not yet deign'd to accept One facrifice, no favourable Echo Refounded from her Ompha; all her answers, Are full, and doubtfull. Cor. The true figne, Pilammit. Her wroth is not appeas'd. Pil. Appeas'd fay you? Rather again incens d fo far, Corymons, As that my felte am plagu'd; My poore Vrania Doates on Amentin. Cor. First shall our hives swarme in the venomous yew. And Goats shall browze upon the myrtle wands! -One of our blood, Pilomnus, (is it pollible) Love Lalage and Clajus brood? Pil. The chaine of fate Will have it fo! And he lov'd her as much Cor. That makes it something better. Pil. Ah, thou knowest not What sting this waspish fortune pricks me with I Seeing their loves fo conftant, fo inflexible. Chid with dame Geres 'cause the us'd me thus. My words were inconfiderate, and the heavens Punish'd my rash expostulations : Beeing Archi-flamen of Trinacria I did demand a Dowry of that Shepheard That makes my daughters-Set the prize faid I, Thou goddelle, that doft cause such hatefull loves ; If that Amyntas be thy darling fwaine, Aske thou, and let a Dowry for Viania : With that the Alear groan'd, my haire grew fliffe,

Amyntas

Amyutas look'd agast: Pramia quiver'd And the Ompha answer'd.

Cor. V Vith an Echo ?

Pil. No.

Pil. No. car. Then I presage some ill!

Pil. This darke demand.

That a hich thou haft not, maift not, canft not have, Amyntas, is the downsthat I crave: Reft bopeleffe in thy love, or elfe divine To give Urania this, and the is thing.

And fo he did, but the perplexed fense Trouble dhis braines fa far, he loft his wits: Yet fill he loves, and the, -- my griefe Corymbus Will not permit me to relate the reft. I'le in into the Temple, and expresse What's yet behind in teares . Exit.

Cor, Sad, fad Pilummies! And most distress'd Sigilians ! other Nations Are happy in their leves, you only are unfortunate! In all my travells ne're a fpring but had Her paire of lovers, finging to that mufique The gentle bubling of her waters made, Never a walk unftor'd with amorous couples Twind with to close imbraces, as if both Meant to grow one together! every shade Sheltred fome happy loves, that counting dazies Scor'd up the fummes on one anothers lips, That met fo oftand close, as if they had Chang'd foules at every kiffe. The marryed fort As fweet and kind as they : at every evening The loving husband and full brefted wife Walkt on the Downes fo friendly, as if that Had been their wedding day. The boyes of are And Min with

And girles offoure, e're that their lifping tongues Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love, Court one another, and in wenton dalliance Returne fuch innocent kiffes, you'd have thought You had feen Turtles billing.

SCEN. 3

Mopfus, Corymbus.

Mop. What ayr is that? The voyee of -Tartles billing ? Of Tureles! a good Omen! the is chafte--And billing, billing, O delicious billing ! That word prelages killing -Co. Who is this? Mopfus, my learned Augus? Mop. Stand afide. -- The other fide ; I will not talke to thee Unleffe I have the winde. Co. Why, what's the matter Mopfin ? Mop. Th'artinfeded. Co. What with the Plague? Mop. Worle thenthe Plague, the wildome! You have been in travell, and that's dangerous For getting wildom. Co. Then ne're feare it, Mopfus, For I come home a foole just as I went.

Map. By Chres ? Co. Yes.

Mop, By Ceres welcome then,

Co. But Mopfer, why doe you walk here alone?

That's-dangerous too.

Mop. I : but I come to meer The Citizens of the ayre; you have heard my skill

In Augury?

Ce. Why I have heard your name

Noc

Not mention'd ans where in all my travelle. Mop. How a not mention'd ? Co. Y'arctoo hafty Mopfus, ai has dediona san allo Not -without admiration. Mop. I know that. You had leen I und co. How should you know it ? Mop. Why fome birds or other Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me. Co. But how dare you convert with birds that travell? Mop. With an Antidote I may, but my Corymbus What strange birds have you seene beyond leas? cor. Brave ones: Ladyes with fans and feathers! dainty fowles! There were brave taking augury. Mop. But corymbus,
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things? Co. As tame as Sparrowes and as freet as Nightingales. Mep. Is the Cocklady-bird, or Henlady-bird The better ? cor, All are Hense Mop. O admirable! Spelater, they are princed aven that Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan? cor. A fan's a-wing of one fide. Mop. Delicate! W Las derelock Lameira And what's their Feather? Cor. Like the copple crowne The Lap wing has.
Mop. The Lap-wing then they'l-wiy. Co. VVith men they will. Mep. Delicious Lady-birds! But have they such brave traines, such curious tayles As our birds have > Cer. Like Peacocks, there's the head

frend vita sycam Of all their pride. Map. Nay, 'tis thetayle, Corribus sandw roll same Surely the things you call Lady birds to de 18 Are the true birds of Paradice | 21 . Had go ama annul Enter Corymbu's Carriages in a sial com. were Very vell Cor. Very right --Mopfus, I cannot flay . I muft attenda ... Had ot am wall My carriage to the Temple : gentle Mapfus one b'als) Farewell. Exite of the land Mop. Far well corymbin! By my troth and a state the Inever long'd for any thing in my life of will invent So much as Lady-birds; dainty Lady-birds 10 1 . tack I would feech one of them; bur I date not cravell For feare I catch the wildome. Ofweet Lady-bitals ! With copple crownes, and wings but on one fide!

The Oarest - folo; the boat inventionary

And tayles like Peacocks! curious Lady birds

-- STORY OS CEN. 1416 : Bourorb anyada wolf Amyntas Vrania, Amaryllis, madet, Mapfus Amyn That which I have not may not, cannot have !-It is the moone ! Prania, thou halt weare do has med? The horned goddeffe at thy beauteous cate. -- Come hither Propafut, I will mount thy back, manifest And spurrehee to benerbes : 281 25 Ht a rom an med' 10 Amyntas -- Why, art thou foundred Pegafus, Amerylin, Ferch him a peck of provender and all and A sero Vra. Sweet Amyntas! Sawoitol 100 mi galbasuto 3 Amyntas What fayes my Cythera ? wouldft thou cat A golden Apple ? if thou wilt, by Venue as a stow I sail T I'le rob th' Hefperian Orchard, need and ben I bod and Mop. Ha, ha, he! I bed a www nood I rou had nod T Amyn. Ha? dost thou laugh old charen; firrah coller. Prepare

Prepare thy boat !

Amer. For what? deare brother forak!

Amyn. Are thou my fifters Hellon? were we hatch'd In the fame eg-fhell ?- Is your Cock-boat roady?

Mep, Iris; an't phafe your worthip,

Amont. Very well!

Row me to hell !-- no fafter ? I would have thee

Chain'd unto Plate's Gallies: al mo T ada os martie.

Vra. Why to hall

My deare Amyntal fort you te la the error flow and looked

Amynt. Why; to bettew money 1 and not b graft of sol

Amar. Borton elsero ! I vinish abiid-phad andama o

Amin. I there I shouldy there be more there's there Then the worldbelides -- fee how the winds

Rife! Puffe-puffe Bures what a cloud comes yonder

Take heed of char wave & baron! ha > give me

The Oares !-- fo fo: the boar is overthrowne, Now Charens dround : bue I will from to thore-

Pra. O Geres how beholdhim ! can thy eyes:

Locken fo fad apobjett, and not mele

Them and the hearcia pisons a day at an official

Ame. How this greefe wand good of the bank Line () and

Racks my rormer dedifonte libut the neglect

Of Damon more afflichs me : the whole Senate

Of Heaven decrees my ruine, 1251 mil hon

Fre. And mincipo. The mid codian

Come Amaryllis lets weep both together,

Contending in our fortowes! Concending in our forrowes!

That I were deadles and the standard and

Vra. And I had nere been born !

Am. Then had not I been wretched!

Vie Then desputation los in the interior

Might

Might have beene bappy.

Mop. Nay if you begin
Once to talke wilely, 'Tis above high time,
That I were gone: farewell Bellerophon,
I must goe feek my bestylis; thee snor here.

Amy, My armes are weary, -now I sink!
Farewell Vrania,
Ama, Alaswhat strange distractions.

E 2184

Ama. Alas what strange distractions,
Toffe his diftemperd braine!

Vra. Yet still his love to me
Lives constant.

Amy. Styx. I thanke thee! That curld wave Hath tols'd me on the shore-come Sysiphus, I'le rowle thy stone a while: me thinks this labour Doth looke like love! does it not, Typphone?

Ama. Mine is that restlesse toyle.

Amy. I'st so Erynnis?

You are an idle hulwife, goe and spin-At poore Ixions wheele! Vra. Amyntas.

Am I knowne here

Vra. Amyntas, deare Amyntas? beauteous Proference?
Amyn. Who calls Amyntas? beauteous Proference?
Tis the-Faire Empresse of th' Elysian shades,
Cere, bright daughter intercede for me
Tothy incensed mother: prechee bid her

Leave talking sides, wilethou?

Apply my felfe to his wild passions?

Ama Seemoto ba

What he conesives you.

Amyn. Queene of darkeneffe.

Thou

Thou supreme Lady of eternall night. Grantmy petitions! wilethou beg of Geres That I may have Fronta ? 10 12 And thall be ever, I will promife thee She shall have none bushim. Amyn. Thanks Proferpine! Vra. Come (weet A myntas, reft thy troubled head Here in my lap :-- Now here I hold at once My forrow and my comfort: Nay lye fill Amyn. I will, but Proferpine -A myntas, Should Plute chance to fpy me, would not be Be jealous of me a militare : all a sonefi a milles all Vran. No- smedin V Jon . ab avainting Amen, Tifiphone, Arte the water actions tower Teli not Vrania of it, left the feare I am in love with Profespine: do not fury ! · Initian want some Amyne, I will not. Fra Prayled ftil!! Amont. You Proferpine. There is in Sicilie the faireft Virgin want a mont i son That ever bleft the land, that ever breath'd Swettenthem Zephyrus ! didft thou never hear Of one Prania? Composite de la companie de la compa

Via. Yes.

An yntas This poore France and fightens Loves an unfortunare Shepheard, one that's mad, 74-Canft thou believe it > Elegant Trania I cannot speake it without teares) fill loves Amyneas, the diffracted man mad Amystasa mag And carry all Elifum on my back the 100

And

And that shall be het joynture.
Pra. Good Amintas, and anter solson and flot and stard
Reft here a while-
Amyn, VVhy weep you Proferpine ? Classed and and
Ura. Because Vrania weeps to see Amintas
Soreflesse and unquiet, wir work with the vill and
Amyn. Does the for an all the order die the tale M
Then will I lye as calme as doth the Season of motion 10
When all the winds are lockt in Ealer jayle : 201823 Aniv
I will not move a haire, nor let a nerve and oruo
Or Pulle to bear left I diffutb her, Huffve 13501 all a 19.1
She fleepes!
Ura. And fe do you
She fleepes!
Tour waken my Orania. This to dely an Hamithan sott
Vra. If Anigntas, of and adjusted square seas hast views &
Her deare Amyntas would but takehiereft ye dasa rot bind
Ama. If to my Danies
Mow many times harbaisau unt drad somit ynam woll
Ama, What a fad paire are we ? It wises fall from A bas
Dens. Hillack, to feek my love and fil alderalim work.
Ama. Benbeio eruell come ! Cent son ai avel He that l love is not les ! come !
-Accept this witheffe of me love, it Lithis hot -amh
Do love, loves not; or, if he love, not me ag to wroft ad T
Vra. I have undone Anymas brail aique foliste W red ??
Ama. And my Damon le con le con louis De Care. L'appele I should, som anonome me.
Ama Damen, imppole i finanti.
Vra, My kindnessermin'd him, at rolabed ont man ba A
Ama. But his unkindnesse, me; unbappy me ? la bluotie
Vra. More wretched I, for Damon has his reason, and
And he may love and sent a sent a red or our or out T
Ama. But does not thy Amyntas desired am no smith of
Returns thee mutualliove ?
gray gray

Pro. True Amarylis
But he has lost his reason: mine has love;
No reason
Ama. Mine has reason, but no love,
O me!
Pro. My Amarylis, how thy griefe:
Meet full with mine to make the truest story
Of perfect forrow that ere eye bede wd
With reares of pitty!
Ama. Come Vrama:
Let's sit together like two marble monuments
Of ever weeping milery-

erve i but have Da. Minds in love. Doe count their dayes by minutes, measures boures By every fand that drops through the flow glaste; And for each vice toure, in all low the war and and How many times hath thy unkindnesse ruin'd Sad Amaryllis? every fromme is mortall, Dam, Ill luck, to feek my love and finde my hate! Ama. Be not fo cruell to me ! Gentle Damon -Accept this witnesse of my love, it is The flory of phore Erbe that for love Of her Wareiffas pin'd into a voyce. Da, Doe thou fo teo! Ama. Damen, Suppose I should, And then the Gods for thy contempt of me Should plague thee like Narcifus Da. Away His, a salaman Con a bodo and and and They cannot doit : I have fixt my love So firme on my Laurinda, that for her Ie're shall hate my selfe: Ama, "Sing"

Ama, Prethee love accept it,	I le fiet pe chee
Twes wrought by mine own hand.	Amer Charleson
Da. For that I hate it!	To the week
Via. Fy Brother can you be of the fam	The well and
Iffue, and bloud with me, and yet fo cri	chare all and
Da. Norgan I, fifter, dore like you on	Sent from a cross strong
The idibe and of hear C. Tales	appens, - none
That is the surfed branof Latage.	alla and Social and T
Any. Saift thou fo Centaure?-	and the more transfer
Vra. Good Amentas hold,	Labor Brown Tra
This is the facred valley: here 'tis dear	Harris A Market
Par to incu numane blood.	The state of the s
For to shed humane blood. Da. Still idly you complain To crosse me, Anaellis, but in vain	The to to Ville
To crone me, Amanyas, but in vain	Exit.
Ama. O, I am fick to death!	money (sor over one
Amy. VV hat a brave show	Figure 2 and 6 and 46
The monfters braines would make,	The North Asset
	Amy Hereyon P.
Theflylin, Moplus, Amyntas	Post son nour nud
Amarillis, Vrania.	31301 133 4 GAME
Ama. My griefe o're weighs me!	
The. How fares my Amaryling on a st	
Ama, Like a Taper Almost burnt out: sometimes all a da	rknette o di cont
And now and then a flath overhouse	ratione, or mand
And now and then a flash on two of ca	whiters a secure
But soone blown ont again. Ah The	June Age of the Mald
I cannot long subsist; for the vain lab	Mily and pode on a
And for that reason too I hate my selfe	Mary and dash
And every thing but him 145 mp ins 1	THE PARTY COULT
Pra. Come my fad partner,	1301 101 MANT 1620
Poorerivall of my forrowes: Goe with	her the second
Into the Temple, I'le intreat my Brot	Carried A A 145 Mg
To use thee kindly : if in meitlye,	DH DOUVER
A A	7 10

I'le helpe thee And . - Prechee lovemene or ic. Ama. Doc Vrania, or I dye. Excuns Vrania, Amary lie Amyotas, Theftylis, Mopfus. 1 201 1 1111 101 The, What a ftrange thing is Love! and some a ve and Amy. It is a madneffe. of a want, and driw buold bus owll See how i fares Have at thee thou blind Archer 1 -O I have mift him !-- Now I'le fand the Cupid! 118 Look how the rafcall winks a one eye. Theffylis !!! May draw your arrow home, boy, just i'th heart! here 'cis death's! nish ma I O--For to fied humane blood. Theft. Amyntas! Amy, Doft not fee ? nielginos woy gibi ilio sid My blood runs down obour mey I lye for king me allone In a red Sea, take heed! fee Theff lip is al an I O .amh

What a fine Crimfon 'tis? wont averil a sall VV . ich Amy Here you Puppet! . MADE Doft thou not fee it ? are & anlow M' all Boll'

Mop. Yes I fee it plaining V , wallenne But I spynothing. em des were a single will sans Amy. Then thou art a mole, wherem he years all woll is

Mop. Now I look bettet on't, I fee it plain, and in the Does it nothureyou? alle entitionof; un served fram

Amy. Srangely, Have at thee- die a man has won ban How thinke you now ? Talk an age me upold sneed and

The. Bequiet good Amyntas, 101 Mop. You'l fright away the birds elfe, and clean spoyle My augury. Indicather case and ingraw felfe.

Amy, Goe about it, I am quiet- mal and and grove land Mop. Now for some happy Omen! a cucker cries.

Amy, Ha, ha, the thin and reservoir of mitious virtate of Mop. VVhy laugs the mad man > 1 che mal off off

Amy. VVho can choose burlangh & the assert of the

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The birdersed Horns, I was and a sold with The What happinesse portends it, Sweet Mopfus? Mop. Conftancy in Love, my Theffylin, This bird is alwayes in a note, , and ol so The. Most excellent! Mop. Bird of the fpring I thanke thee! Mopfin thanks Amy. This is a man of skill, an Oedipus, and Apollo, Reverend Phabus, Don of Delphos. Mop. VVhata brave man am I ? Amy. Thou canft refolve By thy great Art all questions: What is that That which I have not, may not, cannot have? Met. That which you have not, may not cannot have? It is my skill, you cannot have my skill, Amy. Where lyes that skill > Mop. 'Lyes here within this noddle. Amy Fetch me my wood knife I will cur it off, And fend it to Prania for a Dowry. Mop. No, no, I am deceiv'd, it is not that. Amy. You dolt, you affe, you cucket. Mop. Good Amyntas.

SCEN. 6.

Dorylas, Moplus, Thefylis, Incaffus, Amyneas.

10. If not a brave light Dorylas? can the mortalls
Caper so nimbly?
Dor. Verily they cannot!

10. Does not King Oberon bears a flately presence?
Mab is a beauteous Empresse,
Dor. Yet you kill'd her
With admirable courtship.

10. I doe thinke
There will be of Incaffue brood in Fairy.

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Mop, You Cuekold-maker, I will will King Oberia You lye with Mab his wife. To. Doe not good brother,
And I'le wooe Theffylis for thee, Mop. Doe fo then, plon satisave de mas identi To. Canft thou love Mopfin, mortall? The. Why suppose I can fir, what of that? Io. whythen be wife. And love him quickly. Mop. wife ? then I'le have none of her, that's the way To get wife children, 'troth I had rather They should be bastards. Amy. No, thechildren may Be like the Father. To. True diftracted Mortall : Theffelis, I say love him, he's a fool. Dor. But we will make him rich, then tis no matter, The. But what effate fhall he affure upon me? Io. A royall joynsure all in Fairyland,

Amy. Such will I make Urania.

A curious Parke.

Dor. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.

10. Besides a house made all of mother of Pearle;
An Ivory Teniscourt.

Dor. A nut-meg Parlour.

10. A Saphyre dairy-roome

Dor. A Ginger-hall.

Dor. Knchins all of Cristall

Any. O admirable! This is it for certains

Io. The jacks are gold. The man Code woo yet and and

Dor. The spirs are Spanish needles dah and yet .xxxx

Io. Then there be walks.

Der. Of Amber:

Io. Curious Orchards.

Dor. That beare as well in winter as in fammer.

In Bove all the fift-ponds! every pend is full.

Der. Of Nedar, will this please you? every grove Stor'd with delightfull birds.

Mop. But be there any

Lady birds there?

lo. Abundance.

Mop. And Cuckoestoo

To prefage conftancy?

Do. Yes.

The. Nay then less in

To feale the writings.

Amy. There boy, so, he, ho, ho,

Do. What pretty things are thele both to be born

To Lands and Livings ! we poore witty knaves,

Have no inheritance but Brains :-- who's this?

Enter Alexis.

-- One of my Mistreffe beagles:

Alex. Dorylas,

I have had the bravest sport,

Dor. In what Alexis?

Alex. In hunting, Derglas: a brace of Grey-hounds

cours'da ftag

With equal! swittnesse till the wearied deere, Stood bay at both alike : the fearfull doggs

Durft neicher faften

Dor. So, and did not you

Compare the ftig to my faire miftreffe! has

Purfued

Purfued by you and Damon, caught by neither ? Alex. By Cupidth'art i'th right Der . Alas poore whelps, Interoch I pitty you, why fuch a hunting Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter, Mosfee and wife locabus hunting folly With a full mouth. Alex. I much wonder, Dorylas, Amyutas can be fad, having fuch follies Toprovoke mirth, Dor. And to that end his fifter

Has rook fuch deep impression. Enter Damon.

Keeps them about him; but in vaine, his Melancholly

De My Alexis! Well met, l'ave been at your cottage to feek you? Alex. But fam ne're at home : Thou and I Demon. Are absent from our selves. Da. Excellent application! To fee the wit of love! Da. Let us goe feek her, To have a finall judgement. Alex. That may end One of our miferies, and the others life! Da. O lamentable! who would be in love? Da. Content.

SCEN. 7.

Laurinda. Dorylas, Alexis, Damoni Da. Here comes my joy or death. Dor, O pirtiful!! Alex. My fweet affliction. Dor. Pittifully fweet! Ne're feare your father, Mistrelle, kiffe fecurely, Y

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Ple be your Mercury, and charm affeep Old Arens. Laur. Doc. Do. But if he chance to fby You and your fweet-hearts here, I know not of it Lan. You doe not! Do. Nay, you know if I had feen them, I should have sold him Lan, Y'are a trufty fervant-Do. Poore Dorylar is blind, he fees not here! Dames no nor Alexis. Lau. Nonot he ! Do. Alack I am innocent: if the belly fwell I did not feech the poylon, Law, No, be gone, Exit. Dorylas. Da Laurinda nowfor mercy fake give period To our long miserie's. Alex Now you are like cruell To both, and play the tyrant equally. On him you hate as much as on him you love. Da, Depriving one the comfort of his joy. Alex The other the fure remedy of his death, Law. Damon you have a love, faire Amarylus. Content your falfe with ber. De, I'le rather kiffe An Ethiops erifped lip : imbrace a Viper,

Deformity it felfe to her is faire.

Al, Damonthou hash thy answer.

Lau. And Alenius

There is in Cicily many Virgins more

VVorthy your choyce : why did you place on me

Goe leek some other.

Alex. These words to me

10

Are poylon

Da. But to me an antidote

Alex. Thus she gave life to me to tak't away.

Da. And me she slew to raise me up again:

You shall not slight us thus what doc you think.

Of me?

Lau. Thou are the glory of the woods.

Alex. And what am I?

Laur. The pride of all the Plaines,

Alex. Thefe your ambiguous terms have now too off Deludedus.

Da Shew by some figne which of us You have design'd for happinesse.

Lau. So I will.

She takes Damon's Garland and weares it on ber own bead : and puts her own on Alexis. Damon, as I affect thee, fo I vow To weare this Garland that adorns thy brow : This wreath of flowers, Alexis, which was mine Because thou lov ft me traly shall be thine. This is plaine dealing; let not Cupid's warres Drive your affections to uneivill jarres End. Da. Now happy Damon, the thy Garland weares That holds thy heart chein'd in ber golden baires, Alex. Moft bleffed L! this Garland once did twine About her head that now embraces mine, Dam. Defift Alexis, for the deligns to have The Garland that was mine, Alex. But me fhe gave That which was here Da. Tis more to take than give! Alex. I think tis greater kindnelle to receive, Da. By this your share the leste, you but receive

Alen. And by your argument, yours you did but give, Love is the Garland. Da. Then the did approve demisting the Ofmy affection belt, the rook my love. Alen. Fond Damon, the accepted love from thee, But what is more the gave her leveto me ! In giving that to me, the proves my right. De Why took the mine, but meaning to require? Alex 1 will defibute nomore, Da. Then ler out spheares Plead for us. Alex. And determine of our fearer. Come Damon, by this argument lets proves Which 'tis of us Lewinds best doch love. Da, Yet'ris, utlexis, clean against our oath, Alen. True Damen, and perchance may ruin both! Da. So neither shall eujoy her. Ales. Cruell breath the and was all was a sun as of Belides this is the Sacred Pales tis death To flain the hallowed graffe but with one drop Of humane blonds and the sending were martial of Da. So both fould lofe their hope.

Alen. And which is more, 'tis against her commands'.

Da. Whose every breath has power to stay our hands.

Alex. Wee'l have her answer make a certain end;

Da. Till then, Alexis, let me begay friend.

Alex. Come Damon, lets togethersex reliefe.

Da. 'Tis fit, being Rivale both in love and griefe.

ACTUS J. S.CEN. L.

Damen, Alexu, Laurinda.

Dam | Aurinda, by thy felfe, the lucetch oath
That can be fworn.--

AL By these faire eyes, whose light Comforts my foule Dam. Whole beat inflameth mine, Al, Unleffe you deigne at length to end our ftrife. Da. We both have vow'd to facrifice our life, Al. On one anothers speared Lau. What shall I doe? I find an equal war within my foule, My felfe divided; now I would fay Damen, Another time Alexis, then again Damen, and then Alexis : like a fheapheard That fees on either hand a ravenous wolf, One fnatching from his ew a tender lamb, The other watching for a gentle Kid, Knowes not poore foule which hand to turne to first. Now he would fave his Lamb; but feeing his Kid Halfe in the jaw of dearb, turns backin haft To refeue that, where viewing then his Lamb In greater danger, runs to that again; As doubtfull which to fave as which to lofe:

Da. Refolve At Or wee'l refolve. Law Notrick left yet?

So fares it now with me- But love inftructme!

Enter Derylas Dor. If ever one waspeppe'rd look on me ! Lau. Why whats the matter? De. You talke of love and Copid, I have been plaguid with a whole fwarme of cupids. Al. What should this mean ?. De. I know not, but I am fare I have a thousand naturall rapiers sick in my fleth

Da. The meaning of the Riddle?

Dor. In plaine termes I have been driving One of your fwarms of Bees, gentle Laurinda;

Lau. The purest wax give Damon, and, good swain, The hony to Alexis: this is plaine. (th'eares.

Der. Now will the hony and the wax fall together by

Da. Alexie, this plaintign confirms her grant, She gave me wax to feale the covenant.

Dor. well argu'd for the wax, now for the hony.

Ale. To me the gave the hony, that must be

Der. The hony is the sweetest argument.

Da. But by the wax the fayes that the from none But me will take true leves impression.

Do. The wax is very forward to the bargain;

He would be fealing of her.

Ale. But plain the hony fpeaks, no other gueft

But I, shall take in her a lovers feaff.

Dor. Delicious reason! my mouth waters at it.

Dam. The wax must make the Taper that must light

The wedded paire to bed on Hymen's night. Befides 'tis Virgins wax, by that you fee

To me the deftines her virginity,

Dor. Two excellent twin-arguments born at birth.

Ale. And hony shewes a wedding; that must kneed A Cake for Hymen ere we goe to bed,

Take you the wax, the beny is for me; There is no bony in the world but the.

Dor. His disputation fill has some good relish in to

Da. I see Alexis, all Laurinda's bees Serve but to fring us both.

Do. Now, what's the matter?

The morall?

Law. See what 'tis to live a maid! Now two at once do ferve us and adore Sheethatweds one, ferves him, ferv'd her befored De. Alexis come! Ale. Come Damon! Da. Cure my feare. Alex. There's no helpleft but in a Pelian fpeare. Lau. O flay your hands, for by my maiden -head-Dor. Happy the man thall quither of that oath. Alex. Molthappy Darylus Dor. I know that before! Laur. I have protested never to disclose Which his that best I love : till the first Nymph, As foone as Titan guilds the Eaftern hills, And chirping birds, the Saints bell of the day, Ring our cares a warning to devotion, That lucky damfell what foe're the be Shall be the goddeffe to appoint my love, To fay, Laurende, this thall be your choyce? And both shall sweere to fland on her award. Both. By faire Lauvinda's hand we swearc. Lan. Till then -Be friends, and for this night it is my pleafure

You sleep like friendly Rivalls arme in arme.

poth. Thanks to thee faire Laurinda.

Alex. Come Damon, you this night with me skall reft.

Da, Wertthou but my Laurinda I were blest.

Exeunt, Damon Alexie.

Dar. Miftreffe, if they should dreame now,-

SCEN. 3.

Amarylla, Veania, Derylas, Laurinda.

Vra. Sweet Amaryllis!

Ama, Stayme not Pravia.

Der More Cupids, more bees, more finging yet! Ama, Difhevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head I'le teare you from my crown! what doft thou here? Weak chaines my pride prefum'd you had a power Tofetter Heroes! and in amorous Gives

Lead any Sheapheard captive!

Vra. Amaryllis.

Ama. But Damon breakes thee like a foiders loome ! And thou poore face that wer't fo of beli'de For faire and beauteous, by my flattering glaffe; I'le teare those crimson Roses from my cheeks That but my felfe ne're yet inchanted any. My will is fixt !

Lau. Where goe you Amaryllis?

Ama. Since Damen hates my life, I'le goe and fee If I can please him in my death ; if hee'le but deigne To kiffe me, and accept my larest breath, I shall falute the gods a happy foule.

-- This dare I'le give him; and upon my knee Beg till I have obtain'd to dye by him:

Death from that hand is welcome.

Lau. I will shew you

A way most probable to redeeme his love.

Ama. I shall wrong you, Laurinda. No, enjoy him, The treasure of the Earth : my lateft words

Shall be prayers for you: mild Vrania, Sifter in blood to Damon, not in affection,

Nymph take this whifile, 'twas a Tritons once,

Withwhich I call my Lamb-kins when they ftray;

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Tis Amary his bequeathment unto you, Vra. Live happy the aperde fic and weare it still Ama. Laurinda, my great Legacy in yours, Genele-ungentle Damon.

Law. I re-bequeath him to my Amarylia:

Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by me;
This night wee'l fleep together.

Do. And flee roo
Should dream of Damon--Law. Dorylas goe to Thefylis
T'excuse her this nights absence. Amorgia.

VVenehes are nere so witty as a bed,
And two together make a statesmans head.

-Be gon to The Bylu.

Do. So I am fure
Still cupids factor: well ere long I fee
There will be many an heire the more forme.

Vra. My Bellamore y'are under good protections

The Temple gates will close, unlefie I hafte.

Lau. Frazis, a happy night unto you Fra. The like to her that pitties the diffressed Amarylis.

Exeast, Lau, Ama. Vrania,
Dor. So so, this honywith the very thought
Has made my mouth so liquorish that I must
Have something to appeale the appetite.
Have at Iocasius Orchard! dainty Apples (hearts
How levely they look! why these are Dorylas sweetNow must I be the Princely Oberon,
And in a royall humour with the rest
Of royall Fairies attendant goe in state
To rob an Orchard: I have hid my robes
On purpose in a hollowtree, Heaven blesseme.

What Puck, what Goblins this?

Cla. Thrice Sacred Valley I kiffe thy hallowed Earth ! Do. Another lover, Enamour'd of the Ground. Cla. Faine would I fpeake And aske for Amaryllu: but my feare VVill not permit me. Do. S'lid, I thinke he takes me For Oberen already. cl. Youth'can you tell me How I may fpeake to night with Amarylis ? Do, Age, by no means to night; this night the ledges With faire Laurinda, old Mederus daughter. Cl. Can you infirud me then how I may meet Amyntas? Do, Who, the mad man? Every evening He walks abroad into the valley here With Thefylie. Farewell old walking Ivie-buth Exit. Dora

Cains Solus.

Cl. I fee the smoake steeme from the Cottage tops,
Tho fearfull huswife rakes the embers up.
All hush to bed. Sure no man will diffurbe me.
O blessed vally! I the wretched class
Salute thy happy soyle, I that have liv'd
Pelted with angry curses in a place
As horrid as my griefs, the Lylibean mountainer,
These fixteen frozen winters, there have I
Been with rude out-lawes, living by such sinnes (wished
As runne o'th'score with justice 'gainst my prayers and
And when I would have tumbled down a rock.
Some secret power restrain'd me, There I lately heard
By a disconsolate Pilgrim that sought death,

That my Amineas wits (ha me!) were marr'd, Twas not a time to think to feve my felfe, When my poore boy was loft Loft faid 1? O Phebus If there be foveraigne power in juyce of hearbs. And that the teeming earth yeeld medicinal flowers To cure all maladies, I have fought the skill, No leaf, no root hath fcap'd me : I may boaft it, I have beene natures dilligent Apothecary. Be lucky my emplaifter, I have temper'd The furest Receipt the worlds garden yields; "Twould put Orefles in his wits again. I know I ftep upon my death: the Oracle Defices my blood for facrifice, and Pilumus For his old barefill feeks it : make long flay I dare not, onely I defire t'apply My medicine and be gone, Who's this I fpy? SCEN. 3.

Thestylis, Amyntas, Mop su.

It is my fifter Thestylis, lie stand close
T'observe their actionss
The. VVould to ceres
She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pitty poore Amyntas!

el. Sopray 1!

Amyn. I have the bravelt spaniell in the world,
Of a sharpsent and quick, so ho, ho! so ho, ho!
Ringmood, Iemler, White soot, so ho; so ho, ho!
Mep. I shall be a whole kennell of dogs anon?
Anyn lune, Vulcan Visus! so ho; ho! so ho, ho!
Mep. Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me now?
Amyn. There Lady there!
Mep. Ha: be there Lady dogs as well as Lady birds too?

Amy, Beauty, Beauty, Mop. S'lid I was never call'd that name before. Theft via Amyntas calls me Beauty. I prethee come kille me. The. Thus I fpend my life Laughing amidfimy reares, Amin, Now Vertue, Vertue! Mop. Is that a dogs name too? would I were hang d If Ile have any of it for thattrick. Amy. Doft thou not fent it yer? Clofe, clofe you rogue! By Panthe curre hunts counter. Moy. O good mafter! Bow wow, bow wow wow-Amy. So now he has'e again. What at a fault you mungrell will you never Start me this Oracle? Mop. Start an Oracle? Asif an Oracle were a hare? Amy. So'tis. And skuds away to twife we cannot eake it. Start methis Oracle. Mop Startit who's will for me ? Por Ile not fart it. Any. Then unkennellit. M.p. Vnkennell it? Amy. I, 'tis a Foxe, a Fox. A cunning crafty rogue, no body knowes Which way to find him. Ha what fent is chies Doft thou not finell? Mop. VVhat ? Any. The meaning of the Oracle. Vikennell it, or I will lathe thee. Mop, Good fir,

I have no skill in flarting or nakennelling.

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But if you'le have me fpring an Oracle-Amy. And will thou doe it? fpring me thenthis Oracle Mop. I that I will, my skill lyes all in birds, Whole flight I feare I have observ'd so long That I am metamorphos'd to a spaniell. Amy. Look how my Hawke of understanding soares About the Partridge Oracle ! -- ill luck! Tis a retteat again. Mop. O hall I never Rid me of this misfortune!! (thanks good Omen) Cras Cras the layes, to morrow 'twill be better. A Gran Black bird I thanke thee! Clains to them. CANCS The. Little thinks the wretched Claje now How fad a life his poor Prynt a lives! ch. To well unto his griefe - I'le goe unto him And follow him in his humor: - You have got A dainty spaniell, fir. Amy. I thinke the world Cannot afford his equall, cl. What breed is he? Amy. True Sparean I'leaffure you. El. V Vas the fire Of the same Country? Amy. No, as I remember He was an Irish Grey-hound, but the damme Came of Afterns brood, Cl. As how I pray? Amy. Why thus; Melamow was the fire of Lelaps, Lelans to Lagon, Laven to lebonbates, Icho bases to Pamphagus, and Pamphagus To Torceus, he to Labros, that was fire To Orefitrophus, Orefitrophus To flece Theridamus, Theridamus

To fwift Webtophonus, Nebrophonus To the quick nos'd Aellus, he to Diemas Dremas to Typris, Tygristo Orybafus, Oribalus to Peterelas, he to Nape, The damme of Mopfee. Mor So then Orybafin was my great grand-tarber. Though I be a Dog I come of a good house. My Ancestors Were all of Noble names pastunder fanding. Whata brave man's my Mafter ! where learn'd he All this? Ne're ftirre now I could find in my heare Toleavemy August and Rudy Heralder A man I thinke may learn't as well as t'other, Yet never feare of growing too wife upon't, And then will I record the pedigree Of all the dogs i'th 'world. O that I had The armes of all our house by th' Mothers fide ! [1. Sir I have brave things in a Backer for you. Give me your Dog, and you shall have em all Amy, Take him, Till of a be ai morning a 111 Mop. O heaven land thall I change my Matter One mad man for another? Amy. Curre be quiet, mill shallbe a law. Mop. O good fir, for Melampus fake, and Dorgen Lelaps, Ichonabases, Lugon, Melancheses, Labres, Mebrophones, Oreftrophen, Tyeris, Orybatus, Theridamas, Achue, Dromas, Nape, and the reft Of all my noble Ancestors deceas'd Be merifull unto me! Picty pitty The onely hope of all our family. 61. Sir can he feich and carry?

Amy. You shall see him,

Fetch surah: --- there so the curre's run away,

Help meto catch my dog: you'l bring you mungrel?

Mop. Yes much! the birds will not advise me to it.

The Sylvan, why gaze you on us? would you frolike

With poor Amynta's madnesse? 'twould ill besteme you

To make our greese your passime.

cl. Not Iby heaven !

My joyes are connected, my forrowes reall a (I cannot hold for weeping) ah you know nor what griefelyes herewithin, (teares you'l betray me) Give me my eye full of this noble the apheard? Vho hash not heard how he hash chac'd the boare a And how his speare hath torne the panch of wolves, On the barke of every tree his name's ingraven. Now Planet firstek, and all that versue vanished. The. Thy looks are fierce thy words before a thee gentle amy, VVhy wept he Theflylis?

Amy It was a more in's eyes, ile kiffe it own;
Ile curle thy flakeled looks, and crifpe thy haire
Like the straight-growing Cyprosie, come lets pur
Our head together. Thou are more then mortall,
And shalt expound to ceres what she askes.
It is a gallam Srivan, Thestyta
Cl. I am not skild in riddles; no interpreter
Of Divinations, but dare contend
VVith any Emperick to do a cure,
VV bether the body or the mind be sick,
That is my stuffy, I but crave the leave
To try the power of are upon this sheapheard,
If Esclopius be propitious, to him,
After the dew of one nights to see slumbers,

I dare be bold to fay he shall recover Amyn. My dog again ? doff reade it in the ftare? V Vhat a ftrange man isthis? CL Thy wits Amyntas, I mean; O caffthy armes in my embraces. Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus diffracted ? Amy, I do you mean? with a very-very wery mad trick By making verses, cl. Reft reft deluded fancis The. There was a time (alas that e're it was ! V Vhenmy poor theapheard fell in love. . Cl. V Vith whom? Vrania The. The flarre of beauty, Pilamone much admir'd Cl. O the croffe dates of fare ! The. She sweet Nymph inlodged The casket of his love in her own bolome, But Ceres fet a Dowry, (Out alasse! Would the had ask'd our flocks, our Kids, our groves Would the had bid us quench the flame of Elna In Arethufa's ftreames, it had been cafy, VVe fight with cords and cannot conquer them; This her imperious Ompha as'd, and Thundered That which thou haft not, mail not, cariff not hove Amyntas, is the Dawrythat I crave. To finde out her commands, he loft himfelfe. cl. Your Roties pittifull. 'Tis my profession To wander through the Earth, and in my travell am inquifitive after the ficke to heale 'em; Their cure and kinde acceptance is my pay. You will not feare to lodge me for a night? The. VVe have but homely holpitality. Any le feaft thee with fome Venilon, brave Montano: Cl. Thy relieution is my feaft Amyma,

Your curds and cheknuts and your country fare
Is bounteous for so means a guest as I:
But send for that Vrania her sweet voyce
Must sing a Lullaby to drown his senses,
And charm soft sleepupon his troubled phancy,
And fore the gray-eyd morn do peep, be consident
I'le put the musique of his braines in tune,
Vol. Vou'leall Vrania.
The. Doubt not sir, I will,
Or send my servant Mycon by the Vale.
Amy, Come Sylvan, if the dogs do bark I'le brain'em

Or lend my lervant Mycon by the Vele,

Amy. Come Sylvan, if the dogs do bark I'le brain'em;

VVee'l fleep to night together, and to morrow,

et. Will end I hope thy madneffe, not my lorrow,

Amy. Wee'lge a hunting, so ho ho! so ho bo! Exercit.

Mopfus from the Orchard.

Mop. Are the mad dogs gone yet?

A little more would have persuaded me
Into a spaniell, and I may be one,
For any thing I know, yet sure J am not
Because methinks J speak; but an this speaking
Should be but barking now? if J be a dog
Heaven send me a better Master then the former,
ceres defend me, what strange Elves are there!

SCEN. 4.

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Dorly as with a Revy of Fairies.

Dor. How like you may my Grace? is not my counternance
Royall and full of Majesty? walk I not
Like the young Prince of Pigmies? Ha? my knaves,
Wee'l fill our pockets, Look look yonder, Elves,
Vould not you apples tempt a better conscience
Then any we have to rob an Orchard; ha!
Fairies, like Nymphs with child must have the things
They long for, You sing herea Fairy catch

In that strange rangue I saught you while your selfe Doe climbe the Trees. Thus Princely Oberen Aicends his throne of State.

Mos Beati Fanni Proles,

Elves Dutbus non est magna moles, Quamble Lunamincolamus, Hortos sape frequentamus, Furto cunct a magis bella, Furto Dulcier Puella. Furto omma decora,

Cum poma dulciora.
Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Robu poma noctu placent.
Ida tamen funt ingrata.
Nisi sureo sint parata.

Jo:aftus, Bromius.

Fo What divine noyle fraught with immortal harmony Salutes mine eare?

Bro, Why this immortall harmony
Rather falutes your Orchard: these young Rascalls,
These pescod-shelers doe so cheat my master:
We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
But straightfome Fairy longs for't: well it I
Might have my will, a whip again should Jerk'h'em,
Into their old mortality:
10. Dar'st thou screench Owle
With thy rude croaking interrupt their musique;
Whose melody, hath made the spheares to lay
Their heavenly sutes aside, only to listen
To their more charming notes?

Bre. Say what you will, I fay a cudgell now were excellent mufique.

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Oberon descende citus, Elves No cogaris hine invitus. Cunes audio latrantes, Et mortales vigilantes,

10. Prince Oberon ? I heard his Graces name. Bro. O ho: I fpy his Grace! Most noble Prince Come down, or I will pele your Grace with Rones. That I believe your Grace was ne're fo pelted Since twas a Grace. Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand. Bro. Immortal! thiefe come down, or I will fetch you; Me thinks it il ould impaire his Graces honour To feale poore morealls Apples. Now have at you ! Dor locafins, we are theren, and we thought That one fo neare to us as you in favour, Would not have fufferd this prophane rude grooms Thus to impaire our rayalty. Te. Gracious Prince. The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged From his mortality, Do. Did we out of love. And our intire affection, of all Orchards Choose yours to make it happy by our dances. Light ayry meafures, and phantaffick rings! And you ingratefull mortall thus require us. All for one Apple! Io. Villaineth haft undone me: His Grace is much incens'd, Do Youknow, Incoffus, Our Grace have Orchards of our own more precious Then morralls can have any: and we fent you A prefent of them cother day.

to. Tis right.

Your Graces humble fervant muft accknowledge it.

Bre. Some of his owne I am fure.

De. I muft confesse

Their out-fide look'd fomething like yours indeed

But then the raft more relish'd of Eternity,

The same with Nettar.

10. Your good Grace is welcome

To any thing I have: Nay, Gentlemen

Pray doe not you spare neither:

Elves Ti-ti-ta-ti.

Io. What fay these mighty Peeres, great Oberon ?

Ds. They cannot speak this language, but in ours They thank you; and they say they will have none?

Elves. Ti-ti-ra-ti-Tititatie.

Io. What fay they now?

Do. They do rebueft you now

To grant them leave to dance a Fairy ring

About your servant, and for his offence

Pinch him: Doe you the while command the Traitour

Not dare to ftirre, not once prefame to mutter.

10. Traitour, for fo Prince Oberon deignes to call thee,

Stirre not, nor mutter.

Bro. To be thus abus'd!

10. Ha? mutter'ft thon?

Bro. I have deferved better.

10. Still mutter'ft thou?

Bro. I fec I must endure it.

10, Yermutter'ft thou? Now Noble Lords begin

When it shall please your honours.

Do. Tititatie,

Our Noble friends permits, Tititatie

Doe you not fir?

Io. How should I say I doe?

Dor Ti ti ta tie.

Io. Ti ti ta tie my noble Lords:

Queniam parte violamur Elves Ungueshic experiamur, Statim dices tibi datam Cutem valde variatam.

They dance.

Io. Tititatie to your Lordship for this excellent musick Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to one's master. Io Still mutter's thou?

Exit. Bromius.

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Dorylas from the tree. Iccaft us falls on his knees. De. And rife up Sir locaftus, our deare Knight. Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck, Wecall it a mellifonant Tingle-Targle. (Indeed a theep bell foln from's own fat weather.) afid The Enfigne of his Knight-hood. Sir locaftus, We call to minde we promis'd you long fince The prefident of our Dances place; we are now Pleas'd to comfirme it on you, give him there His ftaffe of Dignity. o. Your grace is pleas'd o honeur your poore lie eman Dor. Now be gone, 10. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you, Tititatio my Noble Lords farewell. Dor. Tititatio my Noble foole farewell: Now, my Nobilitie and bonoured Lords, Our Grace ispleas'd for so partitakes; here Jocalo Thele are your share; these his, and these our graces, Han Have we not gull'd him bravely! fee you Rafealls, Thefe are the fruits of my witty knaveric.

Mopfus enters barking. (Lords Der. Heaven shield Prince Oberon, and his honoured VVe are betraid.

Mop. Bow wow wow.

Nay nay fince you have made a sheep of my brother He be a dog to keep him.

Dor. O good Mopfin!

M.p. Does not your grace, most low and mighty

Feare whipping now?

Do: Good Mopfus but conceale us,

And I will promife by to morrow night

To get thee Thefistie.

Mop. I will aske leave

Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night; (An owle That plainly showes that by to morrow night, (shreekes. He may performe his promise.

Do. And I will.

Mop. Why then I will conceale you. But your Grace Must thinke your Grace beholding to me.
Dor. VVell.

VVe doe

Mop. And thanke the owle, the flood your friend, And for this time my witty Grace farewell.

Do. Naybe not so discourteous; Stay and take An apple first: you Josalo give him one, And you another, and our Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberall: But I feare I am not he that must interpret the Oracle.

My brother will prevent me, to my griese.

Imuch suspect it, for this Dorples
A scarre-crow cozend him most shamefully,
VVhich makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.

Exit Morsus.

Der. So, we are clean got off: Come noble Peeres Of Fairy, come attend our royall Grace.

Let's got and share our fruit with our Qeen Mab, And th'other Dairy-maids; whereof this theam VVe will discourse amidst our Cakes and Cream,

Elves. Triumphos leti jam canamus: Faunes ego credam oreus, Tansum ut frequentent bortos.

> I domum Oberon ad illas, Que nos monent nunc ancillas, Quarum osculemur sinum, Inser poma, lac, & vinum. Finis actus tertis.

ACTUS 4. SCEN. 1.

Mapjus. Thefty lis.

Mop. I Would have you to know The flylis, fo I would,
I am no dog, but mortall flesh and blood
Asyou are.
Thef. O be patient gentle Mopfus.
Mop. S'lid fetch and carry!
Thef. Nay good sweet heare
Be not angry.
Mop. Angry? why, twould anger

A dog indeed to be lo us'd, a dog!

I would not use a dog so: bid a dog

That comes of a good house to setch and carry!

Discourteous! let him get deg sof his own,

For I have got my neck out of the collar

Let him unkennel's Oracles himselfe

For Mopsus, it I start or spring him one,

Ile dye the dogs death, and be hang'd: mad soole.

These. But Mopsus, you may now securely visit

Me and my house: Amymens, heaven be prais'd,

Is now recover'd of his wits again.

Mop. How? and grown wise!

These. Ceres be prais'd as ever.

Mop. Shut up your doores then; Carduus, Benedictus.
Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.
The VVhat means you Wester?

Thef. What meane you Mossim?
Mop. Mean I? what mean you?

To invite me to your house when 'tis infected? Thef. Infected.

Mop. I Amyntas has the Wits;
And doe you thinke He keepe him company?
Though as I told you fill, I am suspitious
Iogasium is the man that must ---

The. Doe what?

Mop. It grieves me tothinke of it.

The, Out with't man.

Mop. That must interpret; I have cause to think (With sorrow be it spoken) he will prove The verien soole, but let him; yet now my Augury That never failes me, tells me certainely That I shall have thee, Thesplie, yet ere night; It was an owle. ---

SCE N.

SCEN. ...

Clajus Amyntas.

--- And --- fee fee, Theftylis, Here comes the Ivy-bush, He Randaside, For I am fill most bodily affraid. Amy. What Deiry lives here ? the foule of Phelm, Breaths in this powerfull man : fure Afentapius Revisits earth again; and in this thape Deales health amongst us! I before was nothing Butbruit and beaft. O tell me by what reliques to Of heavenly fire have you inspir'd me with This better foule of reason! worthy fir and and It y'are some god (as leffe I cannot deem you) That pittying of my mileries, came downe From heaven to cure me, tell me, that I may V Vith facrifice adore you. Mop. Adorehim > Are there fuch ruffian gods in heaven as he? Such beggerly Deities? Amyn. If you will conceale it, And I by ignorance omit to pay Those facred duties that I ought, be pleas'd To pardon me. Mop. Heighday ! well Theftylis, You may be glad your house is not infeded; Hee's centimes madder now then ere he was. To deify this rude ill-favour'd Sylvan, This fellow with the beard all over: Thefyle, I dare not flay; unleffe my heeles maintaine Exit. Moofus. My fafety, I shall turne a dog again. Clajus.

El. I am as you are, mortall; tis my skill In Physick, and experience in the rare Vertue of herbs, that wrought this miracle, No Divinity or power in me. Theft. Amyntas, when shall we require this kindnesse? Amyn. Never, I would willingly Have facrific'd unto him, but his modefty Will not permit it : though he will not fuffer us T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay A reverence to him as a father. Claims, O those words doe touch the quick ! Amyn. For if he be The Paracel to high Principle A father that begot this flesh, this clay, What's he to whom we owe our fecond birth Of foule and reason? Father; I must call you By that name Father. Clajus. Now the flood-gate's open, And the full freame of teares will iffue out : Traitors you will betray me! Thef. Sir, why weep you! Clajus. Tothinke of this mans father-O I lov'd him As dearely as my felfe (my words and all Breakout suspitious:) has he not a daughter? As I remember well he faid her name was---Theft. Amaryllis. cl. Yes | had almost Forgorit, I would fain have feen ber too. Theft, You cannot now, because to night she lode'd V Vith one Laurinda.

SCEN. 3.

Urania.

Amy O my Urania, welcome; Amyotas bids thee fo, I that 'till now

Was not Amymas: come my joy, and met mee Full of our happinelle! Vra. Grant Ceres now My hopes be faithfull to me, my Amynease How come your thoughts fo fetled ? Amin. O Prania. Here, here he stands, to whom I owe my felfe. And thou owest me: we reverence in our Temple: Marble, and braffe, whole flatues ferve for nothing But to hang colwebs on toh! how much rather Should we adore this Deity, that bestowed Such happinelleupon us! Vra. Would we knew How to deferve it. cl. So you may Prania, If you will grant me one request. Vra. Commandit. cl. I would intreat you prefently to yow Virginity to Ceres, that Amentas No more may toyle his brain in thinking what To give you for a Dowry. Pra. Sir I will Prefently about it. He onely firft

Get fome unknown difguife, CL. I dare fay here No longer, for I must be gone ereyer The light berrayes me.

Fra. Happinelle attend you Cl. Remember it Pranie. Amin. Farewellfather.

Exeunt. Uran. Amynt. Theft. Clajus Solus.

Cl. I hus like a bar, or owle I spend my age

In night or darkenesse, as asham'd of day,
And searefull of the light: the Sunne and I
Dare never be acquainted, O guilt, guilt,
Thou and thy daughter sear are punishments
Perpetuall, every whistling of the wind
Doth seem the noyse of apprehenders; shadowes
Affright memore then men. Each step I tread
Is danger. Life? why to live longer should we
Not sive at all? I heare a noyse: false timorous sefe
Deceive me not,-my eyes instruct me too,
Heaven shield me.-

SCEN. 4.

Alexis, Damon. Fain I would enquire of them For Amarylla, butif one of thefe Be Damon, lam loft Alex. How early, Damon, doe lovers rife? cl. Tishe, I heare his name, good mole away. Dam No Larke fo foone Alexis. Alex. He that of us shall have Laurinda, Damon. Will not be fo foon : ha! would you Damen? Dam. Alex, no : but if I miffe Laurinda, My fleep shall be eternall. Ale. I much wonder the Sunne fo foone can rife! Da Didhe lay his head in faire Laurinda's lap, We should have but short dayes. Ale. No Summer Damon Da. Thetisto her is browne. Ale. And he dorh rife From her to gaze on faite Laurinda's eyes, Dam. O now Hong to meet our Arbitreffe Al. On whom depends our daily happineffe. Dam. It must bethe first Virgin that we greet

From

From Ceres Temple.

Alex. Yes, the firft we meet.

Dam I heare no noyfe of any yet that move,

Alex. Devotions not fo carly up as love.

Dam. See how Aurora blufhes ! we suppose

VVhere Tie bon lay to night.

Ale. That modeft rofe

He grafted there-

Dam. O heaven, 'tis all I feek.

To make that colour in Laurinda'. check

Ale. The Virgins now come from the Temple.

Dam. Appeale unto the firft.

SCEN. S.

The Virgins passe over the stage with wax candles in sheir hands, Amaryllis goesthe first, but she is said by Damon, as unknown to be Amaryllis sheebeing weil'd, and having on her head the Garland that Laurinda cook from Damon.

Chaft beauteous Nymph,

Ceres fo grant your prayes, as you determine

Justly our cause!

Ama. Ceres has heard my prayers,

For all my morning orifons beg'd no more

Then one kinde word from Demon.

Dam. Amaryllis!

Alex. That name breaths life and foulto poore Alexist Ama. The fame .- why startle you? you have not met

A poylon, Damon.

Dam. Yes a thousand vipers

Have Rung my foule,

Alex, As many joyes crown mine

VVith happineffe.

Dam. Y Vould I had merthis morning

Infectious

Infectious vapors nurling plagues, not thee No curfe but that had power to ruine me ! Alex. No other bleffing hath preferred me. Ama, Wharshould this mean, my Demon? how have I Displeas'd you, sweet heaven-knowes it is my prayer More then for beaven, to please you. Da. Omy torture! Fly hence as farre as hell, and hidethy head Lower then darkneffe, would't thou had been ading Incest or murder, when thou cam'st to pray, Thou had fin any thing finn'd leffe then this? Vnleafonable devotion! Ama. Canit be A fin to pray for Damon? Dam. Thou hadft bleft me Hadft thou fat all this while in fome darke cell Loading my head with curies. Ama, Innocence Let me not understand you, Da. . le not stand To her award, the is a partiall judge, And will decree unjuftly Ama. How to Damen? To him the loves fo dearely? Dam That's the reason; She does confesse, Alemis, that the loves me. That's argument enough against ber. Ama, Ceres, thefe obfcure paffions move me. Alex. Ile infrud vou. Take here the paper, pen and inke, Ama. Why yet fir I know no more. Ahr, You are to palle your cenfure,

Unre mc.

Being the first Nymph that we have met this morning! Which of us two must have the faire Laurinda. Write your award; our mutual oathes doc binde us Not to deny't De. 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd Betwixt this curfed Nymphand you, Alexis Alex. Damon you wrong us both. Dam. Wheredid you feale This Garland? ir was mine. Ama. For that I love it. Because it once was thing. Da. Forthat I hate it. Caufe it is thine, bad it been true to me. Methinks as foone as it had toucht thy head It should have withered. ama. Soit would have done Had it not firft touch't yours. Lawinda gave me This Garland, but nere told me of this accident, De. Alexis, you deale falfe, 'sis a conspiracy 'Twixt you and her. Alex. How can it? you know, Dames, I have not been one minute from your prefence. Da. You took your time when I was fleeping. Alex. Neither, Nor I nor you could fleep one wink this night, The expediation of this morning triall Did keep us bothawake Da. I doe not know, But there is fome trick in't, and Ileappeale (you fland From her too partial fentence Alex. I'le the while goe fetch Laurinda, the shall force Voto her triall.

Ama. Damon, thy hath language is more then death

Da.

Da. I doe charge you to teare the paper,
And refuse to judge between us.
Ama. No, I am resolved to write I determine,
Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist
Revenge thy scorn. Take it, but He prevent thee.
be strikes here

Ama. VVelcome death h.

From him all things are so. Damen fly hence,
Thou hast shed blood here in the Sacred Valley,
Make haste away or thou are lost for ever.

Dam. Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.

Exis. Damon.

Ama, What was it he faid laft >--- Thou haft indeed A time wherein thou maift revenge thy fcorn, --- With love, no otherwife: and there thou halt not Prevent me, Damon. I will write - This inke Deferves por to record the name of Damon. Tisblack and ugly, thou thy felfe has furnishe me VVith that of better colour. Tismy blood That's truly Cupids inke : love ought so write Only with that ; -- This paper is to courfe : O that I had my heart to write it there! But fo it is already. Would had ... A parenment made of my own skin, in that To write the truth of my affection, wat A wonder to pofferity .- Hand make haft As my blood does or I shall faint I feare Ere I have done my flory---

SCEN. 6.

Enter Dorylas. (kiffi Dor. These milke-maids are the daintiest rogues, they As sweet as sillibubs, surely Oberon Lives a delicious life! Ha who lyes here? A Nymph? If 'twere but now in Oberens power'
To fteale away her maiden-head, as the fleeps;
O twould be excellent fport, to fee how the
Would miffe it when the wakes; what mifery it is
To be a boy, why could not my good father
Have got me five years fooner? here had been
A purchase, well 'tis but five yeares longer
And I shall hope to feen merrier world.
No body neare too! S'lid the very thoughts
Enough to make me man o'the suddain, well
Jle kiffe her though.
Ams. Oh J faint.

Do. She dreames :

Now shall I know all secrets. These same women Are given so much to talke when they are awake That they prate seeping too.

Ama. My blood congeales

VVithin my quill, and I can write no more.

Dor. Love letters? the was troubled yesternight

About inditing, and the dreames on't now.
Poore fleepy fecretary!

Ama. I will fold it up

And fend ir; who's that's here > my eyes

Are dimme, ha, Dorylas !

Der. Now the dreames the gives it me to carry;
I halfe feare I use to carry letters in my fleep.
Wearying my selfe all night, and that's the reason
I am so loth to rise i'th morning.

Ama, Dory las, carry this letter for me.

Dor. I thought fo.

That's all that I can doe, carry their letters, Or runne of errands: well come five yeares hence They may imploy be better. Vnto whom is it?

Am

Ama. Unto Laurinda, take it. Der. How, a red Letter? Ama. Say I wish all health to her and Damon ; And being not able for to beare my griefes, I fought a remedy from mine own speare, and dyed Dor. How, dead? Oh me, See how her blood bath thain'd the holy walley ! Well you have done me wrong to kill your felte, Onely to have me facrific'd on the Alter. I nere deferv'dit, Ama. Feare not Doryles. Dor. Feare not, to dye fo like a Calfe? oh Dorylas oh. Ama, Good Dorylas be gone, whilft yet my breath Will give me leave to fay it was not you. Dor. See that you doe, and fo farewell. Ama. Farewell! How fearfull death is unto them, whele life Had any sweetnesse in it! my dayes have all

Had any sweetnesse in it! my dayes have all
Been so ore-worn with sorrow, that this wound
Is unto me rather a salve then sore,
More physicke then disease, whither my journey
Shall lead me now; through what darke hideous place,
Among what monsters, bags and snake-hair'd Puries,
Am I to goe, I know not: but my life
Hath been so spotesse, chast, and innocent,
My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason
(If there be gods) but to expect the best;
Yet what dork most torment me, is the thought
How long 'twill be ere I again enjoy
My Damon's presence: untill then, Elisium
Vill be no place of pleasure; and perchance
whan he comes thirher too, he then may slight me
As much as now- That very seare doth make thee

Die

Dye, wretched Amar, lin !

SCEN. 7. Enter Clajus,

el. How no feare.

Can make me lose the Father! Death or danger
Threat what you can? I have no heart to goe
Back to the mountaines, 'till my eyeshave seen
My Amaryllis.

Ama. O was ever love

So crofs'd as mine! was ever Nymph fowretched

As Amarytis?

Cl. Ha! I heard the found

Of Amarylis; where's that bleffed creature, That owes the name? are you the Virgin?

Ama. Yes,

That fatall name is mine, I shall anon

Be nothing but the name, cl. Ofpeak, what hand,

What barbarous Tygers issue, what curled whelp Of Beares, or Lyons, had the marble heart

To wound fo fweet a Nymph?

Ame, O fir, my blood

Calls none but fortune guilty, I by chance Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt my felfe.

Cl. Then I have hearbs to cure it: heaven, I thank the That didft inftered me hither! fill the blood
Flowes like a scarlet corrent, whose quick streams
Will not be checkt: speak Amarytia, quickly,
What hand this fir hath stain'd, upon whose soule
This blood writes murther; till you see the man
Before your eyes, that gave the hart, all hope

In Phylick is despaire: -- She will not speak,

And now the cure growes to the laft. Yer bere I have a receipt will revive her spirits. And 'till the last drop of her blood be clean meditine Exhausted from those azure veines, preferve her; & rubs But then thee's loft for ever! Then O ceres, her Tempes If there be any in thele groves, men, Virgin, Beaft, bird, or trees, or any thing detefting This horrid tad, reveale it! Sacred graffe Whose hallowed green this bloody deed hath fain'd, Aske nature for a tonghe to name the murtheret! Into the Temple, -- If this place contains Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion, If there be any god at home, or Prieft, Ompha or Oracle, Shrine, or Alear, speake Who did it: who is guilty of this finne, That dies the earth with blood, and makes the heavens Alham'd to Randa wirneffe ?

SCB N. 8.

Fiter Pilamous, Corymbia.

Pi. VVhat fad voyce
Disturbs our pious Orgyes?

Cor. See, Pilamous,
A Virgin allin gore,
Pi ceres defend us;
The Sacred Vastey is prophan'd,
cor. The place
So deare to ceres, all defil'd wich blood
Pi. By ceres, and her holy Ompha, hee
That didit, with his blood shall fatisfie.
The gooddesse anger: who by blood offends
By his own facrific'd, must make amends,
cl. I durst presume upon the power of Art,
Did I but know the murcheren.

Pilum, Howfoever Tis death to him that didit Cor. Speake his name Faire Virgin. Ama, O -Ifit be death to him That did it, Lhave not the power to live Behind him. Behind him.
Cor. Why, who was it then? Ama. My felfe. And therefore in my death you lawis fatisfied The blood and act both mine: Cl. Itis not fo. For had it been by her own hand, my skill Could have preserv'd her life. Ama. It was my felfe, Of one as deare, cl. VVho's that? Ama. Ile rather dye Then name him, thoughir be a name Iufe Oft to repeat, and every repetition Is a new foul unto me, 'tis a name I have taught the birds to caroll, every Laurell and Cedar beares it registred V pon his tender barke; it is a name In which is all the life I yet have left; A name I long to Speak : yet I had rather Dyeall the feverall forts of death rwice over Then speake it once, and the state of the st Ch I charge thee bythat duty Thou ow'ft to me, Amarylin, that thou owell to me V Vho gave thee life -- as all as I was a second

Fil- What should this mean Corymbus!

Of thy Dead mother, Lalage, cor. This is ffrange. Cl. Conceale him not! in plain, I am thy father Thy Father, Amarylin, that commands thee By these gray haires to tell me, I am Clajus. Pilum. How, clajus! and fo fortunately found! Claj m. I. glut your hate. Pilumnus; let your foule That has fo long thirfted to drink my blood, Swilleill my veines are empty; and carowfe Deep in my heart, till you grow drunk, and reele. And vomit up the furfet, that your cruelty Quaft off with fo much pleasure; I have flood Long like a facult Oake, at which great love Levels his thunder, all my boughes long fince Blaffed and wither'd; now the trunk falls too. Heaven end thy wrath in me!

Pilum. Bleffed be Ceres!

VVhat unexpected happinesse is here?
Rejoyce Sicilians miserable lovers,
Crowne all your browes with Roses, and adore
The Deity that sent him: he is come
whose blood must quench the fire of ceres wrath,
And kindle more auspicious slames of love
In every brest.

Cla. I, doe, I feare not death.

Let every Virgins hand when I am flaine Ring me a knell of Plaudits: let my Dirges Be amorous Dirties, and instead of weeping Dance at my funerall! 'Tis no griefe for me To dye to make my countrymen some sport. Here's one in whom I only wish to live Another age.

Ama. What joy have I tolive,

That nere liv'd yet? rhetime that I have spend Since first I wept, then, when I first had entrance Into this world, this cold and sorrow full world. Was but a scene of sorrow, wretched I! Fatall to both my Pareuts! For my birth Ruin'd my mather, and my death my Father. O Tragicklife! I either should have been Nereborn nor nere have dyed. When I began To be, my sin began, why should it then Out-live me? for, though now I cease to be, That still continues: Eyes, slow forth apace And be asham'd to see my wound run blood Faster then you dropteares.—

Enter Damon.

See here he comes Hisablence never untill new I wisht Da. My confcience brings be back, the feet of guilt Goe flow and dull, 'tis hard to run away From what we beare about us! ci. The murcherer Is in this place, the iffue of her blood Is ftop'do'th Indden. Cruell man, 'tis thou Haft done this bloody act, that will difgrace The story of our Nation, and imprint So deep a blemish in the age we live in For favage barbarisme, that eternity Shall nere weare out! Pilumnus, on my knees I beg the Juffice of Sicilian laws Against this monster. Pi. Chaim, 'tis your hate, And old revenge instructs you to accuse My fon, you would have fellowes in your death. And to that purpole you presend, I know het

What

What my keries of art!

Cl. Speak Amaryllis

I'st not this VVolf?

Pilum. Say, Virgin was it he?

Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for flopping!
This coward ebbe against my will betraies me;
The streame is turn'd, my eyes run faster now,
Pil. Can you accuse my son?

Ama. By ceres no;

I have no heart rodoc it : does that face Look cruell > does those eyes sparkle with hate, Or malice ? Tell me, Father, looks that brow As it it could but frown? Say, can you think Tis possible Damon should have the heart To wound a Virgin? furely barbarous cruelty Dwells not in fuch a breft, mercy, and mildnesse, Courtefie, love, and sweetnesse breath in him, Not anger, wrath, or murther ; Damon was not Fed at a Thracian teat, Venus did fend Her Dovesto nurse him, and can he be cruell ? Whence should be learn so much of barbarism As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound me Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind god Whets his pil'darrowes; He befides, you know, Had never cause to wrong me, for he knows Alwayes I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong An innocent; his foul is white, and pure, Tis finge to think there lives a finge in him Impiety to accuse him.

Cl. In his lookes

He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange And obstinate silence; shame, and his conscience Will not permit him to deny it. Ama. Tis, alas .--

His modeft, bathfull nature, and pure innocence That makes him fil nt : think you that bright role That buds within his cheeks, was planted there By guilt of fhame ano, he has alwayes been So unacquainted with all act of finne, That but to be suspected ftrikes him dumb With wonder and amazement. For by Cores (I think my oath be lawfull) I myfelf V Vas cause of this. Cla. Still Laur confident

Has wounded her. Ama. Indeed it was not he,

Twas he;

Pi. Itis your envy makes you fe. SCEN. Q.

Alexis, Laurinda. Lau .- I will Alexis. And fo he must if oathes be any tye. Alex. To lovers they are none, we breake those bonds Ascafily as threds of filke: A bracelet Made of your maidens haire's a flronger chaine Then twenty coow eboathes; while we break, Venus but laughs : it muft be your perfwafion That works him to it-Lau, Damon, you must stand To what you promis'd, how shall I believe Thole other oathes you fweare, it you refped This one no better > it was my device To have her judge, was it not, Amarylin? How, all in blood! Cl. Yes this unmerciful man. (If he be a man that can doe fuch a crime)

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pil. You fee her felfe frees bime Lau. VVhenlaft we left hee She was with Damon. Ama. Pray believe her nor. She fpeaks it out of anger, I nere faw Damon to day before. Alex. And when we left'em He was incens'd Amar. You are no competent withelic: You are his Rivall in Laurinda's love And speak not truth but malice; 'tis aplot Toruin innocence. Lau. O ungratefull man! The wolfe that does devoure the breft that nurft is Is not fo bad as thou : here, here, this Letter Th'eternall Chronicle of affection, That ought with golden characters to be writ In Cupids Annall, will (falle man) convince thee Of fonle ingraritude: you hall heare me read it. The Letter

Laurinda, you have put it unto me
To cluse a housband for you, I will be
A indge impartiall, upright, Inst, and true,
Yet not so much anto my selfe as you.
Alea. Now I expect to heare my blessed doome.
Lau, Alexis well deserves, but Damon more,
I wish you him I wisht my selfe before
Alex. O I am tuin'd in the height of hope
How like the hearb Solstitiall is a lover!
Now born, now dead again, he buds, sprouts forth,
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute.
Lau. Take him the best of men, that ever eye,
Beheld, and live with him for whom I dye

Amarylia.

Here look on't-

Dam. Writ with blood? O let me kiffe my bill of accusation: here my name Looks like my soul, all crimson, every line, Word, syllable, and letter, were the livery Of my unnaturall action. Amaryllis That name of all is black, which was alone Worthy so pretious ink; as if disdaining The character of cruelty, which the rest Were cloath din: for asl f that word alone Did wear this mourning colour, to be waile The funerall of my vertue, that lyes buried Here in this living tombe, this moving sepulchre; Lau. Know murtherer I hate thy bed, and then Vnkinde, unthankfull villaine,

Ama. Nay, Laurinda. You have bound your felfe to fland to my award, The fentence now is paff, and you must love him, It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd, He is not guilty of this fiane, his love To me for mine, makes him against his conscience Seem to confesse it, but believe him not. Law. Nor will I, he is all falshood, and ingratitude. Da. Laurinda, you may spare in this harsh language To utter your diffike: had you a besuty More then immoreall, and a face whose glory Far out-shin'd Angels, I would make my chorce Here, and no where but here; her vertue now Moves a more noble flame within my breft Then ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd More ofher foul, then ever yet I doted Vpon your face, I do confesse the fact; Pardon me vertuous maid, for though the action

Be worthy death, the object most condemns me!
Take me to death corymbus, Amaryllu
I goe to write my story of repensance
With the same inke, wherewith thou wrote before
The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Corymb. Dam.

Pil. Laurinda and Alexu, do you call The Sheapheards, and the Virgins of Sicilia To fee him faerific'd, whole death mult make Their loves more fortunate; this day shall be Happy to all Sicilians, but to me. Yet come thou curled Clajus, the fweet comfort Which I shallrake when my revenge isdone, Will fomething cafethe forrow for my forme. Cla. Amary lyis, prethee call Amyntas to me, And Theftylis: I tains would have mineeye Behold them once again before I dye. Exit. Pil. Cle. Ale. Come my Lauriuda, through fo many chances, Suspicions, errors, forrowes, doubts, and feares Love leads us to our pleasures! many stormes have we fail'd through my Sweet, but who could feare A tempeff, that had hope to hatbourhere?

Exis. Alex. Lan.

Amaryllis fola.

Amar. All, all but the diffressed Amaryllis
Are happy, or lesse wretched; taire Laurinda
Is ready for a wedding, old Pilumnus
Hath lost a sen, yer mittigates his griefe
In Clajus death, my father Clajus dyes,
Yet joyes to have the sonne of his old enemy
A parener of his forrowes; my father loses
Onely himselfe, and Damon too no more;
Amyuras but a tather, only I
Have lost all these; I have lost Clajus, Damon,

And my felfe too; a father with Amontas, And all the rest in Damen, and which more Affects me, Lam cause of all; Pilumnus Had not elfe loft his sonne, nor had Amyutas Wept for a father; nor poore Thestylia Bewail'd a Brother ; Damon might have liv'd, And Clajus but for me; all circumftances Concurre to make my miseries compleat, And forrowes perfect; for I have loft my father As foon as I had tound him, and my Damon As foon as I had found he lov'd me: thus All I can find is loffe; O too too wretched, Distressed Virgin I when they both are dead Vifit their aftes, and first weep an houre On Clajes Urne, then go, and fpend another At Damen's, thence againe goe wet the tombe Of the dead father, and from thence returne Back to thy lovers grave, thus fpend thy age In forrowes; and till death doe end thy cares Betwixt thefetwo equally thare thy teares. Finis Actin quarti.

ACTUS S. SCEN. 1.

Dorylas, and a Chorus of Smaines.

Der. Ome neighbours let's goe see the Sacrifice
Must make you happy lovers, oh 'twill be
A fortunate season! Father Corydon,
You and old mother Bauss shall be friends.
The sheep hook and the distasse shall shake hands.
You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kissing,
Kissing and culling, culling and kissing, heighday,
In hope it will be one day so with me
I am content to live. Now lets ascend.

Amynta.

S.C.B.N. 2. Alexis, Laurinda, Mederini.

Alex. Now my Laurinda, now, (O happy now!) All lets that flood between my joy and me Are gone and fled, Lau. Long, O too long, Alexia Mydoubtfull fancy wavered whom to love, Damen, or you; in both was happinetle, But double happinefle was my fingle mifery. So far'dit once, Alexis, (for I well Remember it) with one of my poore ewes, Equally mov'd between two tufts of graffe, This tempting one way, that entifing t'other. Now the would this, then that, then this again Vntill poore foole (true emblembe ofher miftreffe) She almost flarv'd in choosing which to feed on; At laft (fo heaven pitied the innocent foole) A western gale nipeone, which being blasted She fed upon the other.

Alex. Pretty foole, lets now no more deferre our nupatiallioyes.

Medor. How sweet a folly is this love ! But rash youth,

(As youth is rash) runs in discreetly on,
While nature judgement ripened by experience
Stayes for loves season.
Alex. Season? why, can love
Be ever out of season?
Med. Yes, Alexis,
Nothing's borne ripe, all things at first are greene
Alex. Lau. And such shall our affection still be seasoned.
Med. You are too hasty reapers that do call

For Sicklesin the Spring.

Alex. Loves harved fhalle (Lovers you know) his harvest ought to be All the geardlong. Law. In Cupids husbandry. Who reapes not in the (pring reapes not at all. Med Women indeed too loone begin their falls Yet rill curft Clapes dye, as now he muft, Alexis and Laurinda, let my counfell, Affwage the heat of youth: pray be perfwaded A while for to defer your nuptiallbliffe; 'Tis but a while. Alex. A while in lov's an age, Lau. Maids in a while grow old. Med. Temperloves fire, Alex- 'Tis bur cold love that's temperate in defre Med. Yerloving paire, flay till a fairer gale; He deferves thipwrack, ('Tis the Mariners flout) And justly too, that in a storme fers out. Lan. I will suppresse my flame, (ah still it glowes,) Alen. And I, but how unwilling Capid knowes ! Med. Tis well; now let's goe take ourplace, to fee

S CEN. 3.
Ameryllis.

For our fad griefes a fader remedy.

Amar. - Yes it was he shee's in the Temple brother,
A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,
Yet is to him a prison; can you gods
suffer the placethat's reard unto your honours
Be made so vile a thing?
Amyn. Pray give me entrance:
I amnot mad, (and yet I would I were)
Am I not mad to wish so? let me come
And see him, sure you had your self a father;

I

M

H

M

M

Io M

Io.

M

Did you not wish to see him ere he dyed;

If he be dead, wee'l only praya while,

And weep; will tearer possure the hallowed Ompha;

For we must shed them, yes we cannot chooses

Come sister, he will let us, for though Lalage

Was our sad mother, yet the gods will let us

weep for her: come, come Amaryllis, come.

SCEN. 4. Mopfus. locastus.

recast. Brother, aread, what means his gracious favour?

Mop. It fignifies you beare the bell away,

From all his Graces Nobles.

To. Divinely Augour'd !

For this I'le make thee Augur to his grace.

Map. B elwether of Knighthood, you shal binde me to you to. I'le hav't no more a sheep-bell; Jam Knight

Of the Mellisonant tingle tangle

Mop. Sure one of my progeny: tell me gracious brother V Vas this Mellison ant Tingle tangle none

Of old Afterns hounds >

Io. Ignerant mortall!

Thou doft not under fand the terms of honour.

Mep. How should I fir my trees beares no fuch Apples.

10. As mine, th'Hesperian fruit are crabs to mine, Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.

Mop. The fame whereof tings lowd,

To. VVc know it.

Map. Fourefuch Knighthoods more ...
VVould make an excellent peale.

10. I'le have'em fo

Mop. Bur you muft ger a Squirrell too.

10. For what?

M.p. To ring your Knighthoods,

It. I'le have any thing,

His grace will not deny me, O lweet Orchard!

Mop. To lee the fruit that came of fuch an Orchard!

Io. But shall we not lee Clajus facrific'd?

Mop. Oh by all meanes.

Io. But how efferv'd he death?

Mop. No matter for deferving it or no;

Tis fit he suffer for examples sake.

Io. And not offend?

Mop. 'Tis fit he should offend.

They take their places.

SCEN. S.

Pilumnus with a facrificing knife, fire laid on the Alta, a Priest holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Priest powering water on Clajus head, who was bound: Co-cymbus leading out Damon bound.

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and Religion Are at contention in me, my fad foule Divided twist my Goddeffe and my fonne, Would in her ftrange diffractions, either have me Turne Parricide or Apostate: Awfull Ceres, For whom I feed the fattelt of my Lambs, To whom I fend the holieft of my prayers V pon the fmonky wings of sweetest Myrch. Inftruct thy doubtfull Flumen! as I cannot Forget I am thy Prieft; for fooner shall Our Lambs forget to feed, our Swaines to fine. Our Bees forget first from the fruitfull Thyme To call them bags of Nectar : every thing Forget his nature, ere I can forget lam thy Priest: Nor can I but remember That Domen is my lonne, yet take him Ceres ! Hen weed not powre water upon his head,

I'le doe it with my teares. Ceres I hope
Thy anger will not bind the Fatherseye
To look into the bowels of his fonne,
I'le therefore first spill on thy hallowed Alter
This Captives blood; and then retire my selfe
Not to be present at my Damons death,
Left Nature might turne Rebell to devotion.

SONG.

Ceres, to whom we owe that yes We dee not Maft and Acorns eat ? That didft provide us bester meat, The pureft flower of fineft wheat, This blood we foill at thy defire, To kindle, and to quench a fire. O let it quench thy flame of ire, And kindle mercies more entire. Olce this guilty blond at one For every poore untuckie one; Nymph, or Smaine, who ere doe grone Vnder fad loves imperious throne. That love a happier age may fee In shy long tortur'd Sicily. That blend which must the atonement be Thus goddeffe, thus me pay to thee, Amyntas Amaryllis.

Amyn. Stay, flay that impious hand, whole halfy zeals. Thinks murder can appeale the goddeffe wrath! If it be murder must appeale her wrath, what is 't can move her anger? Doe not then, Doe not pollute her Alter, lest it keepe. The crimson staine of blood, and blush for ever, As this too cruell, ignorant devotion.

Pil. Avoid the mad mah, sand a read ward in his Amyn, VVhy Pilumans, why? By the dread Ompha, spare this guilty blood, And I'le expound the Oracle What fire has yer his blood or quench's or kindled? Pil. Why it hath quenche the fadder flames of love. And more auspicious fires begin so move, Amin. Where ? in what breft? No love in all Yringeria But under cupids scepter faints and groanes More now then ever. Thy unfortunate Damon. And more unfortunite Ameryllis frand A fad example : thy Pranie (O fad (weet name!) may with her poore Amontas Witneffe his tyrannous reigne here in Sici ia, Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchaft. The very Pelicans of Tringerian woods Are found unnaturall, and thirft the blood Oftheir young broods (alas who can believe it?) Whom they were wont to fuckle with their own O wretched feafon ! Bitter fruits of leve! The very Storks with us are Parricides. Naveven the fenfeleffe trees are fenfibie Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine (The happy Embleme once of happier lovers) That with fuch amorous twines, and close imbraces Did eling about the loved-loving Eline. V Vien flacker branches now falls down and withers. If then to adde more fuell to the flame, Topowrein oyle and fulphure bere quenchit, The flame is quench'd: Norare you he Pilumnus, That must expound the Oracle, 'tind wit Such as mine is, neglected, that must his The goddeffe meaning: you, the living Oracle

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Of Sicilie, the breathing Ompha of the Kingdom, Will misconceive the goddeffe; you are wife Skil'd in the vertues of all hearbs, and flowers. What makes our Ewes can beft, what keeps them found? Can tell us all the myferies of heaven, The number, height, and motion of the flare. Tis a mad braine, an intelled you fcorne That must unite this Riddle. Pit. But I know The wrath of ceres cannot be appear'd But by the blood of Claim. Amyn Soit is. Pil. How can that be; yet his accurled gore Hath not imbru'd the Altar. Amyn, But his blood Hath been already fied in Amaryllis : She is his blood, fo is Vrania yours, And Damon is your blood, that is the blood The goddeffe aymes at, that muff ftill herire, For her blood hath both quench't and kindled fire Pil. VVhat bath it quencht or kindled? Anyn. Love, the fire That must be quench't, and kindled, Damons love To his Laurinda in chat blood extinguish'd, Is by that powerfull blood kindled anew To Amarylin, now growne his defire ? Thus Clajus blood hath quench'd and kindled fres All, Aminen, Amytens, Amprens, Amynens. Pil. And is the fire of my Damon kindled, But to bequench't againe : Cores ! a froft Dwellon thy Alters, ere my zeal rene w Religious fires to warm em. dagn. Spare thefe blafphemies, ...

For Damon is required and affoil'd Of any trefpaffe. Pil. How Amyntas? Speak! Thou that haft fav'd a Father, fave a fonne, Amja. Thus, Amaryllis is the facrifice The goddelle aym'd at : and the blood of facrifice (As you all know) may lawfully be fpile Even in the Hely vale, and for it was ; Befides vour Damon is a Prieft by birth And therefore by that title, he may fpill The facrificed Amaryliu blood. If this interpretation be not true. Speake you Sicitions, I'le be judg'd by you. All, Amyneas, Amynens, Amyneas, Amintas. Pil. Amyntas, thou haft now made full amends For my Phylabus death; claim allenvy Envy the Viper of a venemous foule Shall quit my breft : This is the man, Sicilians, The man to whom you owe your liberties; Goe Virgins, and with Roles frow his way. Csowne him with Violets, and Lilly wreathes : Cut off your golden treffes, and from them Weave him a robe of love: Damon, pay here The debt of duty that thou ow'ft to me; Hence was thy feeond birth. Du Orhitherrather: The Balfome of Sicilia flowed from hence, Hencefrom this fearlet torrent, whose each drep Might ranfome Cupid were he captive tane. Amer. How much owe Imy Damon, whose bleft hand

Made me the publique facrifice ! could I shed As many drops of blood, even from the heart, As Arethufa drops of water cans

I would out-vie her at the fulleft tide! That other Virgins loves might happy be, And mine my Damon be as bleft in thee. elai. O what a shower of joy falls from mine eyes! The new too fortunate Claims I my Amentas, My Amerylie, how shall I divide My teares and joyes betwixt you! Pil. Lovers come. Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes, And finging Hymnes to Ceres, walk around This happy village, to expresse our glee, This day each year shall cupids triumphs be. Amyn. Still my impossible Dowry for Frania Leaves me unfortunate in the mid'ft of joy; Yet out of piery I will here a while (Though bleft I am nor 'cill fhe be my bride) In publicke joyes lay private grietes afide, Exent. sum Chora constantium.

Io. And I'le goe feech the youngsters of the Town,
The morrall Faries, and the Lasses browne,
To bring spic'd cakes, and Ale, to dance and play;
Queen Mab her selfe shall keep it holy-day. Exit.

Mop. Als Doryler that I could not have the wit
To have been a mad man rather than a foole,
I have lost the credit.

Dor. Tis no matter,
You shall have Thestylis.

Mop. Shall I, Doryles,
I had as live interpret her as Oracles

(you-Dor. And here the comes; give me your quaile-pipe, hark

Exit.

Mop. Now Theffylis, thou shalt mine Oracle be,
M 3 Hence

Henceforth I will interpret none but thee.

Thef. Why have the birds (my Mopfer) counfel'd fo?

Mop. They fay I muft, whether you will or no.

Thef. How know I that?

Mop. The birds doe fpeak it plain. | Dorylas with a

Hark Theftylis, the birds fay to again.

Thef. I understand them not.

Mop. VVill you be judg'd

Byth'next we meat?

Thef. Mopfus, I am content,

So you will Rand unto it as well as T.

Mop. By Ceres, Theflylis, most willingly.

Enter Dorylas. Mop. Ha Dorylas, heard you what the birds did fay,

Der. I Mopfus, you area happy man to day.

Mop. VVhat faid they boy?

Do. As if you did not know.

Mop. But Theftylis

Dor. VVhy fure the understandsit,

Have you to her this language never read?

Mop. No, Dorylas, I canteach her best in bed,

Dor. The birds faid twice: (as you tull well doe know)

You must have Theffylis whether she will or no.

Thef. And I am caught? Tis no great maner though, For this time Mopfus I will marry thee;

The next I wed, by Pan, shall wifer be!

Mep. And have I got thee ? thanks my witty boy.

Dor. Hark Theftylu, the birds do bid you joy.

Thef. For fooling Mopfes, now tistime give are,

Mop. Mad man I may, but will be toole no more.

Thef. Mad after marriage as a foole before.

For he's a foole that weds, all wives weing bad;

And thee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

SCEN.

quale pipe,

SCEN. 6.

Iocaftus with a Morrice, bimfelfe Maid marrien,

Der. See, Maries, fee, here comes your Fairy Brother, Hark you, for one good turne deferves another,

Breunt. Dor, Mop.

Iocast. I did not think there had been such delight. In any mortal Morrice, they doe caper Like quarter Fairies at the least : by my Knight-hood, And by this sweet Medisonant Tingle tangle. The ensigne or my glory, you shall be Of Oberons Revell,

Bro. V Vhat to doe I pray?
To dance away our Apples?
Iocast. Surely mortall,

Thou art not fit for any office there.

Enter Darylattike the King of Fairies, Mopfes. Is. See blind mortall, fee, With what a port, what grace, what Majefly This Princely Oberon comes, your Grace is welcome, Do. A beauteous Lady, bright, andrare, Quene Mab her felfe is not fo faire, Io. Does your grace take me for a woman then? Do. Yesbeauteous Virgin? Thy each part Has shot an arrow through my heart; Thy blazing eye, thy lip fo thin, Thy azure check, and chriftall chin, Thy rain bow brow, with many Arofe; Thy saphyre eares, and rubie note, All wound my foulc, O gentle be Or Lady you will ruin me, lo. Bromiss, what shall I doe ? I am no woman? If gelding of me will preferve your grace,

VVid

VVithall my heart. Bro, No Maffer, les him rather Steale away all your Orchard Apples. Io. I, and fhall, Beaucous Queen Mab may lofe her longing elfe. Do. How's this ? are you no woman then; Con fuch bright beauty live with men ? 10. An't plcafe your grace, l'am your Knight locafins, Dor. Indeed I thought no man but he Could of fuch perfed beauty be. To. Cannot your Grace diftill me to a woman? Der. I have an hearb, they Moly call. Can change thy fhape (my fweet) and shall. To tafte this Mely but agree. And thou thalt perfect woman be. Io. With all my heart; ne're let me move But I am up to the cares in love. But what if I doe marry thee? Dor. My Queen lacafa thou halt be,

Io. Sweet Moly! pray let Browing have some Moly too, Hee'l make a very preity waiting maid (ready Brow. No indeed for ooth, you have Ladies enough alio. Halfe your efface then give to me,

Elfe, you being gone, there none will be, Whose Orchard I dare here frequent,

10. Sweet Oberon I am content.

Dor. The other halfe let Mopfus take.

10. And Theflytin a joynture make.

Bro. Why Master are you mad?

Our Grace has said it, and it shall be fo.

Bro. What, will you give away all your estate?

You Theflylis shall be our maid of honour. Thef. I humbly thank your Grace. 10. Come Princely Oberon. I long to taffe this Mely : pray beflow The Knight-hood of the Mellifanan single tangle Upon our brother Mopfus, we will raife All our house to honours. Men. Gracious fifter-! 10. I alwayes thought I was born to be a Quoene. Dor. Come let us walke, Majeftique Queene. Offairy mortalls to be ken. In chaires of Pearle shou plac't hall be, saim a freit And Emprefies fall entythee, de at the Maniano VV hen they behold upon our throne ball a bank Salk Jocaffa with her -- Dorylas. All, Ha, ha, hale vom and and the line with a factor Io, Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and foold? Mop. Alas fir you were borne to bea Queene. Io. My lands, my livings, and my Orchard gone ? Der. Your grace hath faid it, and it must hefe. Bro. You have enough befide in Fairy land. (honour? Thef. What would your Grace command your maid of Dor. Well I reftore your lands; onely the Orchard I will referve for feare Queene Mab should long. Mop. Part l'le reftore unto my liberall fifter In liew of my great Knight-hood. Theft. Partgive I, tothat 10. Jam beholding to your liberality. Bro. I'le fomething give as well as doe the ren. Take my fooles coat for you deferve it beft. In I shall grow wifer, Der. Obeson will be glad on'e.

who property that it is a property with

Thef. I must goe call Frania that the may Come vow Virginity

Of

SCEN. Town and son their

Pilumnu, Amintas, dec. Anyn. Ceret, I doe thanke thee, That I am author of this publike joy, aban and it Bur is it justice (goddesse) I alone Should have no there in't, every one I fee. I happy busmy felfe that made 'em fo, And my Vrania that should most be fo. I thirft a midft the Bowles, when others fit Quaffing of Nectar,) but hold the cup; And fland a fadder Tantalus of love. Starving in all this plenty; cere's demand Feeds me with gall; ftretching my doubtfull thoughts On manythouland racks: I would my Dowry VVere all the gold of Tage, or the ore Of Bright Pattalus channell :- But Vrania, divid Tis hid, alas I know not what it iss stomed) Lost was Him a select diguate a ration Y can a

is last mortine SCB N: 8. The last of the last

Vania, Theflylir.

My Theliglie, fince first the Sea-gods Trident Did rule the fmall three pointed peece of earth wall al If this our conquering foile, it has not been A place of fo much flory as to day, So full of wonders : O'twill ferve (my Theffylis) For our discourse when we goe fold our Ewes, and the T Thefe Sheapheards that another day shall keep Their Kids upon thele mountaines thall for ever Relate the myracle to their wondring Nymphs,

Amontas.

Ofmy Vrania it will fill their cares VVich admiration.
Thef, Sir, Vrania's here,
Amyn, How I in this habit! This methinks befits not VVich admiration. A Lover, my Prania Ura. Yes Amyatas. This habit well befits a Virgins life, For fince my Dowry never can be paid, Thus for thy fake I'le live and dye amaid. Amyn. O is it just, fo faire an one as you Should vow Virginity ? must the facred womb Of my Vrania fit to have brought forth A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren? Mever expect Lucina? shall this beauty. Live but one one age? how curs'd's our posterity. That fhall have no Vrania's ! can one Tomb Containe all goodnesse? Cores rather blaft The corne thou gav'ft us : let the earth grow barren, Thefe trees and Bowers wither cternally, Let our Plowes toyle in vain, and let there he No more a harvest : every lotte is small, Yea though the Phanix felfe should burne to ashes And nere revive again ; but let there be Some more Prania's--Pil. Tis necessity, VVe must obey. Amyn, But yet Vrania, I hope we may fometimes come pray together, Tis not prophane, and midft our facred Orifons Changea chafte kiffe or two; or shall I too Turne Virgin with thee >-- But I foole my felfe. The gods intend to croffe us, and in vaine We ftrive (Vrania) to crofle them agains. Frania

France kneeding before the O mpha. Vra. Great ceres for thy daughter Proferpines fake Ravish by Plute from Sicilian plaines To raigne with him Queen of Elifan fhades, Accept the facrifice of a Virgin, for It is thy pleasure, thine, by whom the earth And every thing growes fruitfull, to have me Be ever barren ; Thy impossible Dowry Makes medispaire tobe Amyness bride, Therefore that cold chaft frow that never thould Have melted but betwire his amorousarmes I vow unto thy Cloyfter (Awfull Goddeffe!) Almighty Ceres, is not this life holy Echo Folly Better then live in an unhappy love? Echo. Happy love Be judge ye woods, and let Amyatan speak

Ec. Amontas Speak. Pil. The Goddeffe is well pleas'd. The daines to answer By gracious Beho's; goe Amontai (peak, Amintas, Why, will the answer me before Pranja ? No, 'Twas the mulique of her Angels voyce. Whose beavenly Accents with such charming notes Ravish'd the Goddesse eares, the could not choose But beate a part in that harmonious fong: Yet if the will after fuch melody

Endure to heare the harsh Amyntas speak. Ee. Amyntas Speak.

When wilt thou think my torments are enow? Eche. Now.

Ec, Hope it. Alas, how is it possible I should hope it? How shall I pay the Dowry that you aske me? Echo, Askeme.

I aske a Dowry to be made a husband, Esbo. A Hurband.

Anfwer

Answer directly to what I faid laft. Echo. VVhat I faid laft. A Husband, ceres? why is that the guelle? That which I have not, may not, cannot have--I have not, may nor, cannot have a Husband. Tis true | am a man, nor would I change My fexe, to be the Empresse of the world. Vrania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my lelfe; A Husband, take it Vran. Tis the richest Dowry That ere my most ambicious prayers could beg! But I will bring a portion, my Amyntas, Shall equall it, if it can equall'd be : That which I have not, may not, cannot have Shall be thy portion, tisa Wife, Amyntas Amy, Should greater Queens wood me in all their Pride And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds. I should prefer this portion for the best. Thanks Cores, thathalt made us both be bleft. Echo. Be bleft.

Clai Pilumnus, let us now grow young againe, And like two trees robd of their leafy bowes. By winter, age, and Boreas keener breath, Sprout forth and bud again: This spring of joy Cutsforty yeares away from the gray summe. Once more in triumph let us walk the Villag. Pilum. But first I will intreat this company. To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilum

Pilumnus Epilogizes.

LL Loves are happy, mone wish us there be, A Now ficke of councile, as unconfiancy. The wealthy fammes of kiffes doe amount To greater | cores then curious art can sount! Each eye what upon his Miftru face, And every Arme is lockt in Some embrace: Each check is dimpled; every lip doth fmile: Sach bappineffe I wifh this bleffed Ife, This little world of Lovers: and left you Should thinke this bliffe no reall joyes pur true, Would every Lady in this orbe might fee Their loves as bappy, as we fay they be i And for your gentleyouths, whose sender bearts Are not Shot-proofe gainft love and Cupids darts ; Thefe are my Prayers (I would those prayers were charms) That each bad here bis Miftreffe in bis armes . True Lovers (for sis truth gives love delight) To you our Author onely meanes to write. If he bave pleas'd) as yet he doubtfull flands) For his applause clap lips inflead of Hands. He bees nor Boyes, nor Ivy; onely shis, Seale bis mifhe Plaudice with an amprous Kiffe.

Excunt Cantantes.

FINIS.

ARISTIPPVS, THE IOVIALL

Secretaria de Arabah Se Arabah S

PHILOSOPHER.

Presented in a private Shem,

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED PEDLER.

Omnis Ariftippum decuit Color, & flatus & res.

Semel infanivimus.



LONDON, Printed in the Yeere, 1652.

S F V B II T A A G D T T A O A Sh

THE PRELUDIUM,

Shewes having beene long intermitted, and forbidden by anthority for their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring.

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

E nor deceiv'd, I have no bended knees No supple tongue nor speeches feep'd in Oyle. No candied flattery, nor honied words, I come an armed Prologue: arm'd with arts, Who by my facred charms and mystick skill, By vertue of this all commanding VV and Scolne from the fleepy Mercury, will raise From black Abiffe and footy hell, that mirth. Which fits this long dead round, Thou long-dead Show Breake from thy Marble prison, sleep no mote In myrie darkeneffe, henceforth I forbid thee To bathe in Lethe's muddy waves, ascend As bright as morning from bet Tithens bed. And red with kiffes that have flain'd thy cheeke, Grow fresh again : what ? is my power concemned ? Doft thou not he are my call, whose power extends To blaft the bosome of our mother Earth? Toremove heavens whole frame from of her binges, As to reverse all Natures lawes ? Alcend, Or I will call a band of Furies foorth. And all the torments wit of hell can frame Shall force thee up. Tates

Enter Show whipe by two Furies. Show. O spare your two officious whips a while. Give some small respit to my panting limbs, Let me have leave to speak, and truce to parlie, Whose powerfull voyce bath forc't me to salure This hated ayre! are not my paines sufficient, But you must torture me with the fad remembrance Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile? Prolog. This thy release I seeke, I come to file Those heavy shackles from thy wearied limbs, And give the leave to walke the Stage again, As free as vertue : Burne thy withered Bayes, And with freth Laurell crownethy facred Temples, Caft off thy maske of darkenelle, and appeare As glorious as thy fifter Comedy. But first with teares wash off that guilty finne. Purge out these ill digested dregges of wit, That ule their inke to blot afpotleffe fame, Let's have no one particular man traduc'd. But like a noble Eagle seaze on vice, As the flyes bold and open, sparethe persons, Let us have simple mirth, and innocent laughter; Sweet smiling lips and such as hide no fangs, No venemous biting teeth, or forked tongues. Then shall thy freedome be restor'd again, And full applaule be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here protest, I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice, I will not touch such men as I know vicious, Much lesse the good: I will not dare to say, I hat such a one pay'd for his fellowship, And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer Need seare the sting of my detraction, I'le give all leave to fill their guts in quiet: I make no dangerous Almanacks, no guils,

No Posts with envious News and biting Packets, You need not fearethis Show, you that are bad, It is no Parliament: you that nothing have Like Schollars, but a Beard and Gowne, for me May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill Shall beg but honest laughtet and such smiles As might become a Cato: I shall give No cause to grieve that once more yet I live.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beagles of hell avant,

Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies?

Prolog. Here take these purer robes, and clad in these.
Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreate
Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and taste, and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show .!

Prolog. Sir, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
I come to have my mirth approved, not Skill:
Your laughter all I begge, and where you see
No jest worth leughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPUS,

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundam gradum incompossibilitatis. What should this Scotus meane by his possibilities & incompossibilities? my cooper, Rider, Thomas and Minshew, are as farre to seek as my self: not a word of compossibilitas or incompossibilities is there. VVell, I know what I'le do. I have heard of a great Phylosophere I'le try what he can doe; They call him Aristippus, Aristippus: sure a Phylosophers name. But they say he lies at the Dolphin, & that methinks is an ill signes yet they say too, the best Phylosophers of the townersee

NZ

lie from thence: they say 'tis a Taverne too; for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the town but the Schooles and Arifotles well: but fince I am come thus farre, I will enquire: for this fathe compossibilities or incompossibilities sticks in my stomack.

Knocks

Boy within, Anon, Anon Sir, Sim. What Phylosophy is this?

Knocks

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters .

Boy. Pleafe you fee a Roome Sir? what would you have Sir?

Sim. Nothing but Aristippus.

Boy You shall Sir. Exit.

Sim. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it lookes like a Greene Fish: what's yonder, Greek too? now surely it is the Phylosophers Motto: Hipathi hapathi, aut disee, aut disede incontinenter, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pinte of Ariftippus to the Barre.

Enters,

Boy. Here Sir.

Sim. Ha what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for Ariftippus Sir ?

Sim, The great Phylosoper lately come hither.

Boy, Why, this is Arifippus,

Som. Verily then Arifippus is duplex, Naminalis & Rialis; or else the Phylosopher lives like Diogenes in dolis: the President of Hogges-head Colledg: but I meane one Arifippus nationau, the great Phylosopher.

be Schollars in the house, l'ie send them to you! Anon, anon Sir, I cannot be here and there too. Anon anon Sir.

Simp. This boy would have but a falacy upon mee, in

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he. He has not a jot of Language more then Anon, anon Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education. This poore wretch knows not what a Phylosopher meanest To see the simplenesse of these people; They doe every thing a zawe, and have not a jot, not an inch of zero in them. O what had become of mee, if I had not gone bare-foot to my Pracepter, with a Satchell at my back?

Enter two Schollars.

Slaves are they that heape up mountaines,
Still desiring more and more,
Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,
Never dreaming to be poore.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim,

For then me chinks my wits grow quicker, when my braines in liquer (wimme.

Ha brave Arifippus.

111

es

Poxe of Arittotle and Plate, and a company of dry Rafcalls: But hey brave Ariftippus

Sim. Certainly these are Aristippus his Schollars? Sir pray can you resolve me what is Gradus compossibilitatu?

I. Schol, what ayles thou, thou musing man?

Diddle diddle doot.

2. Schol. Quenebtby forrowes in a Canne, Diddle diddle doce.

Compossibilitas? why that's nothing man, when you ne's drinke beyond your poculum necessitatis, you are in gradu compassibili to all good fellowship: Come, hang Scotus, wee'l leade you to Aristopus, one Epitome of his in querto, is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thankyou in poculo Gratsarum. But what Phylosophy doth he read,

and what houres doth be keep?

day he powres forth his instructions, and fills you out of measure.

N 3

2. Hec.

2. Hee'l make the eyes of our understanding see double, and teach you to speak fluently, and utter your minde in abundance.

Sim Hath hemany Schollars, Sir?

1. More then all the Phylosophers in the Towne befides. He never rests, but is still cal'd for. Aristippus sayes one, Aristippus sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctors sometimes.

2. And as merry a man. There can be no Feast, but he is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3. Did you butonce heare him, you would so love his company, you would never after endure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the fight of him,

2. We will, brave boy: and when you have feene him. Youle thinke your felfe in another world, and forn to be your own man any longer.

Sim. But I pray you at what price reads he?

I. Why truly his price bath beene raised of late, and his

very name makes him the dearer.

2. A dilligent Le cturer deserves eight pence a pinttuition: Nay, if you will learne any thing, Scholler ship must be paid for. Academicall Simony is lawfull: Nay did you ever heare of a good preacher in a fat Benefice, unlesse his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for we shall have no more such in haste.

Enter Wild-man.

Sim. But who is this >

r. The University Ramist, a Mault Heretique; alias the Wild-man that is grown mad to see the daily resort to Aristippus: but let us leave him to his frenzies

But come you Lads that love Canary, Let us have a mad fegorie: Hether, hether, bether, bether, All good fellowes flocke together.

Exeant,

wild-man.

Braines, wits, fenfes, all flie hence : let fooles live limed in Cages: I am the Wild-man, and I will be wilde; is this an age to be in a manisright wits, when the lawfull ufe of the throat is fo much neglected, and ftrong drinklies fick on his death-bed? Tisabove the patience of a Molt-horfe, to feethe contempt of Barly, and not run mad upon't. This is Ariftippus Ariftippus, now a Divelor two take his red nos'd Phylosophy: Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle; but I'le be revenged: when next I meet him, I'le twift and twitth his bush beard from his Taverne face : Tis not his bipat hie hapithican carry him out, Lethim look to be foundlier dafh'd by me, then ever he was by Drawer for his impudence. I'le teach my Shanish Don a French tricke, He either plague him with a Poxe, or have some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of Muld-Cache: if he was not either fent hicher from the Britch Politique, or be not imployed by Spinela to feduce the Kings lawfull subjects from their allegiance to ftrong Beere, let me hold up my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe post, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I fay nothing, but he has blowne up good fore of men in his dayes, houses and lands and all. If they take no order with him here in the University, the poore Country were as good have the man in the Moone for their Paftor, as a Schollar. They are all fo infected with Arifippus his Arminianisme, they can preach no Doctrine but Sacke and red Nofes. Asfor the VVilde-man they have made him horn-mad already.

e

Enter a fellow crying wine pots.

Heighday there goes the Hunts up : this is the Mandrakes voice that undoe's me : you may hear him in faith.

This is the Devill of his that goes up and downe like a roaring

roaring Sheeps-head to gather his Pewter Library, I'le fit him I faith.

New you Calves-skin impudence, I'le thresh your lacket

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollars.

Arifip What a coyl's heere? what fellow's that? he lookes like a mad hogf head of March beere that had run out, and threatned a deluge: whats he?

1: O 'tis the wilde-man! a zealous brother that stands up against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine it a degree above the reputation of Aquavita.

2. I have heard him Sweare by his hora oftava, that Sack

and Rofa Sola is but water-grewell to it.

wild. O are thou there, Saint Dunstan? thou hast undone me, thou cursed Fryer Bacon, thou hellish Merlin: but I'le be revenged upon thet, 'I is not your Mephostopholis, nor any other spirits of Rubie or Carbunkle, that you can raise, nor your good father in law Doctor Faustus, hat conjures so many of us into your Wives Circle, that with all their Magicke, he shall secure you from my rage, you have set a spell for any mans comming into my house now.

Arift. VVhy , none of my credit hath choked up your

doores.

Wilde-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and I'le have the hang'd in Gibbets for murthering my Beere: I'le have theetried by a jury of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall

and difastrous Conjurer.

Arift. VVhy dost thou call me Conjurer? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elves to molest you: has Robin good fellow troubled you so much of lare? I scarce believe it, for I am sure fince lack and I came to Towne, your house hath not been so much hanned.

wilde-

wilde-man. I'l pur out thine eyes, Bon canario, I'l feratch thee to aromes, thou Spanish Guzman.

Arif. If he and his Beere will not be quiet, draw um

both out.

Wilde-man. Yet I'le be revenged, you raskal, I do no feare the Spanish inquisition, I'le runne to the Counsell, and betray thy villany; I'le carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken Cales, and might afterwards have conquered Lisbon, and Civell. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy ruste look't so like the Moon Crescent in 88, thy very breath is invincible, and stinks of an Armado.

Arif. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will

will metamorphofe us to balderdafh.

wilde-man. Well Diogenes, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'l be reveng'd on you, I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint Johns, not I.

1 Schol. Well Domine, though the hora oftava be not come, yet you may be gone. Kiche him. Exi,

Arif. Come Pupill, have you any mind to fludy my.

Phylosophy?

Sim. Yes Mehereule Sir, for I have alwaies accounted Phylosophy to be omnibus rehus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prime; and these Schoolmen have so puzled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of understanding themeither in summo gradu, or remisso I lay sicke of an Hacceitas, a fortnight, and could not sleep a winke for t; therefore good sir teach me as convinues as you can, and pray let it be conceptin verbis, and ex mente Phylosophi.

be admitted to my Lectures, you must be matriculated,

and have your name recorded in Albo Academia.

Sim. With all my heart Sir, and totaliter, for I have

as great a mind as materia prime to be informed with your infructions.

Arift. Give him the oath.

2 Schol. Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will taltus virtualis ferve the turne Sir?

2 Schol. No, it must be reale quid, & entra intellectum.
I Sim. Well fir, I will do it quoad potentiam obediencia-

lem.

Schol. First, you must sweare to defend the houour of aristippus, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives and Tap; sters, and professe your self a focusominalis, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 Schol, Kiffe the booke.

He drinkes

I Schol, Next, you shall sweare to observe the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by act of Parliament in the raigne of King Sigebers, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of Miser Colepge.

Schol. Kille the booke,

Drinkes againe.

Sim. Ifir, Secundem veritatem intrinfecam, & non e-

quivoce.

I Schol, That you keep all acts and meetings, tamprivatim, in private houses, quam publice, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute in tenebris, yet be not assessant reckonings: but alwaies and every where shew your felf so dilligent in drinking that the Proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 Schol. Kille the booke.

I Schol. Laftly, that you never walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and caffing Hood; especially when there is a Convocation, and of all things rake heed of running to the Alizes.

Sim. Is this the end, I pray you fir, is this the Find, I Shol.

2 Schol. It is Vlimum Sir.

Sim. How pray you fir, intentione, or execusione?

1 Schol, Enecutione, that followes the Affizes.

Sim. But methinks there is one Scrupulum, it seemes to be actus illisitus, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore contra formam flainti.

2 Schol, I bur therefore you are fworne to keep cuftoms.

Nonomnino fecundum formam flatuti.

Arift. What have you inrolled him in Albo > have you fully admitted him into the fociety, to be a member of the

body Academick?

Sim. Yes fir, I am one of your Pupills now, unitate numerica we have made an end of it, secondum ultimum complementum, & actualitatem,

Arift. VV ell then, give the attendance.

Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my Phylosophy, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious pallat: for the rest, I expell them my schooles, as sitter to heare Thales, and drinke water.

Sim. We will attend fir, and that bibulis auribus.

Arif. The many errours that have crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are spring from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack, drinking better studdied, we should have sewer Gownes and more schollars.

1 Schol. A good note, for we cannotfee wood for trees,

nor Schollars for Gownes.

Arif. Now the whole University is full of your honest fellowes, that breaking loose from a Yerke-shire Belfrey have walked to Cambridge with Satchells on their shoulders; these you shall have them study hard for foure or five years, to return home more fooles then they came: the reason whereof is drinking Colledgeaplash, that will lee them have no more learning, then they size; not a drop

of wit more then the Butler fets on their heads.

2. Schot. 'Twere charity in him to sconce'um sound-

ly, they would have but a poore Quantum elfe,

Arif. Others there be that spend their whole lives in Athens, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they
brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. Tis Beere that drownes their soules in
their bodies: Husons Cakes, and Paix his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned,
every prentice can jeere at their brave Cassokes, and laugh
the Velvet Caps out of countenance.

schol. And would it not anger a man of Art to be the

Scorne of a what lack you Sir;

Arift. Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behaviour: hence comes the Bridelike simpering at a Juffice of peace his Table, and the noteating methodically, when being laughed at, you show your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall Husteron Proteron.

Sim, 'Tis very true, I have done the like my felfe, till I

have had a difgrace for my Mittimus.

Aris. 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to ware, or to Barkeway, but your Hackneyes sides jmust witnesse your journies. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene ted with false Latine and pudding pye contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a Roverint uniquess.

Sim. Per prefintes me Simplicium.

Arift. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him, he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as cloathes at Combridge? Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons: all these,

and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that

nurse of Barbatisme, and foe to Phylosophy.

Sim. O I am ravished with this admirable Metaphysicall Lecture, if ever I drinke Beere againe, let me turne civil Lawyer, or be powdered up in one of Luthers barrels, pray lend me the book again, that I may forsweare it. Fie upon it, I could love Sir Giles for presenting those notorious Alewives. O Aristippus Aristippus, thou arrequally divine it supulsed in the conference, the only father of Quodlibers, the Prince of Formaliries, I aske my startes whose instructed doth governethis order fublumerem, that I may live with thee, and die like the royal Duke of Clarence, who was sowsed up to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

2 Schol, You interrupt him Sir, too much in his Let-

ure, and prevent your eares of their happinels.

C

Sim. O heavens, I could heare him, ad eternitatem, & that, tâm á parte ante, quâm á parte post. O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meer Orthodoxal, thy Phylosophy canonicall, I will study thy scientiam both speculativam & prasticam. Pray let nie once more forswear the pollution of Beere, sor it is an abominable heretick, I'le be his person enemy, till I make him and bottle. Ale slye

the Country.

Arift. But Sack is the life, foul, and spirits of a man, the fire which Prometheus Role not from loves Kuchin, but his Wine celler, to encrease the native heat and radical moisure, without which, we are but dronsie dust, or dead clay; this is Nestar, the very Nepenthe the gods were drunk with its this that gave Ganymede beauty, Hebe, youth, to love his heaven and eternity; doe you think Aristotle dranke Perry, or Plato Cyder? doe you think Alexander had ever conquered the world, if he had bin sober? he knew the force & valour of Sack, that it was the best armour the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunk with wine and ambition.

themrife, and wine makes them fall, Arif.

Arif. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking schools; the souldiers trained up to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death, by accustoming to be dead-drunke: scarrs doe not so well become a Captaine, as Carbunkles, A red nose is the grace of a Serjeant Major, and they unworthy the place of Ancients that have not good colours, the best short to be discharg'd is the Taverne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healths, and the most absolute March is recling.

2 Schol. And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Arifip. Thus you may easily perceive the profit of Sack in millitary discipline, for that it may justly feem to have taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Sim. O wonderfull, wonderfull Phylosopher! If I be a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drinke Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceive it was onely culpa ignorantia, not prava dispositionis that mademe a coword but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Phylosophy, I will be a souldier, a scholler, and every thing, I will hereafter nec peccare in materia, nec in sorma. Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies. But proceed, my Pythagores, my ipse dixit of Phylosophy.

Arift, Next it is the only Elixar of Phylosophy, the very Phylosophers stone, able, if studied by a young Heire, mutare rerum species, tochange his house, lands, livings, Tenements, and Liveries into aurum potabile: So that though his Lotdships be the sewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being disloved into Sack, must needs make his soul more capable of divine medication, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd &

freed from fo much earth.

2 Schol. Therefore why should a mantrouble himself with so much earth? he is the best Phylosopher that can emula sue secum porture.

Arif.

Arifi. And fince it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head? A light head being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the Orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, teste Aristeles first found the tintelligence: so that I conclude all intelligence intellect, & understanding to be invention of Sack, and a light head? what miss of error had clouded Phylosophly, sill the never sufficiently praised copernium found out that the earth was mooved, which hee could never have done, had he not beene in structed by Sack, & a light head?

Sim Hang me then, when I turne grave.

Arist. This is the Phylosophy, the great Stagirite read to his Pupill Alexander, wherein how great a proficient he was. I call the faith of History to witnesse.

Sim. Tis true, per fidem Historicam, for I have read how when he had vanquished the whole world indrinke, that

he wept there was no more to conquer.

s,

Arift. Nowto make our demonstration to prove, no Wine, no Phylosophy, is that admirable Axiome, invinoverites, and you know that Sacke and truth are the only Buts which Phylosophy aymes at.

I Schol. And the Hogs head is that puteus Democritic

from whence they might both be drawne.

Arift. Sack, Clarret, Malmelay, White-wine & Hipocras are your five predicables, and Tobacco your individuum, your Mony is your substance, full cups your quantity, good wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produce the another predicament in the drawers, called passion, your quando is midnight, your whithe Dolphin; your som leaning, your babitus carousing, afterclaps are your post predicaments, your priorums breaking of jects; your post criorums of glasses, false bills

discharging of it, is vera folutio; several humours are your moodes, and figures, where quarta figure, or gallons must not be neglected; your drinking is Syllogismes, where a Pottle is the major serwinus; and a pint the minor; a quart the medium; beginning of healths are the premises, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be divided, Topicks or common places are the Taverns, & Hamon, Wolf & Farlows are the three best Tutors in the Universities.

Sim. And if I be not entrod, and have my name admitted into some of their books, let forma misti be bearen out

of me.

Arif. To persuade the Vintner to trust you, is good Rheterick, and the best figure is Speechdothe, to pay pare for the whole; to drink above measure, in a Science beyond Geometry; falling back-word is star gazing, and no Istobestasse comparable to a Tobacco pipe; the sweet harmony of good sellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent musique; Sacke it self is your Grammar, sobriety a meer solecisme, and Latine, be it true or be it false, a very cudgell to your Priscianus pates; the reckoning is Arithmetic kenough, a receipt of sull cups are the best physick to procure vomit, and torgetting of debts an art of memory; and here you have an Encuesti pudia of Sciences, whose method being circular, can never be so well learned, as when your head rummes round.

Sim, If mine have any other motion, it shall be prater naturam, I, and contratoo, it I live: I like that art of mufick, wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, play'd by the soul upon the Organs of the body. O witty sentence! I am madalready, I see the immortality, ha brave Aristippus; but in Poetry, 'tis the soul predominant quality, the sap and juice of a verse, yea, the spring of the Muses is the sountaine of Sack, for to think Helicon a barrell of Beere, is as great a sin, as to call Pegasus a Brewers horse.

Aristi

Arift. I know some of these halfe-penny Almanack-makers doe not approve of this Phylosophy, but give you most abominable counsell in their Beggers Rhymes, which you are bound to believe as faithfully as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall hear some of Erra Pasers Poetry-

I wish you all carefully,
Drinke Sacke but sparing'y,
Spand your coyne thriftily,
Xeepe your health marily,
Take heed of obviery,
Wine is an enemy,
Good is sobriety,

Fly baths and venery.

For your often potations much crudities cause by hindring the course of Mother Natures laws, therefore he that defireth to live till October, ought to be drunk in luly : but I hold it to be a great deale betrer that he went to bed And let him alone, thou man in the Moone, yet hadft thou but read a leafe in this admited Author, this aureum flumen, this torrens eloquentie, thou would'ft have scorn'd to have bin of the water- Poets tribe, or Sheltons family, but thou haffnever taffed better Nectar than out of Fennors Wastaile-Bowle, which hath forransformed him, that his eyes look like two Tunnels, his nose like a Fausset with the Spicket our, and therefore continually dropping : And the Almanack makers, & Phylicians are alike grand enemies of Sack; as for Physicians being fools, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, & minifter fimples, but if I meet with you, I'l teach you another receipt. Sim. Why, meet him Tutor? you may eafily meet him. I know him, Sir, & cognitione diftincta, & confufa, I warrant you, do you not smell him Turor? I know who made this Almanackagainst drinking Sacke ha Stroffe? have I found the Stroffe? you will thew your felf, I fee, when all is done, to be but a Brewers Clark. ATIN.

Arist, But farre better speaks the divine Emiss against your Ale, and Barly-broth, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack, when Nunquam nisipotus ad arma profilmit disenda; his verses are in Latine, but because the audience are Schollers, I have translated them into English, that

they may be understood. Here, read them.

I Schol. There is a drinke made of the Stygiau Lake, Or elfc of the waters the Furies doemake, No name there is had enough by which it to call, But yet as I wift, it is yeleped Ale, Men drinke it thick, and piffeit out thin, Mickle filth by Saine Loy that it leaves within, But I of complexion am wondrous fanguine, And will live by th' Marrow a cup of nine, Tolive in dilight was ever my wonne, For I was Epicurus his own fonne,
That held opinion, that plainly delight was very felicity perfite:

A Bowle of nine is wondrous boone cheere To make one blythe, bucome, and deboneere,

To make one blythe, buxome, and deboneere,
"I will give me such valour, and so much conrage,
as cannot be found twint Hull and Carthage.

Arift. But above the wit of humanity the divine Virgit hath extoll'd the Encominus of Sack in these Verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Rosescrown'd.
Fil't to the brim, I'l have my temples bound
with flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolikeit;
Let me drinke deep, then fully warm'd with wine
I'l chaunt Aneas praise, that every line
Shall preve immortall, rill my moistned Quist
Melt into Verses, and Nestar like distill;
I'm sad, or dust, till Bowles brim-fil'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleasing desires

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In my child hood kindle fuch active fires, That my gray baires feeme fled, my wrinkl'd face Growne (mooth as Hebes, youth, and beauties grace, To my Shrunke veines, fresh bleed and spirits bring, warme as the Summer, frightfull as the Spring; Then all the morld is mine : Crafus is poore, Compar'd with me, be is rich that askes no more And I in Sack bave all, which is to me My bome, my life, bealth, wealth, and liberty, Then have I conquer'd all, I boldly dare My Trophies with the Pelean youth compare, Him I will equall, as his (word, my Pen My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men, Doenot Atrides, Neftors ten defire, But ten fuch drinkers as that aged fire, His fireame of bonied words flowed from the wine, And Sack his Counfell was, as he was thine. who ever purchast a rich Indianmine, But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish Wine? Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow. Kalling carestuday, I baveont-liv'd my forrow.

Ariflip. Thus refting in the opinion of that admirable Poet, I make this draught of Sack, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Sim. Dixi, dost thou say? I, and I'l warrant thee the best Dixi in Cambridge: who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might consute them all, pro con? I begin to hate distinction, or advaliter, or babicualiter yet a pox to see, I can not leave them nee principaliter, nee formaliter; yet I begin to love the Fox better then subtilinesse. O Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might o

pen

pen the gares to none but thy Pupills: come fellow Pupils, if I did not love you, I were epapratus modernes, and an absurdity in the abstract; Let's practice, let's practice, for I'l follow the steps of my Tutor night and day: by this Sack, I shall love this Phylosophy: before I heard this Lecture, Banks his Horse was an Aristotle, in comparison of me: I can laugh to think what a foolish Simplicius I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleep this night.

Phylolophy; we must fix up late and roare till we rattle the Welkin; Sleep! what have we to do with deaths Catercousin doe you think Nature gave flars to sleep by? have you not day enough to sleep in, but you must sleep in the

night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? ler me be crampt if I fleep then, but what, must we sleep in the day then?

Schol. Yes, in the morning.

Sim And why in the morning?

2 Schol, Why, 2 poxe of the morning, what have we

to do with the fober time of the day;

Sim. 'Tistrue, I see, we may learn something of our fellow Pupills: and what must we do now, fellow pupills? What must we do now?

1 Schol; Why > conferre our notes.

Sim. V Vhat is that?

2 Schol. Why? conferring of notes, is drinking of cups, halfe pots are faying of parts, and the linging of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'l conferre a note with you.

1 Schol. Gramercy brave Lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not have lost it for Eustathian and his Bishopricke its a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'l conferre a note with you too.

2 Schol. Faith, let me have it, let's share and share like boone Rascalls.

Sim. I'l fay my part to you both.

2 Schol. By my troth, and you have a good memory, you have con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what shall we have for repetitions now?

2 Schol. I, what for repetitions?

I Schol. Why the Catch against the Schoolemen, in praise of our Tutor Aristippus: can you sing Simplicius?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

I Schol. Aristippus is better.

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance. I con'd it without book, thinking it had bin a position.

Aristippus is better in every letter, Than Faber the Paristensis,

Then Scotus, Sencinas, and Thomas Aquinas, Or Gregory Gandavensis:

Than Cardan and Ramus, shanold Paludanus, Albertus oud Gabriella,

Than Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus, Than Niphus or Zabarella,

Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Tolesus, Zanardus, and will de Hales,

with Occham, Iavellus, and mad Algazellus, Phyloponus, and Natalis;

The Conciliator was but a meere prater, And so was Apolinaris:

Iandonus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus: With Mafius, Savil, and Swarez,

Fonfeca, Durandus, Becanns, Holandus, Pererius, Avienture;

Old Trismegistus. whose Volumes have mist us.

Mirandula, Comes, with Proclus and Somes, And Guido, the Carmelita:

The

The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles, No longer u my delighta:

Hang Brixewood and Carter, in Crakenthorps Garter, Let Keekerman too bemoane us,

lle he no more beaten, for greafie lacke Seaton, Orconning of Sandersonus.

The cenjure of Cato's, shall never amate us,

Their frosty beards cannot nip us: Your Ale is too muddy, good Sack is our study, Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the wild-man with two Brewers.

wildman. There they be, new for the valour of Brewers,
knocke um foundly, the old Rogue, that's he, doe you not
fee him there? foundly, foundly, let him know what
Champions good Beere has.

They beat ous Ari Rippus and the Schollers,

wild-man folus.

Now let them know that Beere is too ftrong for them, as and let me behang'd, if ever I be milder to fuch Rascalls, they thall finde thefe but ftale courtefies. How now ? what's nere? the learned Library, the Phylosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the black- Art; I hate them worle then Bellarmine, the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharron. I wonder what vertue is in this Pewter-faced ads Author, that it should make every one fall in love with it fo deeply: I'l try if I can find any Philtrum, any love-potion in't : by my Domine not a drop ; Ofultum ingenium bominum, to delight in fuch vanities! Sure these are Com ments upon Tobacco, dry and juice-less vanities. I'l try againe by my bona fide, but this doth relish some learning, fill better, an admirable witty rogue, a very fiefh., I'l turn another leafe: fill better; has he any more Authors like this? what's here, Aristippus? a most incomparable Author. O Bedly, Bedly, thou hast not such a book in all ehy.

thy Library, her's one line worth the whole Vatican. O Aristippus, would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy Hogs-head: O curst Brewers, and most accursed am I to wrong so learned a Phylosopher as Aristippus! what pennance is enough to cleare me from this impardonable offence? twenty purgations are toolittle; I'l suck up all my Beere in Toasts to appeale him, and afterwards live by my Wife and Hackneyes, Oh, that I had never undertook this selling of Beere, I might have kept my house with Fellows Commons, and never have come to this: But now I am a Wild man, and my house a Bedlam: Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus?

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour wild-man? wildeman. O aristippus, Aristippus. What shall I doe for thee, Aristippus.

Medico. VV hat extalic is this?

Wild-man. O Aristippus, Aristippus, What shall I do for

thee Aristippus ?

Medico. VVhy neighbour Wilde man, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, & perchance may cure um.

wild-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcommest man on earth, Sir, Signior Medico de campo, the welcom.

est man living, the only man I could have wished for, O

Aristippus Aristippus.

Medico. Why what's the matter, neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause

of your Lamentation?

wild-man. O no Sir, learned Phylosophers one that I love with my soul: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir. it is a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turn edge at it.

Medico. Never fear it, I have one was sent from a--faith I cannot think on's name, a great Emperour, he that
I did the great cure on, you have heard on't I am sure: I

4 ferched

fetched this head from China, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and fet it on his shoulders againe, and made him as lively, as ever I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not think on's name. O I have it now, Prefor I obn a pox on't, Prestor I obn, 'twas he, he, I faith,' twas Prestor I obn; I might have had his daughter if I had not been a foole; and have liv'd like a Ptince all the days of my lite; nay, and perchance have inherited the Crown after his death; but a pox on't, her lips were too thick for me, and that I should not think on Prestor I obn.

Wild-man. O Aristippus, Aristippus, poxe on your Pre-

for John sir, will you think on Aristippus ?

Med. What should I doe with him?

him, and now would have you cure him in fober fadnesse, Medico. Why, call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicins.

Wildeman. Sir, yonder comes one of his pupils.

Medico. Salve M. Simplicius.

Sim. Salve me; tis but a Surgeons complement, Signior Medico de campo; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor
wants help. Are you there, you of quebaugh Rascall, with
your Metheglin juyce > I'll teach you Sir, to break a Phylosophers pate; I'll make you leave your distinctions as
well as I have done.

Wildeman. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily; O Aristippus Aristippus, I have brokenthy head, Aristippus, but I'l give thee a plaister, Aristippus, Aristippus.

Med. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers provision, let all be in readings.

Exit Simplicius.

Wilde man. Pray Sir doe you think you can cure him?

Medico. Him? Why neighbour, doe you not remember
the Thumbe?

wildeman. What of the Thumbe ? I have not heard of

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not

know the cure of the Thumb;

wildeman. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumb.

do you still remember'r, Sir?

Medico. Remember't? I, and perfectly, I have it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I by chance comming by, took it up, put it in my pocket; some two months after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe: and if he were now in Cambridge, I could have his hand to show for't: why did you ne'r hear of the Thumb Sir? 'tis strange you never heard me speak of the Thumbe Sir?

Enter three Schollers bringing forth Aristippus in his Chaire.

I Schol, Signior de Medico Campo, if you have any art of skill, shew it now, you never had a more deserving patient.

Medico. Yet I have had many and royall ones too; I have done many cures beyond Seas, that will not be believed in England.

2 Schol. Very likely fo, and Cures in England, that will not believed beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kind,

half the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witness, I am sure, the eyes that he weares, were of my making.

I Schol. He was then an eye-witness, but I hope hee

weares Spectakles, Signior.

Medico. Why, won't you believe it? why I tell you I am able to fay'r, I faw't my felfe, I cur'd the King of Poland of a VVart on's note, and Bethlem-Gabor of a Ringworme.

I Schol. The one with Raw Beefe, and the other with

Inke-hornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wives medicines, the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes horne, and Bezars stone: Raw Beese and inkehorns! Why, I cur'd Sherley in the grand Sophies Court in Persia, when he had been but twice short through with ordnance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lie with his wife the Sophies Neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians; and could this have beene done with Raw Beese and Inkehornes?

Sim. No sure, this could not have beene done without Egges and greene-suce, or an Oatmeale poultice at least.

Medico. The King of Russia had died of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 Schol, Some of that you meane, that fluck on the bel-

let which you took out of Sherleyes legges.

Medico. In the fiege of Oftend, I gave the Dutcheffe of Austria a receipt to keep her Smocke from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a twelve month,

1 Schol. Beleeve me, and that was a Cure beyond Seig.

gins Fleas

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salve, to heal all

2 Schol. I, and cloze up the Bung-hole in the great

Tub at Heidleberg, I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the state of Venice of a Dropsie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not been treason, I had cur'd the Fistula, that it should have dropt, no more then your nose. By one dram on a knives point, I restored Mansfield to his full strength and forces, when he had no men lest, but was only skin and bones. I made an Arme for Brunsfricke with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not have mended it; which had it not come too late after his death, would have done him as much service as that which was shot off.

a Schol, I cafily believe that I faith.

Medico. I could make a purgation, that should so scoure the Seas, that never a Dunkerke durst shew his head.

I Schol, By my faith, and that would be a good State-

Glifter.

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Medi. I have done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the Esglish Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 Schol. And yet had as much lefe, as ferv'd five Cardi-

nals on Feaffing-dayes.

Medi. And there was no man in the Realmoof France, either French or Spanish or Italian Doctors, but my selfe that durst undertake the King of France his Corns, and afterwards having cur'd him, I drank a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't, 'O happy man

that haft conferred a note with the King of France!

Medi. And doe you seeme to missoubt my skill, and speak of my Art with its and ands? Do you take me for a Mountebank? and hath mine own tongue been so sient in my praise; that you have not heard of my skill?

2 Sebel. No, pardon us Signior, only the danger our Tutor is in, makes us lo suspitious, we know your skill, Sir, we
have heard Spaine and your own tongue speak loud on'r,
we know besides that, your are a traveller, and therefore
give you leave to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger ? what danger can there be, when I am

his Surgeon.

schol, His head, Sir, is so wonderoully bruiled, 'tis

almost past cure.

Med. Why, what if he had never an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could fet it together, as perfectly as in the womb.

wild. Beleeve me neighbour, but that would be as great

a wonder, as the Thumbe, or Prefter Iohnshead :

Med, Why? I'll tell you Sir, what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of thefe, I was a Travailer.

2 Schol

2 Schol. There is no fuch great wonder in that, but wha

may be believed.

Med. And another friend of mine travailed with me, and to be floor, I came into the Conntry of Canniballs, where missing my friend, I ran to seek him, and came at last into a Landwhere I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very pensive at his missoriums, or rather mine? at last I bethought me of a pewder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner drank of it, but they presently disgorged their stomacks, and fell asseet; I Sir gathered up the miserable morfells of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still alive, he were able to witnesset himselfe, and do you think I cannot cure a ten-graots dammage, or a erackt Crowne?

him, and have one wonder more to fill up your Legend.

Medico. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, & you M. Simplicius the Boxes, how shall we do to lay his feet upon? By my troth, Sir, he is wonderfully hure, his pix maters I perceive is cleane out of joynt; of the 20- bones of the Granium, there is but three only whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his Sutures are cleane perished, onely the Sagitall remaines free from violence; the foure Tunicates of his eyes are thred-bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cur Drumme, & the hammer's loft: there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence, the top of his Nose is dropt away, there is not a Muskle left in the Cavities of his Noffrills; his dentes molares are past grinding, his Pallet is lost, & with it his gurgulio; yet if he can [wallow; I warrant his drinking fafe; help, epen his mouth. So, fo, his throat is found; he's well, I warrant you; now give him a cup of Sack : fo, let me chafe his Temples; put this powder into another glaffe of Sack, and my life for his, he is as found as the best of us all . let down his leggs. How do you, Sir ? Ariftip.

Arif. Why, as young as the Morning, all life, and foul; not a dram of body; I am newly come back from Hell, and have feen to many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life again.

I Schol- The Catholike Bishop of Barbers, the very

Metropolitant of Surgeons Signior de Medica Campo.

2 Schol. One that hath ingross d all Arts to himself, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 Schol. The only Hospitall of soares.

2 Schol. And Spittle-house of infirmities, Signier de

Medico Campo.

I Schol. One that is able to under the Company of Barber Surgeons, and Colledg of Physicians, by making

all diseases flye the Country.

2 Schol. Yea, he is able to give his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed, or bequeath it by Legacy, but he is determined as yet to entaile it to his heires males for ever.

I Schol. Sir, death it felf dares not anger him, for feare he should begger the Sextons, by suffering no Grave to be

made; he can chuse whether any shall de or no.

2 Schol And he do's't with such celerity, that a hundred Peeces of Ordnance in a pitch'd field, could not in a whole day make work enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir, I'l affure you.

Arifip. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine: thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compalle of my Phy-

lesophy, and 'tis your own.

Med. I have gold enough Sir, and Phylosophy enough, for my huse is paved with Phylosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgive the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heatily forry for his offence to you,

wild. O reverend Phylosopher, and Alchymy of underflanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholike Monarch of Wines, Archduke of Canary

Emperour

Emperour of the facred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudeness, & I will forsweare that Dutch hereste of Engl ish beere, & the witchcraft of Mindletons water, I'll turne my self into a Gown, and be a profest disciple of Aristippus.

Arifip. Give him a Gown then, ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior Medico de Campo, if you will walk in, let's be very joviall and merry, 'tis my second birth day, let's in, and drink a health to the company.

We care not for money, riches, or wealth, Old Sack is our mony, old Sack is our health.

Then let's flocke bither Like birds of a feather, To drinke, to fling, To lauge and fing,

Conferring our notes together, Conferring our notes together.

Come let us laugh, let us drinke, let us fing, The winter with us is as good as the Spring,

We care not a feather For wind, or for weather, But night and day

we sport and play, Conferring our notestogether

Conferring our notes together.

Sim. Heark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I must have it too, I am only lest here to offer my supplicat to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but commence in your appobation, I will take a degree in drinking; and because I am turn'd a jovial mad rascall, I have a great desire to be a Midsummer Batchelor, I was only staid to aske you leave to goe out.

East.



THE

PEDLER,

A S

It was prefented in a strange S H O W.

Generous Gentlemen.

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tich is my affection to Phabm, and the ninety nine Mules, that for the benefit of this Royall Vniverfity, I have strodled over three of the terrestriall Globes with my Geometricall rambling, viz. the Afaof the Dolphin, the Africa of the Rose,

and the America of the Miser, besides the terra incognita of many an Ale-house. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the divine brats of Helicon, the lawfull begotten Bastards of the thrice three Sisters, the learned Filly-foales to Mounsieur Pegasu, Arch-hackney to the students of parnassus: Therefore I charge you by the seven deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three & four liberall sinnes, that your ha, ha, he's may be recompense of my ridiculous endeavours

I have beene long in travell: but if your laughter give my Embryon jests but lase deliverance, I date maintaine is in the throat of Europe, I eronymorising from his naked bed,

was not fo good a Midwife.

But I fee you have a great defire to know what profession I am of ; firft, therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you fee no Buckram honefty about me, and I fweare by these sweet lips, my breath stinkes not of any flage actions : I am no fouldier, although my heels be better then my hands; by the whips of Mars and Bellema, I could never endure the smell of Salt-peter, since the last Gunpowder Treason; the voyce of a Mandrake to me. is sweeter mufique then those Maximes of Warres, those terrible Cannons; I am no Towns-man, unleffe there be ruceing in Cambridge, for you fee my head without hornes; I am no Alderman, for I fpeake true Englith : I am no Inflice of Peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a Mittimus. the venerable Bench never kift my worshipfull Buttocks: I am no Alchymift; for though I am poore, I have not broke out my braine sagainst the Phylosophers stone : I am no Lord; and yet me thinks I should, for I have no lands : I am no Knight, and yet I have as empty pockets as the proudeft of them all: I am no Landlord, but to Tenmants at will: I am no Innes of Court Gentleman, for I have not been flewed throughly at the Temple, though I have been halfe codled at Cambridge: Now do you expect that I should fay I am a Schollar; but I thank my starres, I have more wit than fo: why, I am not mad yet? I hope my better Genius will fhield me from a thred-bare blacke Cloake, it looks like a piece of Belzebubs Livery. A Schollar ? VVhat ? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my Nofe: no; If I was what I wish, I could but hope to be: but I am noble, generous, underflanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedler.

But what is a Pedler; why, what's that to you? yet for the latisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable self, I will define him.

A Pedler is an Individuum vagom, or the Primom nobi-

to of Tradelmen, a walking Burle, or moveable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the wast Vniverse, or a peripaterical I Journy-man, that like another Aslas carries his heavenly Shop on's shoulders.

I am a Pedler, and I fell my ware This brave Saint Barthol. or Sturbridge Faire, I'l fell all for laughter, that's all my gaines, Such Chapmen should be laught at for their paines. Come buy my wits which I have buther brought, For wit in never good silt it be bought; Let me not beare all backe, buy some the while, If laughter be too deare, tak't for a fmile; My trade is jesting now, or quible (peaking, Strange trade you'l fay, for is's fet up mith breaking? My Shop and 1, am all at your command. For lawfull English laughter paid at band. Now will I truft no more, it were in vaine To breake, and make a Craddocke of my braines Halfe bave not paid me yes, firft shere is one Owes me a quart for his declamation, Anothers morning draught, is not yet paid For foure Epiftles at the election made, Nor dare I croffe him who do's ome as yes Three ells of jefts to line Priorums wit. Bue bere's a Courtier has fo long a bill, Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will Relate she fammes : Item, be owes me firft, For an Imprimis : but what grieves me worft, A dainty Epigram on bis Spaniels taile cof me an houre, bofides five pots of Ale. Iteman Anagramon his Mifiris name, Item the freech wherewith he courts bis Dame, And an old blubbur'd fcowling Elegy

S

Von his Mafters Dogs fad exequy, Norcan I yes the time exactly gather, When I was payd for an Epytaph on's Fither, Befides benever yet gave me content For the new couning of's last complement, Should I feake all'b'es spoken to his praise, The totall (umme is, abat be think, or fayes, I will not let you runne fo much o'th' fcore. Poore Duck- Lane braines, truft me, I't traff no more; Shall's jeft for nought, have you all confeience loft? Or do you think our Sache did nothing coft ? Well, then it muft be done as I have faid, I needes muft be with prefent langhter paid: I am a free man, for by this frozet Rhyme, The fellowes know I have fecur'd the time; Tet if you please to grace my poore adventures, I'm bound to you in more than ten Indentures.

But a pox on Sheltens fury, Ile open my Shop in honefter Profe; and first, Gentlemen, I'l shew you halfe a dozen of incomparable Points.

I would give you the definition of Points, but that I thinke you have them at your fingers ends; yet for your

better understanding.

A Poynt is no body, a common tearm, an extreme friend of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference joyne in one diametricall opposition to your equilaterall Doublets, or equicrurall Breeches: but to speake to the

Poynt, though not to the purpose :

The first Poynt is a Poynt of honesty, but is almost worne out, & has never beene in request fince Trunk hole and Cod-peece breeches went out of fathen; it's made of simplicity Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing; if there be any knaves among you, (as I hope you are not all there be any knaves among you, (as I hope you are not all tooles).

fooles) faith boy this Poyat of honesty; and the best ase you can put it to, is to tye the band of affection; but I fear, this Poyat will finde no Chap-man, some of you had rather sell, then with Demosthenes by honesty at so deare a rate: Oh I would wish that the Breeches of Bousers, Stewards, Taxors, Receivers, and Auditors were trusted with these honesty-poyats; but some will not be tyed to it:

bur hist Tom; it is dangerous untrusting the time.

The next is a poynt of Knavery, but thave enow of them already, yet because I am loath to carry mine any longer about me; who gives me most, shal take it, and the divell give him good on't, this poynt is cut out of villanous Sheeps-skin parchment in a Scrivener's Shop, tagg'd with the gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him off, when it borrowed his eares, if he doe but fasten this to the new Doublet of a young Squire, it will make him grow to corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste: this poynt of Knaverie has beene a man in his daies, and the best of the Parish, sourceeene of them goe to our a Bakers dozen.

is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot; the better to play fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bride-well, where I leave him, hoping to see

him wuft'dat Tiburne.

3. Amongst all my points, a point of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my packe, and is never out of fashion at Innes of Court; if you buy this point you are arrant fooles, for I'l give you this gift, that you shall have it in spight of your teeths.

4. The next is a point of good manners, that has been long loft amongst a crowde of clownes, because it was on-

ly in fathion on this fide Trens.

This

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thank the heavens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to see it clean wash't away with the sope of good government.

This point, to give you a little inkling of it, begins from the due observance of a Fresh-man to Sophisters, and there

it ends with a cede majoribus.

Next point is a point of false doctrine, lnatch'd from the codpeece of a long-winded Puritan, the breath of Arminim will rot in him, Tag him with a piece of Apoeripha, and he breaks in sunder, truste him to the Surplesse, and his Breeches will presently fall down with the thought

of the Whore of Babylon.

He hates unity and Church-discipline so farre, that you cannot tye a true-loves knot on him; cut off his tags, and he wil make excellent strings for a Geneva Bible: I would have these Points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company; 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with self-concest, at the other with wilfull opinion; this Point is suffer no service, but Locifers Cacotruces: But why talke I so long of this Point, it is pittie it is not licensed.

6 If you like my Points, why doe you not buy? If you would have a more full point, I can furnish you with a period: I have a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect those points; but I love them so well, that I grieve at the ignorance of my infancy, when my most audacious Toes durst play at spurne-point.

who will not pitty Points, when each man fees
To begging they are fallen upon their knoes?
Though I beg pitty, think I doe not feare
Cenfuring Criticke whelps, no point Mounfier t
If you hate Points, and these tike merry speeches,
You may want Points for to trasse up your Breeshes,
And from the close-stoole may be never move,

That hating Points, doth class and keepers love; But if my Points have here at all offended, Ite tellyou a way boy how all may be amended: Speak to the Point, and that shall answer friend, All is not worth a point, and there's an end.

Then the Pedler brought furth a Looking-Glaffe.

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I'll put it up again; for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your own faces; yet I will, because it hath strange operations, viz.

If a crackt Chamber-maid dresse her felf by this Looking-Glasse, she shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her Mistresse a she Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplin, the next Living that falls,

If a stale Court-Lady looke on this Reflection, she may

fee her old face through her new Complexion.

An Viurer cannot fee his conscience in it, nor a Scriven-

If a Towns-man peepe into it, his Afteons furniture is no longer invisible; corrupt takers of Bribes may read the

price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Schollar in it. If one of our jewel-nos'd Carbunkl'd rubricke, bonifac t, can venture the danger of seeing their own faces in it, the poor Basiliskes will kill themselves by reflection.

If a blinde man fee his face in this, he shall recover his

eye-fight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I seare, I cannot live here above soure yeeres longer: Howsoever, I hope after my decease, we shall drinke the parting-blow.

.

If any this Looking-Glaffe disprace, It is because he dares not see his face: Then what I am, I will not see (faith) say, "Twas the whores Argument, when she threw't away.

Then the Pedler brought forth a Boxe of Cerebruma

But now confidering what a Phylosophycall vacuum there is in most of our Cambridge Nolddes, I have here to fell a foveraigne Boxe of celebram, which by Lullius his Alchymic was extra ded from the quintellence of Ariftotles Perieranium, fodde in finciput of Demofthenes. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blaft of a Ciceronian fentence, the whole Confection boyled from a Pottle to a Pinte, in the Pipkin of Strees: we owe the first invention of itto Sir John Mandevile, the perfection of it to Tom of Odcombe, who ferch'd it from the gray-headed Apples in the Hobfons Waggon of experience; I fweare as Perfians ple, by this my Coxcombe, this Magazine of immortall roquery: but for this Boxe of Braines, you had nor laughed to night: Buy this Boxe of Braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be foccage, when as now it is but fee fimple.

These Braines have very admirable vertues, and very firange operations; source drops of it in the care of a Lawyer, will make him write true Latin; three graines will fill the Capitall of an University Gander; the terrestriall head of a High-Constable will be contented with halfe a dramme; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-

panne of a Banberry brother.

come buy my braines, you ignorane Gulls, And furnish have your empty sculls; Pay you laughter, as it's fit, To suclearn to Pedlar of mit? Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I't hut my Shop, and fooles you'l dye?
If your Concomes you would quoddle,
Here buy Braines to fill gour noddle,
who buy is my braines, learnes quickly bere
To make a Problems in a yeere;
Shall under fand the predicable,
And the predicamentall Rabble:
Who buyes them not, (hall die a foole;
An exotericke in the Schoole:
Wha has not these, shall ever passe
For a great Acromaticall Asse:
Buy then this Box of Braines; who buyes not it,
Shall never surfet on too much wit.

Then the Pedler brought forth an hetflone,

But leaving my Braines, I come to a more profitable Commodity: for confidering how dull halfe the wirs of the Vniversity be, I thought it nor the worst traffique to fell Whetstones.

This Whetstone will set such an edge upon your inventions, that it will make your rusty yron Braines purer Mettle than your brazen saces. Whet but the Knife of your Capacities on this Whetstone, and you may present to dine at the Muses Ordinary, or suppe at the Oracle of dpollo. If this benottrue, I sweare by the Doxies Petticoates, that I'l never hereaster presume of a better vocation, than to live and die the miserable sactor of Conny-skins.

Then the Pedler brought out Cloves.

I have also Gloves of severall qualities: the first, is a paire of Gloves made for a Lawyer, made of an entire Loadstone, that has the vertue to draw Gold unto it they

were perfumed with the Conscience of an Vsurer, and will keepe scent, till wrangling have left nessmoster Hall; they are seamed with Indenture, by the Needle-worke of Morgage, and stinged with a November Universi. I would shew you more, but it is against the Statute, because a Latitus hath been served lately upon them. And sew of you need any Gloves, for you weare Cordovant hands.

Night-Caps,

My next Commodities, are severall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candlelight. The first is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to sell to some of the Sophisters: it hath an admirable faculty for curing the Ctapula, above the vertue of Ivy, or bitter Almonds; nay, the Potredge-por's not comparable unto it.

I have another fit for an Alderman, which Acteon by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the City, as a principall Charter: it was of Diana's own making: Albumazurs Otaconst con was but a Chamber-pot in compari-

fon.

I could fit all heads with Night-Caps, except your grave over-wife Metaphyficall heads: Marry, they are fortanfcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predi ant of a Night-Cap.

Ruffes.

I have also severail Ruffes; first, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Durch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb-Lawne for the Vniversity statutes: I have a Ruffe for the Colledge too; but by this badge of our Colledge (my reverend Lambskins) our back-biters say, our Colledge Ruffes are quite our of stocke: I have no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of strong Hempe; you may have them who will, at the Royall Ex hange of Tiburne.

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriveners thop, there is good hope honesty will come in fashion a-

gaine.

But you will not bellow your money on such trifles, why I have greater wares.

VVill you buy any Parlonages, Vicarages, Deaneries, or

Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships erackt Chambermaid; the other, is the reserving of his Worships Tythes; or you may buy the Knights Horsethree hundred pound to deare; who, to make you amends in the bargaine, will

draw you on farrely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks; but the down-right way, is three yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are Majori in presio, then in the days of Doomesday-book, you must give presents for your presentations? There may be severall meanes for your institution, but this is the only way to induction that ever I knew; but I see you are not minded to meddle with any my honest Levisical Farmers.

The Pedler scoke out a Wench made of Alabasten,
But now expect the Treasures of the World, the Treasures of the Barth digg'd from the Mynes of my more than
Indian paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no envious clouds of
musty humours may barre your fight of the happinesse of

forare an object.

Come from thy Pallace, beauteous Queen of Greece, Sweet Hellen of the world, rife like the morne, Clad in the smocke of night, that all the stars. May lose their eyes, and then grow blinde, Ruone weeping to the monith Moone, To borrow his Dogge to leade the Spheares a begging. Rare Empresse of oar souls, whose Charcoale slames. Burne the poore Coles souls of amazed hearts. When the dumbe Andience thy beauty spyes, And then amaz'd with friese, laugh out sheir eyes.

Her's now a rare beauty; oh, how all your fingers itch, who should be the first Chapman? This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were not better to embrace this pretty Shambles of beauty, this errant Poultry of perfection, than to tumble your soapie Laundresses? Is this like your draggle-tail'd Bed-makers? when a man shall lie with Sea-coale ashes, and commit adultery with the dust of his Chamber?

Me thinks this peercleffe Paragon of complexion should be better countenanced; the thould fet a sharper edge on your appetites, than all the three-penny Cutlers in Cam-

bridge.

W.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty flesh and blood will never leave tempting; yet I protest by the sweet sole of this incomparable shee, I never had any acquaintance with the protty Libraries of flesh, but only this; This is the subject of my Muse; this I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curious Encomiums, as may deserve immortality in the Chamber page of Nelson. And thus my Jura Posticus dothascost here

Paire Madame, thee whose every thing Deserves the Glose Boole of a King a whose head is faire as any hone, whise and smooth as Pumice stone, whose naturally ald nesses from to we are The needless exercments of haire, Whose specifications, our bearts commands, Like Dover Chiffs, or Goodwyn sands. While from those dainty Glo-wormeeyes, Ompid shows Plum pudding Pyes, while from the Arches of thy nose, a Creamo pot of white Nestar slowers. Raire dainty lips, so smooth, so sleeke, and truly alabaser specke.

pure Safron teteb, bappy the meate That fuch pretty milneflones cate. O les me beare fome filens Sones ed at 7 ad somis C state Tun'd by the lemes Trumpe of thy tongut Oh. how that Chin becomes thes well, where never bairy Board (ball dwell; Thy corall mache doth flatties bom , the dell' estimates Than los, when fbe turn'd a com: O let me, or I fhall me'r reft, Sucke the blacks bottles of the breft ; Or lay my bead, and reft me Bill On that dainty Hog magog bill. Oh curious, and unfar bom'd wafte. As flender as the stateliest Mast: Thy fingers too breed my delight, Each wart a natural Margatite. Oh pitty then my dismall moane, Able to melt thy beart of Stone Theu know'f bow I lament and homle, n cepe, fnort, condole, looke fad and feonte: Each night fo great, my paffions be, I cannot wake for thought of thee. Thy Gowns can sell how much I lov'd, Thy Petticoate to pitty moou'd. Then let thy Pedler mercy finde, To kiffe thee once though it be behinde. Sweet kiffe, fweet lips, delicious fenfe, How freet a Zephyrus blowes from thence: Bleft persicuat, more bleft her Smocke, That daily buffeth her Bueroche: For now the Proverbe true I finde, That the best part is flill behind. Sweet dainty foule, dai ine but to give The poore Pedler this banging fleeve. And in thine bonowr, by this hiffe, Park

Ile daily weare my Packe in this
And quickly so beare thee more same,
Than Quixot the Knight Errants Dame :
So faremell sweet, daigne but to touch,
And once againe re-blesse my Ponch.

Is it not pitty such ware should not be bought? VVell, I perceive the fault is in the emprinesse of your learned pockets: Well, I'le to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and then carry the Reliques to Rome.

The Pedler calls for his Coliffaffe.

Some friend muß now perforce
Mak: haße, and bid my Boy
To faddle me my woodden Horfe,
For I weane to conquer Troy.

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FINIS.

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THE lealous Lovers.

A

COMEDIE

Presented to

Their gracious M A j E S T I E S

At CAMBRIDGE,

By the STUDENTS of Trinitie Colledge.

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House.

----Valeatres ludicra, si me Palma negata macrum, denata reducit opimum.

> DONDON, Printed in the Yeere, 1652.

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Note: Will 1

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ASASA o Acces to but a series of a self-

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIP FVL

Mr Dr COMBER,
Dean of Carleil, Vicechancellour of the
University of Cambridge, and Master
of Trinitie Colledge.

Right wor hipfull,

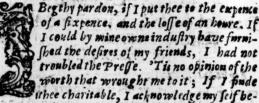
Have observed in privat families, that the careful father disposing of his children to severall employments, sendeth some to school som to his plow, som to his flocks, while perchanc the youngest as uncapable of greater business, has the liberty to play in his hall, So is it in our Society (which

joyfully acknowledgeth you our carefull and indulgent parent:) those of fironger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are bulied in one, some in another of the graver and more ferious fludyes; While I, the last of that learned Body, am task'd to thefe lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preferv. ed by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your fervice : for when I confider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all thefe ble's'd in your auspicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breaft, whole flame aimeth higher, and telleth me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant notto thelter drones. So wishing our whole Body long happy in fo provident a Governour, I reft, what my oath and peculiar ingagements have bound me to be.

Tour devoted in all dutiful observance, Thom: Randolph,

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,



holding to thee; if thou condemne it of weaknesse, Icannot be argult of see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free wraptures of Poetrie; but it is ton unthrifty a science formy fortunes, and is crept into the number of seven to under the other fix. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am inpiety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love rubbing, but that I was willing thou shoulds have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kinde as my audience, who, when they might have used the it consures, made choyce of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemency. I confesse no beights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

---- Neque fi quis scribir veinos,

Sermoni proipora, putes hunc effe poetam.
No, bestom the honour of this glorious title on those that have abler wits, diginer inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy an-kiown frind

T.R.

To that complete and noble Knight Sir KENELLAM DIGBIE.

SIr, when I look on you, me thinks I fee To the full height how perfect man may be. Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were So courteous as to give to each their share : While we lye lock'd in darkneffe night and day Wasting our fruitlesse oyl and time away, Perchance for skill in Grammer, and to know Whether this word be thus declin'd or no. Another chears himfel fe, perchanceto be A pretty youth, torfooth, in fallacie. This on Arithmetick doth hourely lye, To learnethe first great bleffing ... Multiply. That gravels in Geometrie and tires, And he above the world a map admires? This dotes on Muficks moft harmonious chime, And fludying how to keep it, lofes time. One turns o're histories, and he can show All that has been, but knows not what is now. Many in Phyfick labour; most of their Lofe health, to know the name of a difeafe. Some (too high wife) are gazing at a starre, And if they callit by his name, they are In heaven already. And another one That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicone At poetry throws wit and wealth away, And makes it all his work to write a play. Nay, on Divinity many spend their powers, That scarce learn ony thing, but fland to hours. How must we, Sir, admire you then, that know All Arts, and all the best of these can show! For your deep skill in State, I cannot fay; My knowledge there is only to obey : But I believe 'tis known to our best Peers.

A .

Amaz'd

Amaz'd to see a Nester at your yeares.

Mars claims you too, witnessethe Gallion
That selt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,
When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though inrich them! Stay here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement shew my pen?
But't is, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prayes,
You'llet her ivie wait upon your bayes,

To the truly noble Knight Sir Chr. Hatton
TO you (whole recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments; whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk goodsport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
Is end my Muse. Be pleased to hear her strain
When y' are attruce with Time. 'Tis a low vein.
But were her breasts inrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to seap over their clists, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere;
'Twere but a lesson worthy such an care.

T. R

To his hononred friend M. Anth. Stafford

Sir, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement e're I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee;
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then?

Coke.

Colendissimo viro, & Juris municipalis peritissimo, Magistro Richardo Lane.

SIr, if the Term be done, and you can find Leisure to heare my suit, pray be so kind To give this toy such courteous acceptation, As to be made your cliant i'th'vacation. Then, if they say I break the Comick laws, I have an advocate can pleade my cause.

T.R

V enerabili viro Magistro Olboston, Praseptori sui semper observando.

S I bene quid scripfi, tibi debeo; si male quicquam, Hac evit in vitiu maxima culpa meu. Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat aquor, Cui tu Pierium per freta Typhu eras.

T.R.

To bis dear friend, Thomas Riley.

Will not say I on our stage have seen
A second Roscius; that too poore had been:
But I have seen a Proteus, that can take
What shape heplease, and in aminstant make
Himself to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntary metamorphosis.
When thou dost act, men think it not a play;
But all they see is reall; O that day,
(When I had cause to blush that this poore thing
Did kisse a Queens hand, and salute a King)
How often had I lost thee! I could find
One of thy stature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all professions and all passions see.

A 3

What

When thou art pleas'd to act an angry part, Thou fright'ft the audience; and with nimble art Turn'd lover, thou doft that fo lively too, Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wood T'expresse thre all would aske a better pen ; Thou art, though little, the wholemap of mene In deeper knowledge and Phylosophie Thou truly are what others feem to be: Whole learning is all face; as tweet thy fate There not to act where most doe personate, All this is one fo fmall; Nature made thee To thew her cunning in Epiromie; While others (that feem giants in the arts. Such as have stronger limbs, but weaker parts) Are like a volume that conteins leffe in't And yet looks big, cause 'tis a larger print-I should myselfe have too ungratefull shown, Sent I not thee my book :-- Tak't 'tis thine own: For thus farre my confession shall be free. I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee. Tby true friend. TR

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniocissimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comædia judicium.

A V debit propries negare odores

Myrrha fascioulus, suaasque mellis
Mendicare medulla suavitates
Priùs quam bis Veneres deesse credam,
Qua pra se placidos feruns Amores.
A teruum vigeat, vigens amore.
Quòd si quis lapides loquatur, istum
lam jam aptum Tumulo scias libellum.
En! nosser bonaverba portae autor
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras;
Ridentes, miveòque perjocasa
Vincentes, Charitas mitore frontu

Amoras simulaleganti afque Ad partus properare tum puteis Cum risus popularis & theatri Plausus suppeditarit obstreticem.

Elert keeps close, when they that write by gueffe Scatter their feribbles and invade the Preffe. Stage-Poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap) Break out like thunder, though without a clap. Here't is not fo; there's nothing now comes forth, Which hath not for a licence its own worth, No fwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 't is not right To think that only toothfome which can bite. See how the Lovers come in Virgin die, and the And Rofie blufh, enfignes of modefty; Though once beheld by fuch with that content, They need not feare others disparagement. But I'll not tell their fortune, what e're't be; Thou must needs know't, if skill'd in palmesry. Thus much, where King applauds, I date be bold To fay, 'Tis petty-treasen to withhold.

Edward Hide.

To his dearest friend the Anthor, after be had revised bis comedy.

The more I this thy mafter-piece peruse,

The more thou seem'st to wrong thy noble Muse,

And thy free Genius: if this were mine,

A modest envy would bid me confine

It to my study, or the Criticks court,

And not make that the vulgar peoples sport,

Which gave such sweet delight unto the King,

VVho censur'd it not as a common thing,

Though thou hast made it publik to the view

Of self-love, malice, and that other crue.

It were more sit it should impaled lye

the enter the state of the few of

Aug to the

Wichin

Within the walls of some great library ? That if by chance through injury of time. Plautus, and Terence, and that "tragrant thyme Ariftal Of Artick wit (hould perill); we might fee phanes. All thefereviv'd in his own Comedic. The Jealous Lovers, Pander Gull and VVhore. The doting Father, Shark, and many more Thy scene doth represent unto the Me. Befide the character of a curft wife; So truly given, in fo proper flyle, As if thy active foul had dwele a while In each mans body; and at length had feen How in their humours they themselves demean. I could commend thy jefts, thy lines, thy plot, Had I but tongues enow; thy names; what not? But if our Poets, praising other men, Wish for an hundred tongues; what want we then When we praise Poets; This I'll only fay, This work doth crowne the Laureate to day. In other things how all, we all know well, Only in this thou doft thy felf excell. Edward Fraunces.

To bis dear friend Mr. Tho. Randolph, an

By that rare vice in poets, Modelty.

If you dishike the issues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 't is as true
Those that were there can judge as well as you.
You only think your gold adulterate,
When every scale of judgement finds it weight,
And every touchstone perfect, This I'l fay,
You contradio the name of your own play:
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are 'jealous still of your own wit.
Rich, Benefield, T. C.

To bis ingenious friend, the Author,

THe Mules, Tom, thy Jealow Lovers be. Striving which has the greatest fhare in thee. Enterpe calls the hers; fuch is thy skill In paftorall fonnets and in jurall quill. Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cryes. Thou haftan excellent vein for elegies. 'T is true ; but then Calliope disdains, Urging thy fancy in heroick frains. Thus all the Mine? Apollo by his laws Sits judge in person to decide the cause : Beholds thy Comedic, approves thy art, And fo gives fentance on Thalia's part. To her he dooms thee only of the nine; What though the rest with jealousie repine Then let thy Comedy, Thalia's daughter, Begin to know her mother Mule by laughter. Out with't, Ifay, fmother not this thy birth, But publish to the world thy harmlesse mirth. No fretting frontispice, nor biting Satyre Needs ufher 't forth : born tooth'd fie, 'tis 'gainst nature Thou haft th'applause of all : King, Queen, and Court, And Vniverfiey, all lik'd thy fport. No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour Need quarrell at diflike, and fpire of rumour, Force a more candid centure, and extore An approbation, maugre all the Court, Such rude and marling prefaces fuit not thee; They are superfluous: for thy Comedic, Backt with its own worth and the authors name, VVill find fufficient welcome, credit, fame,

James Deport.

Rendelphi

Randolpho fuo.

AN quaram monumenta sirmiora, Nostri nomini, ne supersit atas, lim scriptus legar in tuo libello, Et tecum simili futurus avi, Qui jam vita cluis Schole & Theatri? Nolo, marmor erit mibi patta. Mansolaa mihi mei Menandri O quam aterna satis liber perannis! Non quaram monumenta sirmiora, Nestrinomini ut supersit atas.

Thom: Riley.

A Gmine nontanto paspertas multa beatam,
Divitis & pransamvexatubique domum,
Quot tua quotidie pulsarunt limina charta:
Fervidus à tergo & quisque rogator adost.
Prodeat audaster, repitaque vulnera prati
Fabula, qua meruit sustinuisse, serat.
Non horret tantum tua Musa, aut mutat, ut esset
Turpier ornaturussica Nympha suo.

Lar. Fotherbic, J. Coll.

Amico sue ingeniosissimo

THO: RANDOLPH.

Fingito zelotipos, quos puchre fingis, omores; Sed nil de Musa sufficioni babe. Fae dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fict; Musa, licce fueris publica, casta manet.

Fr: Meres.

Fratti

Fratri suo Thom. Randolph.

Non satis est qued te dederit natura priorem, Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores? Illa, sciens noster quam non sit magnus agellus, Ingenio tennos jure repondit opes.

Ro. Randolph, æd. Chr. Oxon.

Heimihi! quos stuttus, quod tenta aquor, amice?

Que is to jattandum das malesanas aquin?

Irritata juvat quid possit lettio scire?

Emula vel de te discre lingua velit?

I felix, oculos dudum pradatus, et aures,

censur àmque ipsam sub juga miste gravem.

Qui meruit CAROLO plaus um spectante, popello

Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.

Dirige victorem captivo Casare currum,

Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:

Trise supercilium lavo nictantis ocello

Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom: Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis personæ

Tynderus, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamout'd of Evadne.

Pamphilie, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne in-

Evadus, supposed daughter to Chremylus. Tetchmess, daughter to Chremylus.

Demetrius, an Athenian in the difguise of an Aftrologer, Chremylus, an old man.

Dipfus his wife.

Simo, an old dering father,
Aform, his prodigall fonne.

Ballie, a Pander, and Tutout to Aforus,

Phryne, a Courtelan, and Mistresicto Alotus

Phronefium, a merry chambermaid,

Hyperbolus, ?

> two fouldiers:

Bomolochus,

two Poets.

A fexton.

Stapbyla, his wife.

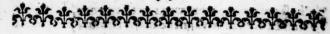
Pegnium, a Page.

A Prieft.

Officers,

Servauts,

The Scene
Thebes



The Jealous Lovers. ACT, I. SCEN. I.

Simo, Afotus, Ballio.

Sim of the Ow thrives my boy Aforus? is he capable of your grave precepts? Ball. Sir, Ince SH 35 yer met

A quicker brain, a wit fo neat and fpruce. Welget thee home old Simo:go & kneel

Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods Th'haft got a boy of wax, fit to receive Any impression. Alot. As I am a Gentleman. And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad, To take me for a dunce, Sim. No, good Afotus. It is thy fathers care, a provident care, That wakes him from his fleeps to think of thee; And when I brooding fit upon my bags, And every day turn o're my heaps of gold, Each piece I finger makes me flarr, and cry, This, this, and this, and this is for Aforus.

Afot. Take this, and this, and this again Can you not be content to give me money, But you muft hir me in the tecth with't ?--- S'lid.

Ball. Nay, good Aforus, fuch a loving father That does not bleffe you with a fweaty palm Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer; But layer his bleffings out in gold and filver, Fine white and yellow bleffings; Afor. Pr'ythe Ballio, I could endure his white and yellow bleflings, If he would feave his prating, Sim Do you hear him; How therp pur tatt his answers are? Old Simo, Th'haft

Th'haft got a witty witty wag ; yet deare one, TVhen I behold the va finefic of my treasure. How large my coffers, yet how cramb'd with wealth That every talent fwcats as in a crowd,

And grieves not at the prifon but the narrownesse.

Afot. If I make not room for'em, ne're trust me. Sim, When I fee this I cannot choose but fear Thou canft not finde out wayes enow to spend it : They will out-vie thy pleafures. Ball. Few fuch fathers! I cannot chuse but ftroake your beard, and wonder, That having fo much wealth you have the wit To understand for whom you got ir. Afet. True: And I have so much wit to understand It must be spent, and shall, boyes, Sim. Pray heavenit may! Afot. I'll live to fpend it all; & then-perhaps I'll dye ! And will not leave the purchase of a sheet, Or buya rotton coffin. Ball. Yes, dear Pupill. Buy me an urn; while yet we laugh and live, It shall contain our drink, and, when we dye,

It may preferve our duft ; tis fit our afhes Should take a nap there where they took their liquer. Sim. Sage counsell this -observe it, boy-observe it

Afet, Ilivein Thebes, yet I date fwear all Athens Affords not luch a Tutor : thou mayft reade To all the young heires-in town or city.

Sim. All Ballio! I have lived a dunghill wretch, Grown poor by getting riches, mine own torture. A rust unto my felfe, as to my gold: To pile up idle treasure stary'd my body Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones, And spider-like have spunne a web of gold Out of my bowells; only knew the care, But not the use of gold___Now, gentle Ballio, I would not have my fonne fo loth'd a thing:

No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,
Where are the daintiest mears, the briskest wines,
The cossiliest garments. Let him diee and wench;
But with the sarest, be she wife or daughter
To our best Burgesse: and if Thebes be scarce,
Buy meall Gorinth for him:—when I sleep
Within my quiet grave I shall have dreams,
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much pleasure.
Asotus spends what I with care have got.

Afor, Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou will within thy quier urn,
And thou shalt dream thou seets me drink Sackplenty,
Incircled round with Doxies plum—and dainty.

Sim. How thrives my boy? --- How forward in his fludies?

Baff. Troth with much industry --- I have brought him now (drinking? That he is grown - past drinking? Sim. How man? past

Ball. I mean he is grown perfect in that science.

Sim. But will he not forget? Afet. No. I warrant you.

I know I sha'nt forget; because i'ch'morning I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Sim. How feeds my boy ; Ball. Troth well : I never met

A ftomuch of more valour, or a tooth

Of fuch juditious knowledge. Sim Can he wench has Ball. To fay the truth--butrawly. Afot. Rawly:--I'm

I have already made my Dad a Grandfire
To five and twenty:---and it I doe not
Out of mere charity people all the Hospitals
With my stray babes, then geld me.--- Wo to the Parish
That bribes me not to spare it. Ball. Then for the Dye,

He

He throws it with such art, so poiz'd a hand, That had you left him nothing, that one mystery Were a sufficient portion. Afor. Will you see me? Serme a bag. These were an Vierers bones.

Is after death turn'd prodigall Sim. Throw Alotus

Afor. Then have at all, and 'twere a million_All!

Fortune was kind: the precious dirt is mine.

Sim. And take it bey, and this and this befide.

And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,

This for your paines, dear Ballio. Ball. Myendeavours,

Although to my best power, alas come shore

Of any merit, Sir, you make me bluft,

And this reward but chides my infufficiency.

Pray urge it not, Sim. A modell- honest-honest man:

1'double it-in faith I will-I am

The joyful'st father ! Ball. See how the good man weeps!

Afot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.

Sim. Come hither dear, come, let me kiffe my fonne,

A Tutor. Had you had my education, You would have to'ne me by the filie hand, Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes, As wondring at the luftre of their orbs;

Then humbly beg in language firow'd with flowers,

To taffe the cherries of my ruby lip.

Bod-aemercy for this. Tutor. Sim. I am o'rejoye'd, I am o'rejoye'd.

Exir. Simo.

SCEN. II.

Afotus. Ballio.

Afot. WEll goe thy wayer, I may have a thouland facthers

And

And never have the like.—Well pockets, well, Be not fold a though you are heavy now, You shall be lighten Ball. Pupill, I must tell you, I doe repent the losse of those good houres, And would call back the study I have ta'ne In morall Alchimy, to extract a Gentleman Almost out of a dunghil Still de I see So much of Peasant in you, Afet. Angry, Tutor?

Ball. Teem'd by inventionall this while for this?
No better iffue of my labouring brain,
After so many and such painfull threes?
Another sin like this, and betransform'd
Meere clown again. After The reason, dear instructions.

Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,
The precise rules and axiomes of Gentility?
And all methodicall? Yet you still so dull,
As not to know you print eternal stains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your blood
(That cost me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own mony. See these Breeches.
A pair of worthy, rich and reverend Breeches
Lost to the fashion by a lump of drosse,
I'lbe your bailest rather, Ass. Out insection,

Ball. Who, that beheld those hose, could e're susped.
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your self?
Or else whose Journyman or Prentice are you?

Afor. Pardon me, Tutour: for I do repent And do protest hereafter I will never

Weare any thing that fingles but my spurres.

Ball. This is gentle Afot. Away mechanick ash :

I'l kick thee, some of earth: __thus will I kick thee, __'

For corenting my poor Father. __Dire, avant ___

I do abandon thee. Ball. Bieft be thy generous songues

2

But who comes here? This office must be mine.

I'l make you faire account of every dam.

Afot. I'l not endure the trouble of account?

Say all h spent, and then we must have more,

SCEN. III

Tyndarus. Afotus. Ballio. Tyn. Hat Fury thor a viper through my foul To poilonall my thoughts? Civill differtion Wars in my blood : here Love with thousand bows And twenty thou fand arrows layes his fiege To my poor heart; which, mann'd with nought but fear Denyes the great god entrance. O Evadne! Canft thou, that rifeft fairer then the morn, Serblacker then the evening > weak jealouse ! Did e're thy prying and fulpicious fight F nd her lip guilty of a wanton fmile? Or one lalcivious glance dart from hereye? The blushes of her cheeks are innocent, Her carriage lober, her discourse all chaste; No toyish gesture, no defire to fee The publick shows, or haunt the theatre. She is no popular Mistrelle all her kisics Do speakher Virgin: such a bashfull heat At feverall tides obbes, flows, flows, ebbes again, As 't were afraid to meet our wilder flame. But if all this be cunning, (as who knows The flights of Sirens ?) and] credulous fool. Trained by her fongs to fink inher embraces; wrethed Tyndarus I were undone for ever_

Mos. Ha, ha, he, This is an arrant Cox comb, That's jealous of his wife before he has got her, And thinks himselfe a Cuckold before marriage.

Ball. V Vant of a Tutor makes unbridled youth

The Jealous Lovers.

Scene.4.

Run wildly into passions. You have got
A skilfull Pilot (though I fay it) Pupill,
One that will steere both you and your estate
Into fase harbour.—Pray observe his burnous.

Tyn. Away foul fin.—Tis Atheilme to suspect
A devil lodg'd in such Divinity.
Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton.
If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;
I know they soul as beauteens as the face.
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the faire shrine of a fairer saint.
O pardon me they penitent insidel!:
By they fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow
Never to think fin can be grown so bold
As to assault they soul, Afot. This sellow, Tutor,
VVaxes and wanes a hundred times a minute:
In my conscience he was got in the change o'th Moon,

SCEN. IIII.

Chremylus Dipfus. Afotus. Ballio. Tyndaras.

Dip. Ot in thy grave, thou dotard, I deficthee.

Curft be our day of marriage: shall I nurse

And play the mother to anothers brat?

And she to nose my daughter?—Take Evadne,

Your pretty-precious by-blow, fair Evadne,

The minion of the town: go—and provide her

A place "ith' Spittle. Chrem. Gentle wife, have patience,

Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience,

For I will have no patience.—S'lid, Patience: Patience?

Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend.

And should my sonne committed to his care Thus suffer as the poor Evadne does, The gods were just to revenge her wrong.

Dip. I will not have my house afflicted with her; (sity, She has more sustors then a pretty wench in an Univer while my daughter has leisure enough to follow ber nee-

Chre. Wife, I must tel you y'are a pecvish woman (dle. Dip. And I must tell you y' are an arrant Coxscomb

Totellme fo. My daughter nos'd by a flut?

Afor. There will be a quarrell, Tutor's do you rake

The old mans part ; I am o'th'womans fide.

Chrem. Were every vein in poor Evadne fill'd With blood deriv'd from those whose ancestours Transmitted in that blood a haterous, A lineall hate to all our family;

Yet trufted to my care the is my daughter,
And thall there equall bleffings with mine own.

Dip. Then a perpetual noyle shall fill my house:

I will not let thee steep, nor eat, nor drink,

But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.

Thou shalt confesse the troubled sea more calm;

That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the ayr:

The Ravens, screech-owls, and the Mandrakes voyce shall be thy constant musick——I cantalk.

Thy friends that some to see thee shall grow deaf With my loud clamours. Hedven be praised for tongue! No woman in all Thebes is better we spon'd:

And 't shall be sharper; or were my member Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it In thy just torment. I am vext to think,

My best revenge age hath prevented now:

Else every man should read it in my brow.

Run out your line at length and so be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. V.

Dypfat. Tyndarm Afotus, Ballio. Tin. I Ere is an argument, Tyndarus, to incite And tempt thy free peck to the yoke of Love. Are thefe the joyes we reap i'th'nuptiall bed ? First in thy bosome warm the snake, and call The viper to thy arms O gentle death, There is no fleep bleft and fecure but thine. V Vives are but fair afflictions : fure this woman Was woo'd with protestations, oaths, and vows, As well as my Bradne, thought as fair, As wife and vermous as my foul fpeaks her : And may not the or play the hypocrite now? Orafter turn Apoftate A Guilty thoughts, Difturb me not. For were the fex a linne, Her goodneffe were fufficient to redeem And ranfome all from flaughter, Dip. Gentle Sir, I pittyche unripenelle of your age, That cast your love upon a dangerous Rock. My daughter! But I blush to own the birth, And curse the womb so fruitfull to my shame. You may be wife and happyor repent. Exit Dip at.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarm Afotus. Ballio.

Afor. T'His woman is a devil, for the hates her owne children.

Ball. In what an extante stands that grieved wight?

Afor. In troth I shall into compunction melt.

Will not a cup of Lesbian liquor rowze

His frozen spirits to agility?

Ball. Spoke like a fonne of Alculaphis.

To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean

B 3

It should prophane shele breeches: Sure his foul Is gone upon some errand, and has left

The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealousie, I shall account thee now No idle passion, when the womb that bare her Shall plead her guilt, I must forget her name. Fly from my memory: I will drink oblivion To lose the loth'd Evadne. Afte. Generous Sir, A pottle of Elixir at the Pegalus Bravely carouz'd is more restorative.

My Tutor shall disburse. Tym. Good impertinent.

Afor. Impertinent impertinent in thy face.

Danger accrues upon the word impertinent. Tutor, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash Till he devoure the word Impertinent,

Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrell

The Brither of Good hath mollified it.

Afer. We are appeas'd—Be safe—I say—be safe.

Tyn. Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.

I am too sudden to conclude her salse
On such fleight witnesse. Shall I think the Sun
Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud
Or envious night hath cast a cloud of darknesse
'Twixt the worlds eye an mine? Afor. Canst thou royall
Burn our the remnant of a day with us? (boy,

Typ. I am resolved upon a safertriall.

Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
Fall out about you; for those rare perfections
Can do no lessethen ravist. Afar. I confesse—
I cannot walk the streets, but strait the females
Are in a tumult. I must leave thee, Thebes,
Less I occasion civil warres to rage
Within thy wals. I would be loth to ruine

My native foil. Ball. Sir, what with my inffructions, He has the wooing character, Tyn. Could ou now But pull the maiden blotomes of a role Sweet as the fpring it buds in, fair Bradne:

Or gain her promife, and that grant confirm'd By some fleight jewell, I shall vow my felf a week on W Indebted to the fervice; and live yours.

Afot. She cannot fland the fury places bege, Ball. At first affault he rakes the female fort.

Afot, And ride leves conquerour through the fireets of Thebes, I'l tell you, Sir: You would not think how many Gentlemen affers have & do daily endanger their little legs, by walking early and late to bring me vi fits from this Lady and that Counteffe. Heaven pardon the fin ! ne're a man in the city has made to many chambermaids lose their voyces as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? Mor. By riling in the cold night to let me in to their Madame, If you hear a waiting woman coughing, follow her: the will intallibly direct you

to some that has been a mistrelle of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tacticks to him, and he knowes Themilitary discipline of wooing: To rank and file his kiffes: How to mufter Histroups of complements, and Tyn. I do believe you. Go on __ return victorious. O poor heart, What forrows doft thou teem with t Here the comes.

OW S CB N. VIII DO T bordson

Tyndaras, Afotus Ballo, Evudne, Mood Tyn. A Nd is is possible fo divine a Goddeste mile Anex

Should fall from heaven to wallow herein fin With a Babion as this is My Bradne, Why fliould a fadnesse dwell upon this cheek and the To blaft the render roles > spare those tears Pu4

To piety others ; thyunspotted foul Has not a frain in 't to be washe away

With pentient waters. Do not grieve; thy forrows Have fore'd mine eyes too to this womanish weaknesse.

Afor. A presty enemy. I long for an encounter. Who would not be valtiant to fight under fuch colours?

Evad, Mylord, 'ris guilt enough in me to challenge A fea of years, that you suspect me guilty, I would your just fword would fo courteous be As to unrip my heart; there you shall read

In characters lad Lovers ule so wrke.

Nothing but innocence and true faith to you, Typ. I have loft all diffruft, feal me my pardon

In a chaft tureles kiffe. The doves that draw The Rolle charjet of the Queen of Lave, Shall not be link'd in whiter robes then we. Comclet us kife, Byadne Out semptation There was too much and that too wanton hear Inthy lastivious lip Go to the stews; I may perchance be now and then a customer, But do adjute thee from my chafter facets

Exit Tyndarm.

SCEN. VIII.

Evalue Ballie. Afotte. Leed. Then from the world adjure thy felfe, Evadne, And in thy quiet death fecure the thoughts Ofcrombled Tyndams .- Mywomanish courage Could prompt me on todye, were not sliedeath Doubled in long him. Th' Elifian fields Canbe no paradife while he's not there : The walks are doll without him. Mor. Such a qualm O'th' fudden, Ball. Fie, curn'd coward ? Refolution Is the best fweed in warre. Afor. Then I will on, >nd

And boldly Yet _Ball, what will you lofe theday E're you begin the battell ? Afot. Traly, Tutor. I have an ague takes me every day, And now the cold fir's on me. Ball. Go home and hinfly Theu lon of fear. alor- Nay, then I'l venture on, VVere the ten thousand frong. Hailheavenly Queen Of beauty, moft illustrious Capids daugbeer Was not fo fair. Ball, His mother offet. Tie no matter. The filly Damfell understands no Poetry.

Deigne me thy lip as blew as a zure bright.

Ball. As red as ruby bright. Afet. VVhat's that to the Is not azure blew as good as ruby red? (purpole?

Evad. It is not charicable mirth to mock A wretched Ladies gricfs, The gods are just And may requite you with afcorn as great As that you throw on me. Afor. Not kide a Gentleman? And my father worth thoulands ; - Refolution, Spurre me to brave archievements Eved. Such a rudenelle Some Ladies by the valeur of their fervants Could have redeem'd- Ungentle god of Love, Write me not down among the happier names ; I onely live a Martyr inthy flames. Erif.

Afor. This is fuch a masculine feminine gender. Ball. She is an amazon both flout andtall.

Afor, Yet I got this be ftrugling If I fit you not, A Dia Proud squamish comesse Turor, such an irch Of kiffing runnes all o're me. l'Ito Phryne, ot ber And foole away an hour ortwo in dalliance

Ball, Go, I muft flay to wait on fair Techmella, Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus As Tyndarus of Evadne. Afor. Surchy, Tutor, I must provide me a suit of jealouse:

It will be all in fashion.

SCEN. IX. Techmeffe. Ballio.

Teshin Leffe me ! what uncouth fancies toffe my brain ! BAs in you arbour fleep had clos'd mine eyes. Me thought within a flowry plain were met

A troup of Ladyes, and my felf was one.

Among ft them role a challenge, whose fost foot Should gentlieft preffe the graffe, and quickeft run. The prize for which they ftrove, the heart of Pamphilus, The victory was doubtfull. All perform'd Their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus Was chosen judge to end the controversie. Methought be shard his heart, and dealt a piece To every Lady of the troup, but me : It was unkindly done, Ball. I have descried-

Tech. What Ballio, Ball. A froft in his affections To you; _but hear above the rage of Dog-dayes To any other petticoat in Thebes,

I do northink but werethe Pox a woman, He would not flick to court it. Tech, O my foul! Thou haft descried too much. How sweet it is To live in ignorance! Ball. I did found him home, And with such words profan'd your reputation, Would whet a cowards fword. One that ne're faw you

Rebuk'd by flanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree ftill, While he lat fill unmov'd. Tesb. It cannot be.

Ball. I'l undertake he shall refigne his weapon, And forswear freet in any thing but knives, Rather then venture one small scratch, to salve Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaffe, Encounter with a pin.

Tech. I am no common milfreffe, nor have need To entergain a multitude of champions To draw in my defence, Yet had he lov'd me, He could not hear me injur'd with such patience.

Ballio one triall more: bring one his sword

Rather resign'd then drawn in my defence,

And I will rest confirm'd. Ball. Here's a sine businesse,

Vhat shall I do? go to a cutters shop,

And buy a sword like that. O't will not do.

Tech. Will you do this? Ball. It is resolv'd. I will

One way or other. VVie, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Pagnium, Techmeffa, Ballio

Pag. MAdame, the wretched Pamphilus! Tech. What

Pag. Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.

Ball. That newes revives me. Tech. Haste, Techmesse then:

VVhat dost thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
Cast off this robe of clay, my soul, and sly
To overtake him, beare him company
To the Blysian groves: the journey thicher
Is dark and melancholly: do not suffer him
To goe alone. Pag. Madame, I joy to see
VVith how much forrow you receive his death.
I will restore you comfort: pamphilus lives.
Ball. If Pamphilus lives, then Ballio's dead again.

Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we shall have
On a little counterfeit forrow and a few drops
Of womanstears, go and perswade your Master
I am deeply in love with him. Pag. It you do not,
You ought in justice. Tech, I'l give thee anew feather
And tell me what were those three Ladyes names
Your Master entertain'd last night. Pag. Three Ladies!

Tech.

Tech. You make it strange now. Prg. Madame, by all My mafter bears a love fo firmly constant (oathes To you, and only you; he talks, thinks, dreams Of nothing but Techmeffa. When he heares The found of your bleft name, he turns Chameleon, And lives on that fweet ayr. Here he has fent me (He laves With letters to you; which I should deliver down his fword to I know not, nor himself : for first he writes. pullout And, when the letters likes him not, begins his letters A fecond ftyle, and fo a third and fourth, And thus proceeds; and then reads'em over all. And knowes not which to fend : perchance tears all The paper was not faire enough to kife So whire a hand; that letter was too big. A line uneven; all excuse prevail'd. Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable. That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him wish Above all bleffings heaven can bellow (So strange a fancy as affection raught him) That he might have a quill from Cupids wing Dipt in the milke of Venus, to record Your praises and his love. I have brought you here whole packets of affections. Ball. Bleffed occasion! (He feels Here is a conquest purchas'd without blood. away the Though strength and valour faile us, yet we see sword There may a field be won by policie. Exit. Tech. Go, Pægmum, rell your master I could with That I was his; but bid him choose another. Tell him he has no hope e're to enjoy me;

But bid him not despair. I doe not doubt His constant love to me: yet I suspect His zeal more servent to some other saint. Say I receive his letters with all joy, But will not take the paines to reade a syllable.

Per.

Pag. If I doe not thinke women were got with ridling, whip me : Hocus, Pocus, here you shall have me, and there you shall have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without the fieve and theers. I conceive them new to be ingendred of nothing but the Wind and the weather-cock. What ? my fword gone ? ha! Well, This same pandarly roque Ballio has got it. He sowes suspicions of my mafter here because he cudgels him into manners, and that old foold Dipfas hires him to it. How could fuch a devil bring forth fuch an angell as my Lady Techimessa ? unlesse it were before ber fall. I knew all their plots, and yet they cannot fee'em. Heaven keep me from love, and preserve mine eye-fight. Goe plot Engineers, plot on :

I'll work a countermine, and 't will be brave. An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave.

Martin Special of San.

of Theory

orange and mexical christicale a mate, si a live forma The season in the story of the start Siran Black Handain made on the and any Ville of the section of the is a release thing, we a date reserved were to be a server of the art of the art wall work with his beautiful with the or the will

cal ross the green or or or der still all and Line.

ACT II, SCEN, I.

Afeten, Bafio. Evenge,more sweetthen Museadine and

egges,
Today I will embrace thee, Healths in

Are fouldiers morning-draughts. Proud,

proud Evadne

Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,
And fuch a wit as can give overthrow

To male or female, be they man or woman.
This can my Tutor do, and I, or no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock. His liberall valour late bestowed upon me, Invention lies are safer ward then wit:

This fword shall teach norto provoke the cruel.

Afor. And by this gemme shall I confound a jewel,
S'lid, Tutor, I have a wittoo; there was a jest ex sempore.

SCEN. II.

Aforms, Ballio Tyndarus.

Tys. pHysicians fay, there's no discale so dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.

Such such is mine, 1 could not be so ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but suspected is more horsed

Of dangers but suspected is more horrid
Then present misery. I have seen a man,
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death a
VYho, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Dyed hugging of the wave. VVere Evadne true,
I were too blest; or could I say the's false,
I could no more be wretched.——I am well:

My pulse beats mufick, and my lively blood

Dances

Dances a healthfull measure-Hal VV hat'sthis Gnaws at my heart & what viperous thirt of Neffus Cleaves to my skin, and ears away my felh ? Made and 'T is fome infection .- Afor Tutor, Let's be cone . od d O' my life we are dead men elfe, Tya, My Aforus? Afor Ketp your infection to you felf. Tyn. 'T is love Is my affection. Afer. Nay, then I care not. Tyndarus ? For that is an epidemicall difeafe. And is the finest ficknesse in the world When it takes two together. Tyn. Dear, dear felf! How fares the darling of the age? Say, what fueceffe? Afot. Did not I tell you, Sir, I was born VVith a caul upon my face? My Mother wrapt me 19 10 Inher own mock, The temales fall before me Like trembling dones before the towning hawk. While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk, and was I Ball. So he takes Virgins with his amarous eve. As spiders web intraps the tender five. Afor. True, Tutor, true : for I woo'em with cobweb. Tyn, I know the rest of women may be frail. Brittle as glaffes : but my Evadne stands A Rock of Parion Marble, firm and pure. The chryftall may be fainted, and rude feet shar I stant Profane the milky way: The Phanix felf Although but one, no Virgin : e're I harbour Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid! No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy felf; orai varon landage Mi Turn thine eyes inward, fee thine own unworthinese That does thy thoughts to this felpicion move soil angli She loves thee not, cause thou defery and love. Afor. I doe not know where the inchanging the syow of I Whether it be the magick of mine every of the to a dozon I'I. Or lip or cheek, or brow ! but I suppose so salamo! The conjuration chiefly in my noted in a lyll of . 101. Lon . Evadet

Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me firft. Troth 's is a presty laffe and for a woman She courts in handfome words ; and now and the A police phrase, and fuch a feeting appetite, That having nor a beart of flint or feel. As mine's an eafier temper, I confented To give her, in the way of almes, a night Or lo :- You guelle the meaning Tyn. Too too well And must her luft breakinto open flames. To lend the world a light to view her shames; Could not the tafte her Page ? or feeretly Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms? Or practife with her Dottour;and take phylick In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take Her stallions up i'th'freets! While fin is modeff. It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent, The fafter foreads above all hopes of cure. I never could observe so firange a boldnesse In my Evadne. I havefeen hercheeks Bluth as if Modefty herfelf bad there ... Lain in a bed of corall. But how foon Is vettue loft in women! Ball, Miftake us nor. Deare Tyndarus: Evadne may be chafte To all the world but him. And as for him, Diana's felf, or any ftrider Goddeffe would lofe the Virgin-zone. I have infill Magnetick force into him, that attracts Their tron hearts, and fashions them like steel Upon the anvile to what thepe he please, He knowes the minute, the precise one minute, No woman con hold out in. Come to me, Sit, I'l teach you in one fornight my Aftrology To make each Burgettein all Thebes your cuchold. Mos. As filly Lambs do feed the welves black jaw, And Sabsvä

1900

And fearfullhares the generous Lyonspans
As whales ear leffer fries; fo may you fee
The Matrones Maids and Widows floup to me.

Tys. O do not hold me longer in superse: The prisoner arthe barre may with lesse fear Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd, Then stand the doubtfull trial, Pray confirm me-

Afot, Know you this jewel. Tyn. O my fad heart. Aringe Afot, If your Evadne be a Phoenia, Tyndarus (crack! Some ten months hence you may have more o'th'breed.

Tyn. This did I give hely and the vow'd to keep it
By all the oathes Religion knew. No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjury. The diamond
Ceep's hi chaltelustre still, when the has soil'd
A glory of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to. Aler. This ? a pretty toy?
But of no value to my other tropheys
That the srail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a mysterie s. I have sweat out such
Variety of tristes, their several kinds
Would posse a learned lapidary; my closet,
By some that knew me not for C upids savourite;
Has been mistaken for a sewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots, & show-Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (firings, Affords such choice of wares, Afot. Phabus, whip Thy lazy team; run head-long to the VVett, I long to take the banquet of the night, Sir, if you please, when I am surfected,

To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings.

Tyn. Where art thou patience? Hence contagious mists
That would infect the art of her pute fame :

M

My fword shall purge you forth, bale droffe of men, From her refined metall. Afor. Bleffe me, Tutor ! This is not the precise minute. Tyn. Why should I Afflid my felffor her ? No, let her vanish. Shall I retein my love, when the has loft The treasure of her vertue > Stay, perchance Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance That doubt will call a curfe upon my head To plague my unbelief .- But here's a witneffe Of too-too certain truth flands upagainft her. Me thinks the flame that burnt fo bright dyes in me. I am no more a captive, I have shak'd Myfetters off, and broke thole gyves of feel That bound me to my thraldome. My fair prison, Adieu. How sweetly breaths this open ayr My feet, grown wanton with their liberty, Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven With my advanced head, Come, dear Afotus, There are no pleafures bur they shall be ours VVe will dispeople all the elements To please our palates, Midnight shall behold Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask, As envious of our jollities. The whole fex Of women shall be ours. Merchants shall proffer Their tender brides, Mothers shall run and fetch Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to fatisfie Our liquor shlusts. Then Tyndarus happy call, That lofing one faire maid has purchas'd all,

Afot. You have an admirable method, Tutor :
If this fellow has not been? my heart, I'l be hang'd,
He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, boon couragio

Ball. You fee whar more then miracles art can do.
Tin, And when we have run o're the catalogue
Of former pleasures, thou, and I and Ballio

Will

Will fit and fludy new ones. I will raife A feet of new and rare Phylosophers. Shall from my name becall'd Tyndarides.

That shall from me be call'd—Asotides.
Tutor, my sellow Pupill here and I
Must quast a bowl of rare Phylosophy
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides,
Tyn, Come, blestrestorer of my liberty.

Afor. If any friend of yours want liberty
In such a kind as this, you may command me;
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
The Alorides shall grant them liberty.

Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and ere we parr

Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

Brownt Tymlarus, & Afeti

SCEN. III. Ballio, Techmeffa.

Ball.—Here is besides revenge a kind of weetnede
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,
And kisse the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries.—Silly Pamphilas,
With thine own sword I'l kill thee, and then trample
On thy poore foolish carcase. Techmesia here?
Then Fortune wait on my designs, and crown m
V Vith a successe as high as they deserve.

Tech. Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus Cloth'd Angel like in white and spotlesse robes; And strait upon a sudden my chang'd famise Presents him black and horrid, all a stain, More lothsome then a leper. Ball. And that sansie Presents him in his likenesse. All the sinks And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him.

Top

Tech. Peace show foul congue. Ball. Nay, if you be fo I have no womenish itch to prate-- Farewell (Iqueamifh. Tech Nay, do not leave me unrefelv'd, good Billio. Ball, VVhy, I did fet you out in more vile colours, Then ever cunning penfell us'd to limbe Witch, hag,or Fury with. Tech. I hou couldft not do't. And live, Ball. I am no ghoft, flesh and blood still, I faid you had a pretty head of hair, And fuch as might doe lervice to the State, Made into halters: that you had a brow Hung o're your eyes like fie-claps : that your eyes Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're Orfull of flanding brine ; your cherks were funk So low and hollow they might ferve the boyes For cherry-pits. Tech Could Pamphilus heare all this. And not his blood turn choller > Ball. This ; and mose. I faid your note was hke a hunters horn, And flood fo bending up, a man might hang H s hat upon't : that I mistoo the yeare. And al wayes thought it V Vinter, when I faw Two icicles at your noftrils, Tech. Have I loft All woman, that I can with patience heare My felf thus injut'd ? Ball. I could bear my felf For speaking it; but t' was to found him, Madame, I faid you had no neck : your chin and shoulders Were fo good friends, they would ha'nothing part'em: I vow'd your breafts for colour and proportion Were like a writheld pair of o're worn footballs Your waste was flender, but the ambitious burtock Climbes up fo high about, who fees vou naked Might fweere you had been born with a vardingal Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy ftrange description. Ball. Il ft; atham'd and weary : he goes on,

Ball. Il ft, atham'd and weary : he goes on, There be more thops and wrinckles in her lips

Then

Then on the earth in heat of Dog-days: and her teeth !
Looke like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
V Vould make the deaf man bleffe his imperfection,
That freeshim from the plague of fo much noise:
And such a breath (heaven shield us 1) as our vies

The shambles and beargaden for a scene.

Tech. Was ever such a fury? Ball. For your shoulders
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th Temple; and that's all the use
Religion can make of you: Then your feet,
(For I am loth to give rhe full description)
He vowes they both are clover. Tech. Had all malice
Dwelcin one tongue, it could not seandol more.
Is this the man adores me as his saint?
And payes his morning orisons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there such hypocrisie
In Loves Religion too? Are Venus doves
But white dissemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That shakes and trembles at a frowne of mine,
More then at thunder? I must have more argument
Of his apostacy, or suspect you saife.

Ball. Whose sword is this? Tech. T' is his. And this I tyed
About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight
Vnder those colours, the most faithfull souldier
The fields of Mars of tents of Cupid knew.
False men, resign your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be

Nor upright fortitude, but treachery.

Ball. I ring'd him in a language of that boldnesse, As would have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes, To stand in your desence, or else resign. The fruitlesse steel he ware. He bid metake it, He had not so much of Knight errant in him, To yow himself champion to such a doxie.

C 3

Tech. Then Love, I shoot thy arrows back again, Return'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breast will say thy dart is welcome,
And kisse the golden pile. I am possest
With a just anger, pamphilus shall know
My scorn as high as his. Ball. Bravely resolv'd.
Madame, report not me to Pamphilus
Author of this; for valour should not talk,
And fortitude would lose it self in wo ds.
Tesh. I need no other witnesse then his sword.

SCEN. IV.

Ballio. Aform, Tyndarus, Techmeffa.

The fweets of life till now, I will pronounce This for my birth-day: Tech. And this happy minute

Has clear'd my foul too of the fame difeafe.

Afor, Then do as Tyndarus did, and goe with me; Wee'll drink a pottle to liberty, and another Pottle to the Aforides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides, And a fourth to the She-phylosophers yeleped Techme-

SCEN. V.

Ballio Afotus. Tyndarus. Techmeffs. Pamphilus.
Tyn PAmphilus, welcome; Shake thy forrows off?

VVhy in this age of freedome doft thou fit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Ofelay about me, am I not all ayr?
Or of fome quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a foul as in the separation.

Pam. Brother, if any fiream of joycan mix With fuch a fea of griefe as mine, and lofe not his native sweetnesse, 't is a joy for you.

Act. 2. The Jealous Lovers.

But I am all bitterneffe, Ball, Now Afotus, The Comedie begins. Pam. When will my fufferings Make my attonement with my angry goddeffe? Dovou caleRiall forms retein an anger Brernal as your fubstance? Tech. O fine hair! An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye, A most delicious cheek, a handsome note! How Nedar Iweer his lips are! and his teeth, Like two faire ivory pales, inclose a tongue Made up of harmony, Then he has a chin So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitty A beard should over-growit: and his feet Past all expression comely.

Pam; Donot adde

25

Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to infult Upon a proftrate wretch is harder tyrannie Then to have made him fo, Tech. And then a shoulder Straight as the pine or cedar. Pam. Courteous death, Take wings; thou art too flow. Tech. I could not heare Those precious parts defam'd, but I durft fight In the just quarrell. Tyn.' I's a touchy Tyger. How happy am I that I have leap'd the denties Of these she-wolves! Ball. Now my safety lyes Vpon a ticklish point a womans secrecy. Madame, my reputation is dear to me.

Pam. In what amaze I wander ! how my forrows

Run iaro labyrinth | Tech. Pluntiddle it.

Ball. St. St. The honour of a man at arms. Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt Neglect from thee. Pam, Madame, I am all love: And if the violence of any flame had mer With any heart but marble, I had taught it Some fpark of my affection. Ball. Now it hear.

Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and must work

Vpon a breaft lo capable as mine.

Afat. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing but Hocus pocus, Præsto be gone, Come again Jack;

and fuch feats of activity .

Tech. But I must tell you, you arcfalse and perjur'd, Or, what is more, a coward. Tell m:, Sir, (To Afore (To Aforse

(For I suppose you of a nobler foul) If you should heare your Mistrelle by rude tongues Wrong'd in the graces both of minde and beauty, Could you have fuffered it? Aft. Madame, were you made From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas. And daughter were unto Gargantua great, And wrong my Mistreffe, you should heare my rage Provokeny blade and, cry, blade, canft thou fleep In peacefull fcabbard ? Out thou beaft of terrour, And Lyon like tore this disdainfull wight

To Plure's thades and ghofts of Erebus. Tich. Yet you, my valiant champion could refign This (if you know it) rather then endure The terrour of your own feel to redeem My bleeding honours. Pam. How am I bertai'd, And fal'n into the toyls of rreachery! Give me a man bold as that earth- both raca That bid Isse battell, and befirg'd the gods; And if I make him not creep like a worm Vpon his belly, and with reverence Lickupthe dust you featter from your thoes Mav I for ever lofe the light live in, (neffium (Intrat The fight of you. Tach. I'l try your spirits: Phro-Parmele Tyn. That blood of goars thould foften Adamant! And poore weak woman with an idle face Should make the fouldier to forget his valour, And Marris fex!

Enter Phraneffium

SEEN.

et turlus

et ftatime

intrat cam gla.

dio.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio. Tynderus, Afotus. Teebme fa. Pamphilus.
Phrenefium.

Tech H Ere's a champion for you.

Phren. Come, Sir, this fword be yours, the

Mantain the lifes against me, as I fear Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour You may redeem your honour and your sword.

A'ot. This is another Hercules come from the diftaff.

Phren If not, I doe proclaim thee here no Knight;

But mean to post thee up for a vile variet,

And the diffrace of chivalry. Pam. O my shame!

Afot. A dainty Lady errant, Ball A fine piece Of female fortitude. Phrone It this firre thee nee. Thy Mistreffe is the blemish of her fex, A dirty filthy huswife Pam Would it were nor Diffenour now to kill thee! Phren, If your valour Lye in your back-parts, I will make experience Whether a kick will raife ir. Pray goferch him Some agua vite: for the thought of feel Has put him ina (wound ; nothing revive you) Then will I keep thy fword and hang it up Amongst my buck-points, pins, and curling irons. Bobkins, and vardingals, a perpetual trophey. Ex Phron. How brave a Knight you are. Fam, Where hall I run And find a defert, that the foot of man Ne're wandred in, to hide from the world's eyes My shame? St death, every Page, and sweaty Footman

And sopie Chambermaid will point and laugh at mea.

Tyn. I joy to think that I thall meet Evadue.

Turn'd on the sudden Moor: How black and vile.

She will appear.

SCEN. VII.

Ballio. Tyadarus. Aforus Techmeffa. Pamphilin. Evadne.

Tyn. Heavens! who will not dare
Henceforth to korn your powers, and call factiledge

Merit and picty? I doe not see
A hair deform'd, no toothor nail sustain
The brand of her deserved shame. You punish
The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly
Her perjury hath added to her form,
And that the abused gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. Evad. Gentle Tyndarus,
Load not weak shoulders with too great a burden.

Tyn. O lust! on what bright alters blaze thy flames,
VVhile chastity lets her cold fires glow out
In desorm'd temples, and on ruin'd alters!
Tempt me not, strumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings and other toyes,
Purchase your journymen-lechers. Evad. My chaste care
Has been a stranger to such words as these,
I have not sinne enough to understand'em,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

Tym. I am turn'd Bagle now, and have an eye Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate funne. I must be short, who must this ring direct Into your guilty sheets? Brad. I do not know How I should lose that pledge of my Lords Love? But 't is not in the power of any thief To steal away the heart I have yowed yours: And would to all the gods I had kept it there!

Ma.

Afor. Come, blush not, hashfull belly-piece-I will neer
I ever kept my word with a faire Lady. (thee;
I will require that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens array'd in all their startes
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girl, asham'd.
These are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of those sports
we shall enjoy: then pleasures double rise.
VVhen both we seed, and they shall Tantalize.

Evad It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A Virgins fame with hazard of your own.

Afor. Tut, laffe no matter, wee'l be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine diffembler! ha! what tumule's here?

Enter Pagnium and officers.

SCEN. VIII

Ballio. Tyndarus. Afotus. Techmessa Evadue. Pamphilus. Pagnium and officers.

Pag. THat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.
1.0 fic. Villain we reprehend thee. Bal. Slaves, for what
2.0 fic. Por an arrant curpurfe: you fole away this little
Gentlemans (word; and being done by chance-medly,
't's flat felony by flatute.

Pam. I thank thee innocence, Though earth disclaim

Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

Peg. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly

Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. Ball. Well, villany,

Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for i' was you I wrong d,

I doe confesse the sword by which I rais'd

so strange a scandol on you, was by me

Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters

From you to your Techmess; and the plot

V as fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune.

Made me th'unlucky instrument. As Cursed Tutour,

Thou

23

Thou haft read nothing to me worth the learning, But th'high way to th' gallows. There shall we Hang up like vermine. Little did I think To make the women weep and fob to fee Th' untimely end of two fuch proper men. This mouth was never made to fland awry. And fure my neckwas long enough before. Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge That striving with felonious intent To fteal a kille or two from your fweet lips, From your fweet care I fole a Ring away. Per. For which your weet neck must endure the halter. Tin. I am againthy fervant, Mighty Love!

O my Evadne, how shall I appear So bold as but to plead in mine own cause? It is fo foul that none can leal my par don, But you that should condemn me e vad. Sir, you know The power I have is yours: be your own judge, And feal vour pardon here. Tyn. 'T is double life Granted by fuch a feal. Tech. VV hat punishment Shall we inflict on thefe ? Afot, Gentle Lady, B'n what you please but hanging ; -that's a death My enemies will hit me in the teeth with, Befides, it makes a man look like a cat When the cryes Mew. Ball. 1'I bark awhile Before the dogs death choke me. Afor. Pray difmiffe This pack of hounds: and fince we both are guilty.

The good and wholfome counted of a cudgel. Pare Pray let me intercede. Afor. Thanks pretty little Gentleman,

Let us beflow on one anothers fhoulders

Tyo. Officers, you are discharged. Afor. Ate the mad Ewenne Officers. dogs gone? The I Come

Come Tutour, I muft reade a fihile to your

Under correction -Not fo hard, good Tutor.

Tyr. Enough Afet. Nay, one bout I beleech you To make up la isfaction. Ball. Well, for this (more l'I have one engine more ; my bad intents

Mend not, but gather ftrength by punishments.

Tyn. Your fatisfaction now is full and ample. Afot. Nay we must have the health i'th'crab-tree cup One to th' Tindarides, another to th' Afotides,

And one, my dear In Grudour, to the Techmeflides. Pam Nay, now your pennance doth exceed your crime Afor Say you fo nay, then here's a health to the Pam-

phylides too;

And, for his noble lake, to the Evadnides. And all Phylosophy fexs what e'r they be.

Evad. Your justice to your felves is too fevere.

Afet. Then I ha'done: farewell, and hearty thanks. But, Tutor, flay, this little Gentleman

Has been forgot : Pray, Sir, what may I call you? Pag. My name is Pagnium. Aft. I were most un-

thankfull

To posse o're you . To the Pagniades, Tutor: You have brought us to a fair patie. Tutour. Ball, Tuth, 'I was bue to exercise your passive valour.

Afot. Your paffive valour > give me your active valour: I do not like your black and blew valour. V Vhen bones shallake with magnanimitie.

Ball. Pag.

SCEN; IX

Tyndarse. Pamphilus. Evadre. Techmella.

Tyn. RRother, I find my foul atroubled fea Whole billows are not fully quieted,

Akhough

Although the storme be over. Therefore, Pamphilus, By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
Vich all the charms that love can teach thee,
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her
Constant, I end my jealousie: if frail,
The corrent of my love shall bend his course
To finde some other channel, Pam. By that love
That made us twins, though born at severall bitths,
That grew along with us in height and strength,
I will be true. Farewel. Tyn. Be sudden, Pamphilus, En. Tyn
Evad. Me thinks this should consim you, Iech. That
he was not

Guilty of this, acquits him not of all ! To prove a man free from an act of thefre Affoils him not of murder. No no, fifter: Tempt him with kiffes and what other dalliance Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman To raife hot youth to appetite; if he yeeld not, I' willput of diffurft, I do not know Whom I durst trust but you. Evad. Though mine owne Find me enough in bufineffe, yet I hope Clove That you will fecond me in my occasions I undertake the task, Toch. Take heed, Evadne, Led, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle -I date not be too confident. A reall firey into their actions, Hence with guage; for if my fifter And over cannot choose but love bim See with my In the fame her with me,

SCEN.

SCEN. X. Pamphilus Evadue. Technossa in instain.

Pamir T grieves me that a Lady of your worth, Young, loft, and adive as the fpring, the flare And glory of our nation should be prodigall Of your affections, and milplace your love On a regardleffe boy, Eved. Sir, the fame pitty I must return on you, VVere I a man Whom all the Ladyes might grow rivals for. (As leffe you cannot be) I would not lose My fervicero a Mittrelle of fo coy And proud an humour : True, the is my fifter : But the fame womb produces feverall natures. I thould have entertain'd fo great a bleffing With greater thankfulnels. Pam, That my Rarres should So croffe unto my happineffe. Evad. And my fate So cruell to me, Pam. Sweet, it is in us To turn the wheels of Fortunes the's a goddeffe That has no deity where discretion reignes. .

Evad. But shall I wrong my sister? Pam. Do not I Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her? Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides. They must be equal necks that can draw even In the same yoke. Evad. I have observed, the chariet Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together. The dove with sparrows; but the turtle joyns VVich turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.

Pam. See if one formefle kiffe nor in our lips.
Evad. One lip nor meets the other with more sympathy

Then yours met mine. Pam. Let's make the fecond trial.

SCEN.

SCEN. XI.

Techmeffa. Pampbilm. Evadnei

Tech. I Can endure no longer,—gentle fifter

Evad. I cannot blame your jealousie: for I find—

Tech. Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips.

There is no tie in nature; faith in blood

Isbut a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,

Fathers, and Mothers, are but specious names

Of love and duty: you and I have been

But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting

Change kind and friendly language, and next morning

Fall our before they part, or at least ride

Contrary rodes, Evad. VVill you then missionstrue

The service I perform dat your request?

Tech. Henceforth I'll set the Rite to keepe my chickens.

SCEN. XII.

And make the Wolf my shepherd.

Evadne. Techmeffa. Pamphilus. Tyndaris.

Tyn P Amphilus, how is's ? Pam. I know not how to

She met with more court ship then I tender'd.

Tesh. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.
Your traitour wears the mask eall'd Brother: mine
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.
These eyes are witnesse, that descried 'em kissing
Closer then cockles, and in lust full twines
Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hor imbraces met
So neare, and folded in so close a knot
As if they could incorporate, and grow one

Tym. Then farewell all respect of blood and friendships. I doe pronounce thee stranger. If there can be Valour in treachery, put thy trust in steel.

As I do not in brothers.—Draw, or dye.

Pam. Brother. Tyn. I hate the name : itisa word

V Vhers my just anger to a sharper edge.

Vert thou protected by Apollo's temple,
Or hadft the altar for fecurity,
Religion should not bind me from thy death.
Couldft thou retreat into my Mothers womb,
There my revenge shall find thee. I am sudden,
And talk is tedious. Pam, beare me witnesse, heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeffa, Evadne, Chremylus, Diplas.

Chrem. pllt up for shame those rude unhallowed blades,
And let not rash opinion of a valour
Perswade you to be Parricides. Pray remember
You thirst but your own blood. He that o'recomes,
Loses the one half of himsels. Tyn. Dear Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tyed my hands;
But were my threed of life measur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both sell together;
That my incensed soul might follow his,
And to eternity prosecute my revenge.

Pam. Brother, at your entreaty I adventured
To cou t Evadne; and, because I found her
Against my mind, too casie to my suit,
Your rage falls heavy on me. Tech. On my knees
I beg, dear father, cloyster me in darknesse,
Or send me to the desertate converse

With

With nothing but a wildernesse, or expose me
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
So you will free me from the company
Of a salse lister. Evad. Sir, With much perswasion
She wroughton me to personate a love
To Pamphilus, to finde if I could stagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this so much bath mow'd her. Chrem. Here you see
The fruits of rashnesse. Do you find your errour?
But the soul spring, from whence these bitter streams
Had their first head, I sear, is from you, Diplas.

Dip. I will no more deny it: I have lown
Those seeds of doubt, withing to see diffension
Ripe for the fickle——For what cause, I now
Forbear to speak——But henceforth I will strive
To clear those jealousies, and conclude their loves
In a blest nupuall. Typ. O how frail is man!
One Sunny day the exaltation rears
Into a cloud: at night it falls intears.

Exem

ACTIII. SCEN. I.

Tyn. Fit be not immedefly to demand
So bold a question, I would be resolv'd
Of one doubt yet. Dip. Speak boldly: by all
holinesse.

My answer shall be true. Tyn. When you were young

And lively appeare revelled in your blood, Did you not find rebellion in your veins? Did not the tame embraces redious grow, And cause a longing in your thoughts to talle

Vari-

Varieties of men ? Dip, I bluth, I cannot answer
With a denial; not a proper Gentleman
But forc'd my goat sheye to tollow him:
And, when I had survey'd his parts, I would
With any losse of honour, wealth, and friendship;
Have bought him to my bed: and truly, Sir,
T' was cheapar any rate, Tyn. Steel'd impudence;
VVhar fruit can I expect the bow should bear
That groves from such a stock? Dip. I had of late.
A moneths mind, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make
To please a Lady. Tyn Sure this old piece of lust,
VVhen she is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcasse.

Dip. And that's the reason I have cross'd my daughter To jurther mine own love. Pitte me, Sir, For though the fewel's spent; there is a spark Rak'dup i'th' embers.—But I now desift, Please you to goe to Ballio's house, my daughter Shall meet you there:—I hope that out of duty she will not grudge her Mother a good turn (house When she is married—now & then. Tyn. Is there no To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne Acquainted there? is that the rendezvous Of her hot meetings?—Yet I still suspect This womans malice to her childe not lost i will bestow some rime, and goe to see The strange event of this dark mysterie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCBN II. Dipfas. Ballie.

Dip. B Allio, Ball. Madame. Dip. See your house be ftor Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling.

For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.

3

You guesse the rest; if not, this purse of gold
Better inform you. Exit Dypfas.

Ball. Most exlessial Lady.
Though I have practised villarly from my cradle, And from my dug suckt mischies more then milk, This sury still out does me.—I am vext, Vext to the heart, to see a filly woman Carry more devils in her then my felf.
And yet I love thee,—thou she-rogue I love thee.
Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

The fonce of earth, that digs his Mothers entrails
To turn up treasure for his boy and me;
That with industrous eyes searches to hell
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
Thou age of gold: how do the bags at home?
Are all the chests in health? thrives the pursestill?
And sayes it to the talents, Multiply?

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a swarm, wealth fals.
Not in small draps upon me, (as at first)

But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Y Vere it not pitty
My boy should not invent sluces enow
To drain the copious stream. Ball. A thouland pitties
That you should lose the fruits of so much care

Sim. True Ballio, true. Ball. Trust me, what art can do Shat not be wanting Sim. I'l not be ungratefull. It lies in you to turn these silver hairs. To a fresh black again, and by one favour. Cut fourty yeares away from the gray summe.

41

Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers—
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl

An aged Ram in some inchanted caldron
Till he start up a Lamb, I would recall
Your youth, and make you like the aged snake
Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh
As at siteen. Sim. All this you may and more.
If you will place mewhere I may unseen
Make my eye witnesse of my sonnes delight,
I shall enjoy the pleasares by beholding 'em.

Ball. True, Sir, you knows he's but your second self,
The same you might have been at one and twenty:

The bliffe is both alike, Sim. Mon phylosophical!

Ball. Place your self there. Sim I ha'no words but these
To thank you with. Ball. This is true Rhetorick

SCEN. IV.

Aforus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Charilus, Thrafymachus, Hyperbelus, Simo in angulis.

Mot. Come forth my Rascalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his samily unto half a man
Yelep'd — Page, Our honour be attended
VVith men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets
Shal with the Bilbo blade and gray goose quill
Grace our retinue — And, when we grow surly,
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown?
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.
Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his state: To see what wealth can do,
To those that have the blessing how to spend it!
Ball. Your blessing wasth: wealth: the art of spending
He had from me. Sim Once more! give thee thanks

D 3

Thraf. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude And not pay homage to thy potent toe, Shall be a morfell for the dogs. Afor. Stonely deliver'd. My brave Thrasymachus __ Thou for this shalt feed. I will not suffer valour to grow lean, And march like famine. I have feen an army Of fuch meagre troop, such thin chapt starvelings, Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain From swallowing up the foe, ere they had flain him.

Hyper. If thou command our service, we will dye Dull earth with crimfon, till the tears of orphanes, Widows and Mothers wash it white again : Wee'l from thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs, And pay thee ttibute thou fandiheads a day, Fresh bleeding from the trunk ; and panting hearts Not dead shall leap inthy victorious paw.

Afor. Then fay thou to hunger _ Friend, adieu! Ballio, condemne a bagge; let trash away, See'em both arm'd in fcarlet cap - a - pe. Strike top-faile, men of war. Ball. We muft divide : We that ferve great men have no other fhifts To thrive our felves, but gelding our Lords gifts. Sim. Now I am rich indeed : this is true treasure,

Afor. Ha! has Mel pomene ta'ne cold of late, That you are filent, my Parnaffian beagles? Is Cho dumbe ? or has Apollo's lews-trump By fad difafter loft her melodious tongue?

cher. Your praise all tongues delire to speak : but fome, Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumb. The harp of Orphese bluffes for to fing, And fweet emphions voyce hath cracke a ftring.

Afit. A witty folecisme; reward the errour! harp and fing, voice and ftring;

Bom, Give me a breath of thunder ; let me fpea ke SonoSonorus accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noise of obstreperous. I will warble
Such bounsing notes shall cleave obdurate Marble
Upon mount Caucasus heavens knocking head;
Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread
Thy same, grand Patron of the thrice three listers,
Till envice cares shall hear it, and have blisters.

Afot. O rare close! a high sublime conceit!
For this I'l she at the in a new serge scabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegascan. Sim. What an honour
VVill our blood come to!—I have satisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My sacred hunger hath devour'd. Afot. Ballio,
Blesse him with twenty drachmes—Yet forbeat:
Money may spoil his Poetry. Give's some wine,
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour.
A health to all my beads-men of the sword.

Thr. Hip. This will engage the men of arms to fight.

Afor. This to the Muses, and their thred-bare tribe.

Cher. Bom. Thou dost engage the learned troups to write

Afor. Go sonnes of Mars with young Apollo's brood.

And usher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd Excust Bom-My blood, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting Hyp Cher. Ball. Some twenty ages hence 't will be a Tar for to

question (more: fetch in Phr. Afous the which of the two the world will reverence while is put ting on his So liberall a sonne. Sim. Good Ballio, good: armour. But which will they preserve? Ball, They cannot, Sir,

But must admire you first, which grip'd so much That made his hand so open. Sim Gracious stars, How bless shall I be twenty ages hence! Some twenty ages hence! Ball You shall be cal'd

A doring Cockscomb twenty ages hence.

SCEN.

charilus, Bomolochus, before per fonating emo Mercuries, Phryme in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by Hyperbolus and Thrasymachus.

Afet. H Owbright and glorious are the beams my starre Darts from her eye! Lead my Queen of beauty, But in a softer March, sound a retreat: Lead on again, I'l meether in that state
The God of war puts on when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen: These that were once the postures

Of horrid battels, are become the muster Of Love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of Mercuries,

Is sheth' Olimpick or the Paphian goddesse?

Ball. Where are you, Sir, where are you? Sim. In Eli-

Cher. This is no goddeffe of th'_Olympick hall.

Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call. Cher. For the nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight. cher. Nor is the Muse. Bom Nor Grace. cher. Nor is she one of these

That haunt the springs, the beauteous Naiades.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is she Char. Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards Deity.

Bom. No, theis none of these. Cher. O then prepare

To heare her bleffed name, Both. 'T is Phryne fair.

Go forth, and fing the world a lullable,
For thy dear lake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing Drums and groanes of flaughter'd men,
My father brings the golden age agen.

Phrys Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre, *Twas love of you that fore'd me from my sphere,

And

And made me leave my orb without her influence, To meet you in the fury of the fight, Sweating with rage, and teeking in the blood Of wretches facrific'd to the Stygian flood.

Afot. Come forth, thou horrid inflrument of death.

Ball. Do you hear him, Sir? Sim. I, to my comfort Ballia.

Afot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world In crimfon floods and purple deluges The old, the young, the weak, the lufty wight, Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together, Men, women, children, infants, all shall dye. I will have none furvive that shall have left Above one eye, three quarters of a face, And halfe a nofe. I will carve legs and arms, As at a feaft. Henceforth to all posterity Mankind fiall walk on crutches. Phryn, Cruel Mars ! Let the conjunction of my milder farre Temper the too Malignant force of thine. The Dium, the Fife, and Trumpet fhal be turn'd The Luces, and Cithern. We will drink in helmets. And cause the fouldier turn bis blade to knives, To conquer capons, and the stubble goofe: No weapons in the age to come be known,

No weapons in the age to come be known,
But shield of Bacon, and the sword of Brawn. (Nedar
Deigne me a kisse, great V Varriour. Ass. Hogsheads of
Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.

That kiffe hath ranfom'd thousands from the grave.

Phryn. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.

Afor. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.

Phryn. O let me kiffe away all rigour from thee.

Afor. Live, Mortals live. Death has no more to do.

And yet methinks a little rigour's left.

Phryn, Thus shall it vanish. Afer. vanish rigor, vanish.

Harnesse the Lions, make my chariot ready:

Venus and I will ride Phryn. How? drawn by Lions?

Afot. I, thou shalt kisse? em till their rigour vanish (As mine has) into ayr. I will have the play

VVith Ounces, Tygers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrel. Bears shall wait on thee,
And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be,
Sit down, my Ouren, and let us quast a bowl.

Seest thou, my Phryne what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? These for thy defence

'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.

And these on all occasions shall vent forth

Swelling Encomiums.——Say, Bomolochus,
How sings my Mistresse?

Bow. The Grashopper chaunts not his autumn quire

So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

Afor, They 'I make thee any thing. Thou are already
Cricket & Grashopper. Charilus, how does she dance?
Char. Have you beheld the little sable beast
Cladin an Ebon Mantle, highra slea,
V Vhose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hem again,
Dancing a measure o're a Ladyes smock,
VVich motion quick and courtly equipage?

So trips fair Phryne o're the flowry frage.

Afoi. Now thou art a flex. How snorts the as the fleeps?

Bom, Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale

Through a grove of sycamore. The soft spring

Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course

Vith sweeter murmur. Let Amphions succ

(That built our Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.

Orpheus shall break his harp, and filent be

The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercury:

Yearhough the spheres be dumb, I care not for't:

No musick such as her melodious snort.

Afot,

Afot, Melodious (note! With what decorum spits she? Cher. Like the sweet Gumms that from Electar trees Distill, or hony of the labouring bees:
Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre
Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre;
Cupid with acorn cups closely her sits
To save that the spits.

Afor. Ballio, present me with the crowns of Laurel.
Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.

Rife Poets laure at both! Favour, Apollo!

Both. The Muses and Alotus be prospicious! Alot. I will not have you henceforth fneak to Taverns, And peep like fidlers into Gentlemens rooms. To thank for wine and radifhes; nor lie scentinell At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes Some novice for a supper : you shall deal No more in ballads, to bewail an execution Nor lamentable Rhythmes : norbegin Elegies: Nor counterfeit a ficknesse to draw in A contribution : nor work journey-work Under some play-house post, that deals in Wit by retail: nor shall you rask your brains To grace a Burgeffe new post with a Kebus : Or furnish a young fuitor with an Anagramme Upon his Mistresse name : nor fludy poses For rings and braceless .- Injure not the bough Of Daphne: know that you are laureat now.

Ball. How like you this discourse. Sim. Excellent well, It is a handsome lasse if I were young (As I am not decrepic) I would give A talent for a kille. Phryn. Come, beauteous Mars I'l kemb thy hair smooth as the Ravens feather, And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets. Then call a livelier red into thy face.

And loften with a kife thy rugged lips. I must not have this beard forudely grow. But with my needle I will fer each hair In decent order, as you rank your fqu'adrons.

Afot, Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne's health. What durft thou do, Thrafymachus, to the man That should deny it ? Thraf. Diffect him into aromes.

Hyper. I durft do more for beauteous Phryne's fake. Thraf. what more then I? Hyperbolus, thou are moreal. Hyper. Yeeld, or I fee a breakfast for the crows. Toraf. Death to my lungs, I fpit upon thy fame. Hyper Then with my floel I whip the rath contempt,

Afot. Brawling, you maffives? _ Keep the peace at home

And joyn your forces 'gainft the common foe,

Phryn. You tha not be angry : by this kiffe you tha not. Afot. I will, unleffe you fwear again Phryn. You fha'not. Sim. Ab Ballio! age has made me as dry as tinder,

And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn,

The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,

And will confume me Ballio. Ball. What's the matter? Sim. Love, cruel Love, I must enjoy that Lady,

What ever price it coft me. Ball. Your fonnes Miftreffe ? Sim. Son or not fonne .- Let this intreat, and this.

Bell, This will perswade. I must remove your sonne, His fury elfe will furely frand 'twixt us And our defigns, Old Lecher, I will fit you,

And geld your bags for this. You shal be milk'd,

Emptied and pumpt. Spunge, we will fqueeze you, fpunge And fend you to luck more _ Invincible Mars,

Afet. What layes the governour of our younger yeeres? Bal. You have worn this plot of Mars too Stale already. O fhift your felf into all fhapes of Love.

VV omen are taken with variety.

What think you of Oberon the King of Fairies?

I know'e will strike ber fancy,

Afor. Bulinesse calls.

Drink oh, for our return shal sudden be.

SCEN. VI

Ballio, Simo, Thrafymachus, Hyberbolus, Charitus
Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball Phryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,
The golden bull that got this golden calf,
Deeply in love with her. Phryn. Let me alone,
I'l fleece him—Bal. Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
Ve must not leave this Mine, till we have found
The largenesse of the vein.—Suck like an horse-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
An easse path to tread in; 't will direct you
To your wisht journeyes end, and lodge you safe.
In her soft arms. Sim Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold-drink gold, lie in gold?
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
And so was I, but I am grown again
Vp to right man—Thou shalt be my Tutour too.
Is thereino slools, or tables? Ball. What to do?
Sim. I would wault over them. to show the strength.

Sim. I would want over them, to show the strength And courage of my back. Ball. Strike boldly in, Sir. Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's

for you.

Give me some wine: Mistresse, a health to you:
Pledge me, and spice the cup with these and these.
Thou shalt have better gowns. Thras. A brave old boy,
Hyper. There's metall in him. Cher. I will sing thy praise
In lines heroick. Bom. I will sune my lyre,
And chauntan ode that shall eternize thee.

Phryn. Of what a sweet aspect! how lovely look'd.

Is this fine Gentleman!—I hope you know

It is in Thebes the custometo solute

Fair Ledies with a kiffe. Sim. She is enamoured.

Sure I am younger then I thought my self.

Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.

Phryn. Good Sir, another kiffe; you have a breath Compos'd of odours. Sim. Buy thee toyes with this: I'l fend thee more. Phryn. How ravishing is his face!

Sim. That I should have so ravishing a face,
And never know it ! ____ Miser that I was!
I will goe home and buy a Looking-glasse,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryn. Come, lye thee down by me; here we will fit.

How comely are these filver hairs! This hand

Is e'ne as right to my own mind, as if

I had the making of it. Let me throw

My arms about thee. Ball. How the burre cleaves to him!

Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.

Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has! How with a touch it melts! Ball. The rogue abuses him V Vith his grease fifts. Phryn. Let us scores kisses up On one anothers lips: Thou shalt not speak, But I will such thy words e're they have folt. The open ayr. —— Sim. That 1 should live so long, And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

Sime. The alymachus. Hyperbolus. Charilus.

Bomolochus. Phryne. Afotus.

Afot. NOw am I Oberon Prince of Fairy Land.

And Phryne shall be Mab my Empresse fair:
My souldiers to 1 instantly cransform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robbin goodsellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate

Into

Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.

It were a pretty whimfie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.

The humour would be excellent, and become me
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmella.

Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

Sim. When shall we marry. Phryn. I can hardly stay
Till morning. Afar. O what Fury shot
A viper through my foul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poor heart.——O Phryne, Phryne!
I have no cause why to suspect thy Love.
But if all these be cunning, as who knows?

Away, foul fin. O eyes, what mischief do you see!

Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. Sim. Thou dost not love me.

My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stoln thy heart away. Phryn. He? a poor mushroome!
Your boy? I should have gues'd him for your father.
He has a skin rinkled as a Tortoyse.

I have miffa'n him ofren for a hedg-hog

Crept out on's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.

Afot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defic thee.

Villaine, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,

So to unfanctifie ber render skin,
Nor eaft a goarish eye upon a hair,
To make that little thred of gold profaned,
Orgaze but on her shoe string that springs up
A reall Rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours: Grim-fac'd death shal hurry thee

To Seyx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.
Sim. Afotus, good Afotus, I am thy fasher.
Afot, I no Afotus am, nor thou my fire,

But angry and incenfed Oberon.

To

Sim All that I have is thine, though I could vie For every filver hair upon my head

A piece in gold. _afet. I should fend you to the barbours

Sim. All, all is thine : let me but share A little in thy pleasures : onely relish

The sweetnesse of em. Afet. No, I will not have

Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,

I will goe home and live a drudges life,

As you ha' done, to serape up pelf together; And then for wear all Turours, Souldiers. Poets,

Women, and wine. I will forget to car,

And flarve my felf to the bigneffe of a pole-cat.

I will disclaim his faith that can believe

There is a Taverne, or a Religious place

For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,

And have their beads to fin by . _ Get you home.

You kille a Gentlewoman to endanget

Your chattering teeth : Go, you have done your thare

In getting me to furnish the next age,

Must be my province. Go, look you to yours,

Lye with your musty bags, and get more gold. S'lid, anger me, and I'l turn drudge for certain.

Sim, Alous, good Aforus, pardon me.

Afot. I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Aforus.

Afot, Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

Alor. This something qualifies Sim. It shall be my spore. To maintein thine. Thou shalt eat for both, (more. And drink for both, Asit. Good: this will qualifie

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture Of half the Land I have to this fair Lady.

Afet. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir :

But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.

To morrow, Mas, I thee mine Emprefe crown. Ball. All friends. A merry cup goe round, What Cap-(wins And Poets here, and leave the fack for flyes?

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Aform, Phryne, Simo, Thraf, machus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomelochus, Tyndarus. Hyp THrafymachus, a whole one. Thraf. Done: I'll pledge thee,

Though t'were a deluge. By my feel, you have left

Enough to drown anifland, Charilus.

Cher, And t' were the famous foune of Hippocrene, I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo And all the Mules dyed for thirft, Bomolochus,

Bem, Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high-Tyn. What nurferie of fin is this? what temple Of lust and rior > VVas this place alone Thought a fit witnesse for the knitting up Chafte and religious Love; Deeds darkas hell, Incest and murder might be aded here. The holy god of Marriage never lighted His facred torch affo profane a den, It is a cage for fereech owls, bars and ravens, For crows and kites, and fuch like birds of prey. But the chafte turtle, the indulgent pelicen, And pious for!, flye hence as from infection. Evadre meet me here > Is the aparcell Of the dam'd family? Are thefe fuch white devils Among their Succaba's? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne: And there be fome that featrer fnakes among it us,

Have Aung roo deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballie, Aform, Charilus, Simo, Hyperbolm, Thrafymachus, Tyndarus, Evadre.

Tyn. BLeffe me eyes !

My groubled faney fools me. I am loft In a diftracted dream. It is not the. Awakethes, Tyndarus; what ftrange fhapes are thefe Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold A glorious Angel there, Or have these devils Broke into Paradife > for the place is fuch She bleffes with her presence. Mere contradictions, Chimæra's of a restlesse brain. Evad, Diana. And wharfoever goddeffe elle protects Vntouch'd Virginity, shield me with your powers. To what a wildernesse have my wandting steps Betray'd me! Sure this cannot be a place To meet my Tyndatus in: Tyn. 'T is Bradne, "T is the fair foul Evadne. Now my fword That hadft a good edge to defend this woman, Go fend her foul into another manfion Black as it felf. It is too foul a tenant For this faire place. Stay yet, too forward Reel, Take her incircled in her fallions arms, And kill two finners together ._ Let 'em be At hell to bear the punishment of luft Ere it be fully a ded. Enad. What ftrange fancies My maiden fearsp elent me! Why I know not a Burthis Suspicion feldome bodeth good.

Thraf. A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize. Hyper. I dodenie's, fire's my Monopolie. Char. Perchance the may one of the Mules be,

And then claime I a share for Poerry.

Evad. If ever filly Lambehus ftray'd before Letoa Bock ofwolves ; or harmfelle dove

NOE

Not onely made the prey, but the contention Of ravishing eagless such poor soul am I. Thraf. Give meabuffe, my girle. Evad. If there be here A Gencleman in whom their lives a fpark Of vertue not yet out; I de beleech him. By all the aftes of his anceflours, And by the confrant love he bears his Miffre He. To refeue innocence and virginity From these base monsters. I for him will pay A thousand prayers amorning, all as pure And free from earthly thought, as e're found pallage Through the firid gate of heav'n. Tya. That's a task for Away, foul ravifiers, I will teach my fword Justice to punish you. Such a troup of Harpyes Toforce a Ladies honour! I will quench VVith your own blood the rage of that hor luft That fourr'd you on to bale and bold attempts. Afor. Fly Phryne, fly, for dangers do furtound. Sim. This is a pleasure that I care not for

> SCEN. X. Tyndarus, Evadue.

An injur'd Maid call bleflings on your head
In plenteous showres! Tyn. This courresse delerves
Some fair requirall. Enad. May plum'd victory
Wait on your sword; and if you have a Mistresse,
May she be fair as Lilies, and as chaste
As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads.
Of drooping flowers: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to posterity,
And blesse sinceeding times!—Tyn. Heaven be not deaf.

Evad. May you and plenty never live a funder
Peace make your bed,— and Tyn. Prayer is cheap reward.

Scen To

And nothing now bought at a rate lo cafe, fhip As that fame high way ware, - Heaven bleffe your wore In plain words Lady (I can wie no language

But what is blune) I must do what they would ha' cone. Ewad, Caliback jour words, and lofe not that reward Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. Tyn. Come:no circum-Your answer, quick. Evad. I beg it on my knees (flance. Have a respect to your own foul, that finks

In this difhonour, Sir, as derp as mine.

Tya. You are diffeourteous Lady, Evad. Let thele tears Plead for me! did you refeue me from hieves, To robine of the jewel you prefer v'd?

Tya, V V by do I trifle time away in begging That may command 2- Proud Damfell, I will force thee 1 2 al, I thank thee bl foces fion, now I dare she fratcheth Defic thee devil chere is that thall keep a filletre out of his pocket My chaftity fecure, and a ma maid To fcom four frength Tyn Be not to mafeuline, Lady

Ewad. Stand off, or I will fearch my heart with this. And torce my blood a passage, that in anger Shal flye into thy face, and tell thee boldly Thou art a villain. Tyn. Incomparable Lady ! By all those powers that the bleft men ad ore And the world Fear, I have no black defign.

Upon your honour; only as a louldier I did defire to prove whether my fweed Had a deferving caule : I would be lorh To quarrell for light ware. Now I have found you

Full weight, I'l weare his life upon my point That injures to much goodness Buad. You freak honor.

Tim. Bleft bethis minute, fand fie ir, Time, Bove all my kalendar, Now I find bergold. This touchflane gives her perfect. The dicovery Of ne'r found singdomes, where the plought arms up

Kich

SORM

Rich oure in every furrow, is to this Apoore fuccesse. Now all my doubts are clear'd, I dare boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pan philus.

Pam' Great Queen of love, fure when the laboring feat Did bring forth thee, before the was deliver'd, Herlyiolent throes had rais'd a thousand florms. Yet now, I hope, after so many wraks
That I have fusfer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me safe. Tyx, Pamphilus here?
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house
Of toleration. She had spyed me out
Through my disguise: and with what studied art,
What cunning language, how well acted gesture,
How much of that unbounded store of tears
She wrought on my credulty! The Fox,
Hyznz. Crocodile, and all beasts of crass.
Hzzit.

Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den!

A spot to rapine what desense, poore maid,
Hast thou against these wild and savage beasts?

My startes were cruell: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a stood of sears, and drown me in's,
And be Physicians to my forrow now,
That have too long been Heralds of my grief.

My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
More weet then minutes Pam. Health to the fair Evadne.

Evad. Is any left to courteous to with health
To the diffress'd Evadne? Pamphilus?

Pam, Is my Techmessa here: Evad. Now all the gods
Preserve her hence; there is in hell more safety

E 3

Among

Among the Furies, Mischiet built this house For slitter family, Gentle Pamphilus, See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon, This horrid vanle of luft.

SCEN. XII

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmella, Evadne.

Pan, TAke comfort, Lady.

Your honour flands fafe on this guard, while I Can ufe a fword. Eved, You have confirmed me. Sir.

Tyn. Howelofe cleywinde, like glutinous fnakes in-Tech. Well fifter, I that ftudy to require (gendring This courteous treachery. Evad. Pamphilus, in me All flarres confpire to make affliction perfect.

Pam. Wait on heavens pleasure, Madame : such a one The heavens ne'r made for mifery, they but give you Thefe croffes as tharp fauce to whet your appetite: For some choyce banquer. Or they mean to lead you Through a vault dark and obscure as hell, To make your Paradife a fweeter profped.

Thus I feed Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed. Exeant Evadns, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII. Tyndarus, Techmeffa.

Tech . X7 Hy should we toyle thus in an endlesse search Of what we now behold Let us grow wife. I looth false Pamphilus—yet I could have lov'd him; And if he were but faithfull, could do Rill.

Tyr. Sure were Evadne falle, yet Pamphilus would not be made the inftrument to wrong me. Or suppole Pamphilus were a treacherous brother ? Methinks Evadne thould be, kinder to me, Techmena, jovne with me in one learth more,

Enter Ballio and Afotus.

SCEN. XIV.

Tyndarus, Technoffa, Ballio, Afotus.

Tyne Ballio, 'tisin you and dear Afons To make two wretches happy, Afer. Then be hap-

Tyn. I'l make youtwo joynt-heirs of my estate, And you shall give it out we two are dead By our own hands; and bear us both this night

To church in coffins, Whence wee'l make escape,

And bid farewell to Thebes. Afor would you not both Be buried in one coffin; then the grave

Would have her renants multiply : heard you, Turour, Shall not we be suspeded for the murther,

And choke with a hempen fquincy ? Tys. To fecure you. wee 'll write before what we intend to at :

Ourhands shall witheffe with your innocence.

Ball. Well: come the worft, I'l venture : _ & perchance You shall not die in jest again o'th' sudden.

Tyn. What ftrange Maauders Cupid leads us through? When most we forward goe we backward move.

There is no path fo intricate as love.

ACT IIII. SCEN. T.

Ballio, Afotus, Charilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmoffa ; Hiperbolus, Thrafymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a fervant.

Arry thefe letters unto Chremylus house. Rall. Give this to Pamphilus, to Bradne that And certifie 'em of this fad event. It will draw tears from theirs -- as from my cyes,

Because they are not reall obsequies.

M 300

Afet. So great my grief, fe dolorions my difafter, I know not in what language to expre lie it;

Line de I should be dumb!—Sob,—fob, Aforus.
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
V. Vith lamentation and distress'd condoling,
With blubbur'd eyes behold this spectacle
of mans more lity.—O my dearest Tyndarus!
Thrd, Learn of us Captains to outside grimme Des

Thref, Learn of us Captains to outface grimme Death, And gazethe lean-chape monfter in the face,

Afot. I, and I could but come to fee his face, I'de ferarch his eves out.—O thoughy Rogue! Could none but Tyndarus and faire Technofia Serve the vile variet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have feen thousands figh out foules in grones,
And yet have laugh'd :— it has been sport to fee
A mangled carcaffe broch'd with so many wounds.
That life has been in doubt which to get out at-

Afol. Are crawling vermine of fo choyce adjet?

Would I were then a worm, freely to feed

On such a delicate and Ambrofish dish,

Fit to be ferv'd a banquetto my bed!

But O — Techmess, Death hath swallowed thee,

Too sweet a sou for such a fiend as he.

Char. Chase hence these showrs for fince they both are Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread. (dead, now inexprante fifters | Be not forry:

For Clotho's diffaff will be peremptory.

Afer. Go then, and dipyour pens ingall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel—Impartial Mors:
The favagetyrant—all-devouring Mors:
The favagetyrant—all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors 3
Mors that respects not valout, Mors that cares not
For withor learning, Mors that spares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribesnot, Mors whom beauty
t mpts not:

Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,

To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet, Thraf. If Mors were here, the Skeleton fhould know I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving Our noble General Courage boon chevalier!

SCEN. II.

Simo, Afotus, Ballio, Thrafymachus, Hyperbolus, Chariles, Bomolochus.

Sim. WHy is my boy folad >- Tell me, Aforus : If diffoly'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure. Afor. O fad mifchance! Sim What grieves my hop-, me My ftaff, my comfort? Afor. V Vofull accident! (joy. Sim. Have I not baricadoed all my doors, And flopt each chink and cranny in my house, To keep out poverty and lean misforrune? (heart. Where crept this forrow in Afor. Here, through my O father, I will tell you fuch a flory, Offuch a fad and lamentable nature, (boy? Twill crack your purse firings. Som. Ha > what flory, Afor. My friend, my dear-friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead. And to augment my forrow, _ kil'd himfelf. Andyet, to adde more to my heap of griefs, Left meand Ballio his effate. Sim Alaffe! Is not this counterfeit four ow well exprest? Ball, But I grieve truly that I grieve in jeft. Sim. Halfhis eftate to thee and half to Ballio? A thousand pitties ... Gently reft his boner, I cannot but weep with thee, Bal, Sir, vou fee, If you had left him nothing, my infructions

Can draw in patrimenies. Sim. Heisrich In nothing but a Tutour. Good Afetus, Though forrowbe a debt due to the herfe Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf Vader whale roof he lodges : yet we must not

Be too immoderate, Afot. Bear me witness, heaven: I us'dno force of Rhetorick, no perswasions (What e're the wicked and malicious world May rashly censure) to instigate these two Tother own deaths. I knew not of the plot; All of you know that I am ignorant.

Enter Phy

Phrya. Where is my love? shal forrow rivalt me,
And hang about thy neck? if grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I'l clap it out. Dear chicken,

You tha' not be to fad, indeed you tha' not. Be merry: by this kiffe I'l make you merry.

Afor. Then wipe my eyes-- Thus when the slouds are gone

The day again is guilded by the funne

SCEN III.

Ballio, Afetus, Simo, Phryne, Thrafymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus, Sexton.

Afat W Ho's within here; Sext. VVhat's the matter without there?

Afor, Ha I what are thon? Sent. The last of carlors, Sir, that ne'r take measure of you, while you have hope to wear a new suite.

Afot. How dost theu live? Scat, As worms do by the dead. (him.

Afor A witty Raleall, Let's have fome dife ourse with Thras. Ary my souldiers bones in garrison here?

Sext, Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poor travellers

Take up their Inne by chance: bor some there be.

Theas. Do not those warlike bones in dead of night Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls Waken the Dormise that dull peace hath lull'd Into a Lethargy?—Dost not hear am knock Against their cossins, till they crack and break

The

The Marble into thivers that intombs 'em : Making the temple shake as with an earthquake, And all the flatues of the gods grow pale Afrighted with the horrour > Seet. No fach meeter Hyper. Do they not call for arms, & fright thee, mortal Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs, And crush the feulls that dare approach too near Their honour'd graves ?- When I shal come to dwell In your derk family, if a noylome carkale Offend my noftrils with too rank a fent, Know_I shall rage_and quarrell_till I fright The poore inhabitants of the charnell house: That here shall run atoe, a shin-bone there: Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away : One way a crooked rib shall halting hye, Another you shall trundling find a kull. Like the diffracted citizens of a town Belegguer'd-and in danger to be taken.

Afor. For heavens fake, Sexton, lay my quiet bonce. By some precise religious Officer,
One that will keep the peace.—These roring captains,
V Vith blustring words and language full of dread,
Will make me quite my tombe, and run away
Wrapr in my winding sheet; — as if grim Minos,
Stern Aacus, and horrid Rhadamanth

Enjoyn'd the corps a penance, Sext Never fearit.

This was a captains scul, one that carryed a storm in his countenance, and a tempest in his tongue: The great bug-beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the stars as samiliarly as quart pots; and had a pension from the Barber-chirurgians for breaking of pates: A sellow that had ruin'd the noses of more bawds & panders then the disease belonging to the trade.——And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another course took the wall of him, & the bandog ne's grumbled.

Afor

Afet. Then scull (although thou be a Captains scull)

If ay thou are a coward,—and no Gentleman?

Thy Mother was a whore,—and shou lieft in thy throat,

Hyper. Do not, live here, pull the dead Lyons beard.

Afet. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jest

To thow my reading in morality

cher. Do not the afhes of deceafed Poets Inspir'd with sacred fury carroll forth Enthufialtick raptures > Doft not heare 'em Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd Rhe rest of mortal | judgements > Dost not fee Apollo and the Mules every night Dance rings about their tombes? Bom. Do not Roles, Lillies, and Violets grow upon their graves ? Shoots not the Laurell, that impal'd their brows, Into a tree, to fhadow their bleft Marble? Do not they rife out of their shrowds to reade Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian, To puzzle evenan oculate intellect? Prate they not ca arads of incensible novse, That with obffreperous cadence cracks the organs Acromatick, till the deaf auditour

Admires the words he heares not.

Sext. This was a Poeticall noddle. O the sweet lines, choyes language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out of these chaps that yawn so! He has not so much as a new coyn'd complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have ne'r a jeere put upon him. His Mistresse had a little dog deceased the other day, and all the wit in his noddle could not

pump

Pump out an Elegy to bewail it. He has been my tenane this feven yeares, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on that he is dead for while he lived, he ne'r lest calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the Parish; and is happiet dead then alive a for he has now as much money as the best in the company, hand yet has lest of the Pocticall way of begging call'd borrowing.

Thy tare lambick and Satyrick vein.

Thy tare lambick and Satyrick vein.

Where be the querks and tricks? Thow me again

The Brange conundrums of the frisking brain,

Thou Poets feell, and fay, what's Rythme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you have pos'dhim; he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes of the Aman may safely converse with him now, and never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a Lbell upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet contrive it handfontely.

Me thinks the darkneffe of the night should prompt me
To a plot of that complexion.—Ruminate,

Ruminate, Ballio. Phrym. Przy, Sir, how does death

Deal with the Ladyes? Is he so unmannerly

As no to make distinction of degrees?

I hope the rougher bones of men have had

More education then to trouble theirs

That are of gentler suff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madame: he makes no distinction betwirt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the generall Mistrelle, the only addred beauty Little would you think there were a complete flars in these two auger holes or that this pir has

tres

been arch'd over with a handlomenose, that had been as the charges to maintain half a dozen of several filver arhes to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiss'd the lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madams beres cannot now be furnished with a sec of secth. She was she coyest overcurious dame in all the citic : her chamber-makes misplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to. Oh! If that Lady now could but behold this physinomic of hers in a Looking-glass, what a monster would she imagine her self! Vill all her perrules, tyres and dresses, with her chatgeable teeth, with her ceruste and pomatum, and the benefit of her paintee and Doctour, make this Idole up again?

Paint, Ladyes, while you live, and plaister fair :

But when the house is fall'n, 't is past repair

Phyn. No matter, my Afotus: let death do

Mis pleasure then, wee'l doc our pleasure now.

Buch minute that is lost is past recall.

This is the time alotted for our sports,

I were fin to passe it. While our sips are lost,

And our embraces warm, wee'l twine and kisse,

V Vhen we shall be such things as these, let worms

O and through our eyes, and ear our notes off,

Ir is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

balm'd

In precious unguents to delight our sense,
And in our grave wee's busse, and hug, and dally
As we'do here: for death can nothing be
To him that after death shal lye with thee.
Sexton, receive these coffinato the temple;
But not interre them; — for they both are guilty
Of their own blood.—till we make expiation
T'affoyl the fact.—Tutour, reward the Sexton.

I'l come fometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, My Papill gives you :- but hereafter I'l morethen treble it, if you be no enemy

Toyour own profit. Sens, Profit's my Religion.

Afer. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave. If ther my living Mifreffe home again. Thus joy wirb grief else mate courles theres

Fortune, I feethy whele in all affairs.

Excunt omnes preter Sexton

SCEN. IV.

Sentan, and his wife Stapbyle.

Sent o Tophyla, why Scaphyla: I hope the has ta'ne her

lait fleep. Why then Staphyla?

Staph. What a life have I ? I, that can never be quiet? I can no fooner lie down to take my reft, but prefently, Staphyla, Scaphyla, What's the news?

Seat. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. VVhere or from whom?

Sext, VVhy, thou knoweft I rob nowhere but on the bigh-way to heaven, fuch as are upon their last journy this ther Thou and I have beene Land pirats thefe fix and thirty years, and have pillaged our there of Charons palfengers. Here are a couple of found Deepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like & Lord, and thou halt be my Madame, Staphyla.

Stapb Truly husband, I have had fuch fearful dreams to night, that I am perswaded, (though I think I shall no ver tuin truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead the dead

took heart, and reb'd us.

Sext . Tufh, dreams are idle things. There is no telone warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charity. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth d, and the living Behees. zo naked ?

Belides, what is it to them whether thy lye in theets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin ? Moreover, there is fafety and fecurity in thefe attempte : VVhat inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thirt for Burglarie Look here & This is a Lawyers foull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent bufie tellow, till death gave him his Quietus eft. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckruin bag, not leaving him so much as a poor e half-penny to pay for his waftage, and yet the good manne're repin'd at it. Had hee been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundred it ! _ Behold, most grave judges, a fact of that horrour and height in finne, to abominable, fo detenable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this daies cause presented to the admiration of your cares, I cannot speak it without trembling, 'tis fo new, unus'd, so unheard-of a villany. But that I know your Lordships consident of the honesty of your poore Oratour, I thould not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswafions to gaine your belief. This man, faid I a man? this monfter rather, but montet is too eafie a name : this devil, this incarnare devil, having loft all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virme, robb'd: (a finne in the action) But who? the dead. V Vhat need I aggravate the fault ? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. Ifay, he robb'd the dead. The dead! had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable : but to rob the dead of their clothes, the roore imporent dead, that can neither card nor fpin. nor make new ones, O c' is most audacious and intollerle! Now you have well spoke, why doe you not after all chis

this Rhetorick put your hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o'th' coxcombe with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of battery.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; But infooth I will not make a common practice of it. Knock you up that coffin, & I'l knock up this. Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the fun! Come, we must drip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes ferv'd up to their table cover'd.

Stoph. Heaven shield me! 0,0,0!

Tyndarus and Fechrite from the coffins, and the Sexton & his wife aftrighted fall into a fwoon.

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmella. Tyn LI ow poore a thing is man, whom death it felf Cannot protect from injuries ! O yegods! Is 't not enough our wretched lives are tofs'd On dangerous feas, but we must stand in fear Of Pirates in thehaven too? Heaven made us So many buts of clay, at which the gods In cruell fport fhoot miferies .- Yet, I hope, Their spleene's grown milder, and this bleft occasion Offers it felf an earnest of their mercy. Their finnes have furnithe us with fit difquifes To quiet our perplexed fouls. Techmena, Let me aray you in this womans tobes. I'l wear the Sextons garments in exchange. Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs. Tech. Dear Tyndarus! In all my life I never found fuch peace

In all my life I never found such peace
As in this coffin: It presented me
The sweets that death affords.

But in his prison.

Being once lodg'd beres

He

He is fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,
No fortowes, cares, or wild distractions
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.

Can torce an entrance to diffurb our fleeps.

Typ. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
These two offenders. Teeb. But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this disguise? Typ. A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
E're lov'd unliving, they will haste to make
Atonement for our soules stain'd with the guilt
Of our own blood: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage
To their close loves: and with those thoughts possess'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For those that leave the warfare of this life

Tech: I hope they may prove constant. Tyn. So pray I.
I will desire you statue be so courteous
To part with's beard a while. So, we are now
Beyond discovery. Sent. O, O, O! Staph. O. O. O!

Tyn, Let's ufea sharm for thefe,

Without a paffe fi om the great Generall,

Quict fleep, or I will make

Esymms whip thee with a fnake,

And cruell Rhademanthus take

Thy body to the boyling lake,

Where five and brimflone never flake?

Thy heart floathurn, it y head fhat ake,

And every joynt about thee quake

And there fore do e not yet to wake-

Tech. Quies Seep, or thos shalt fee The borrid bags of Tertarie, inhose tresses welly serpents be, And Carber on shall barke at thee,

And

And all the Enrice that are three, The morf is call'd Tifiphone, Shall lash thee to eccruty. And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

Tyn. But who comes hicher ? Ballio; What's his bu-

SCEN. VI

Bellio, Tyndarm, Techmeffe.

Ball. S Exton, I'll open first thine cares with these, To make 'em fit to let perswasions in.

Tyn Thefe, Sir, will cure my deafneffe. Bal. Are

Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. Ball. I'll pay double tor thee.

Shall I prevaile in my request ? Tyn. Aske these Ball. Th' art apprehensive: to the purposethen:
Have you not in the temple some deep vault

Ordain'd for buriall? Tyn. Yes. Bell. Then I proceed:

That piety can pay to our dead friends.

Tyn, 'I was chatitably done, Ball. We brought 'em

To their last home.—Now, Sir, they both being guilty Of their own dearns, I tear the Lawes of Thebes Deny 'em buriall. It would grieve me, Sir, (For friendship cannot be forcon forgot; Especially so firm a one as ours.)

To have 'em cast a previous Wolvey and Basics.

To have 'em cast a prey to Wolver and Bagles.

Sit, these religious thoughts have brought me hither.

Now at the dead of night, to intrest you.

To cast their cossins into some deep vault.

And to interre 'em ... O my Tyndarus,

All memory shall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impression of that love I bear thee,

Thou left'A me half of all the Land thou hadft's And fhould I not provide thee fo much earth As I can measure by thy length, heaven curie me! Tyn. Sir, if your courtefie had not bound me yoursa This at of goodnesse had, Ball, So true a friend No age records. Farewel This work fucreeds. Pofterity, that shall this ftory get, May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. Exit. Ball.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techme [4.

Tyn. H Ere was a ftrange deliverance ! Who can be So confident of fortune, as to lay, r now am fate? Tech. This villain has reveal'd All our deligns to Pamphilus and Evadne : And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance, If you were dead indeed, have won this rafrall To this black trealen. What foul crimes can Luft Promps her bale vallals to !- Here ler us end Our bufie fearch, and travel o're the world. To fee if any cold and Northern climate Have entertain'd loft Virtue long fince fied Our warmer country. Tyn. Ha! __ 'T is fo !__ 'T is fo ! I fee it with clear eyes .- O curfed plor And are you brooding, crocodiles? I may chance To break the ferpents egge ere you have hatch'd The viper to perfection Come, Techmedia My anger will no longer be confin'd To patient filence. Tedious expediation Is but a foolish fire by night, that leads would be all The traveller out of sway ... Break forth, my wrath, Bre k like deluge of confuming fire, and the like And foorch 'em both to affice in a flame and strain Hot as their luft __ No :_ 'T is to bale a blood

For me to spill.—Let'eme'ne live 'tingender
A brood of Monsters: May perpetuall jealouse
Wait on their beds, and poyfon their imbraces
Withjust suspicions: may their children be
Deform'd, and fright the Mother at the birth:
May they live long and wretched; all mens hate,
And yet have unifery enough for pitty:
May they be long a dying—of diseases
Painfull and loathsome,—Passion, do not hurry me
To this unmanly womanish revenge,
Wilt thou curse, Tyndarus, when thou weat'st a sword?
But ha, hearly, observe !——

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadae, Tyndarus, Techmeffa.

Pam. W Ait till we call
Heaven, if thou halt not emptied all thy treeOf wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,

To lay on more, What torments half thou left,
In which thou half not exercised my patience?
Yet cast up all the accounts of all my for rows,
And the whole for more is establed in the left.

And the whole fumme is trebbled in the loffe

Of dear Techmessa. Tech. If this grief were real!

Tyn. Be not too credulous, Pam. I have stood therest
Of your afflictions: with this one I fell,
Fell like a rock that had repel'd the rage
Of thousand violent billows, and with stood
Their fierce assaults, until the working Tyde
Had undermin'd him, then be fals, and draws
Part of the Mountain with him. Evad. Pamphilus,
When did you see my sweet-heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a Maying?—He will bring me
Some pinkes and daysies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven be meet no thieves! Pam. Alas, Evadne!

F 3

Thy Tyndarus is dead. Evad. What shall I do? I cannot live without him. Tyn I am mov'd: Yet I will make this tryal foll and perfect.
What arthis dismall hour, when nothing walks But souls rormented, calls you from your sheets To visit our dark cels, inhabited By death and melancholly. Evad. I am come To seek my true Love here. Did you not see him? He's come to dwell with you, pray use him well, He was a proper Gentleman.

Tech. Sir, what cause

Enforc'd you hither? Pam. I am come to pay The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.

Tyn., Fair Lady, may I aske one question of you?
Did you admit no Love into your bosome
But only his? Evad. Alas! you makeme weep.
Could any woman love a man but him?
No, Tyndarus, I will not long out-live thee:
V Ve will be marryed in ElisiumAnd arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change athousand kisses:—you sha'not see us.

Type I know not whether it be joy or grief
Forces tears from me. Teeb. were you conflant, Sir,
To her whole death you now so much lament?
For by those prodigies aparitions
That have to night shall detected the toundations
Of the whole temple, your inconflancy

Harh caus'd your Misser'es untimely end.

Paw, The Sunne shall change his course, and finde

To drive his charior in : The Loadstone leave His faith unto the North : The Vine withdraw Those strict embraces that infold the Elm In her kind arms : But, if I change my Love

From

From my Techmessa, may I be recorded
To all posterity Loves great Apostate
In Cupids annals Evad. If you see my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.
I will but weep a while first. Tyn. Pretty forrow!

Tech. Sir, you may vail your falshood in smooth lang-And guild it o're with fair hypocsirie: (guage But here has been such groanes; Ghosts that have creed In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O false Pamphilus! Revenge on Pamphilus! such complaints as these

The gods ne're make in vain,

Pam. Then there is a witchcraft in r. And are the gods Made parties to against me?—Pardon then If I grow stubborn.—While they press my shoulders No more then I could bear, they willingly Submitted to the burden.—Now they wish To cast it off—What treachery has brib'd you, Czlestiall Forms, to be my false accusers? I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts, And reade the secret characters of my heart) Give in your verdia: did you ever find Another image graven in my soul Besides Techmess? No! 'T is hell has forg'd These slie impostures! all these plots are coyn'd Our of the devils mintage. Tech. Certainly There's no salse fire in this. Tyn. There cannot be.

Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my tears. Tyn. There gentle Lady.

Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertain

A Jewell of such value? Pan. VVhere must I
Pay my devotions? Tech. There your dead saint lies.

Evad. Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly presse thee:
And mayst thou find those joyes th'art gone to taste,
As true as my affection. Now I know

Pa

Thou can't not choose but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrival: for the foul
Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
A guilt upon thy blood, thus I'l redeem it (afficers to kill
And lay it alon mine Tyn. What mean you, Lady (her falf.
Evad. Stay not my pious hand. Tyn. Your impious

rather.

If you were dead, who then were left to make Luftration for his erime? shall foolish zeal Perswade you to a halty death, and so Leave Tyndarus to eternity of flames?

Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus; I will onely see That office done, and then I'l follow thee.

Pam. Then gentle foul of my deceased Love,
If thou fill hover'st hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus —— If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but Technossu,
Or keep the least spark of a love alive
But in her ashes, let me never see
Those blessed fields where gentle Loverswalk
In endlesse joyes, ——why do I idly weep!
I'l write my grief in blood, Tech. What do you mean?
Pam Technossus Lam yes with held; but suddenly

Pam. Techmeffa, I am yet with held; but fuddenly I'l make escape to find thee. Tech. O bleft minute !

SCEN. IX.

Diplas, Tyndarus, Enadne, Pamphilus, Technessa.

Dip. W Here shall I flie to hide me from my guilt?

It followes meme, like those that run away

From their own shadows: that which I should shun
I bear about me— V V nom shall I appeale?

The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd

Both you and them.— O syndarus, here I kneel,

And do confesse my self thy cruell mandresse;
And thine, Techmessa. — Gentle daughter, pardon me.
But how shall I make fatisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have lost two?
Oh Pamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee;
But most Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Because she is no issue of my wombe,
But trusted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a stepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty should eclipse
My daughters honeur. — But the gods in justice
Have ta'ne her hence to punish me. — My sinnes
March up in troups against me. — But this potion
Shall purge our life and them. Tyn. Be not too rash:
I will revive Techmessa. Dief. O sweet daughter!

Pam Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once. Evad. But I Still live a widowed Virgin. Tyn No, Evadne; Receive me new created, of a clay Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear. Take hence these coffins, I will have them born Tropheys before me when we come to rye. The nupriall knot; for death has brought us life. Suspicion made us consident, and weak jealousse. Hath added strength to our resolved love. Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day: But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Demetrius folus.
All, facred Thebes. I kiffe thy bleffed foil,
And on my knees falure thy feven gates.
Some twenty winters now have glaze'd thy
flouds
Since I behold twerets batter'd them

Wid

Vith Warre, that fought the ruine of those walls
Which Musique built. When Minos cruell tribute
Rob'd Mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
His ravenous Minoraure; I for safety fled
With my young sonnes, but call'd my Countries hate
Upon my head, whom misery made malicious.
Each father had a curse in store for me,
Because I shar'd not in the common losse;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage
Eager against me. I will therefore study
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN II.

Demetrius, Afotus.

Mother Have heard my Mother,

Who had more prover be in her mouth then reeth,

(Peace with her foul where e're it be) affirm,

Marry too foon, and you'll repent too late.

A fentence worth my meditation:

For Marriage is a ferious thing: perchance

Fair Phryne is no Maid; for women may

Be beauteous yet no Virgins, Fair and chafte

Are not of necessary consequence.

Or being both fair and chafte the may be barren;

And then when I am old, I thall not have

A boy—to dot: on as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Afet. A pretty complements what art thou, fellow?

Dem. A Register of heaven, a privy Counsellour

To all the planets, one that has been tenant

To the twelve honies, Turour to the Fares.

That raught 'em th' art of spinnings a living Almanael,

One that by speculation in the Stars

Can

Can foresell any thing. Afor. How! foresell any thing? How many years are past fince Thebes was built?

Dem. That is not to forerell; you flate the question.

Of times already past. Afor. And cannot you.

As well forestell things past as things recome?

Say, Register of heaven, and privy counsellour.

To all the planets with the rest of your titles,

(For I shall no're be able to repeat 'em all)

Shall I, as I intend, to day be Marryed?

Dem. The Almutes, or the Lord of the Afrandens I find with Luna corporally joyn'd To the Almutes of the feventh house, V V hich is the Matrimonial family ; And therefore I conclude the muptialls hold. And yetth' Afpect is not in Trine or Sextile, Butin the Quartile radiation Or Terragon, which thewes an inclination Adverse, and yet admitting of reception It will, although encountred with impediment, At last succeed. Afot. Ha! what bold impediment Is fo audacious to encounter me? Be he Almutes of what house he please; Let bis Afped be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile; I doe not fear him with his radiations. His Tetragons, and inclinations: If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know I fouldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poers Shall with a faryre fleep'din gall and vineger, Rhithme'em to death, as they do Rats in It cland.

Dem. Good words.
There's no refistance to the laws of Fate.
This fublunary world must yield obedience
To the calestiall virtues. Aft. One thing more
I would defite to know t Whether my spouls

That (hall be immaculate. I'd be loth To Marry an advowmon that has had Other ineumbents . Dem. I'l refolve von in ffantly. The Dragons-tail flands where the head should be. A threwd fulpicion, the has been frongly tempted. Afet. The Dragons tail puts me in a horrible fear-

I feel a kind offling in my head already.

Dem And Mars being Landlord of th'cleventh house. Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly fignifies The Maid hasbeen in love; but the Afrect Being without reception layes noguilt

Of ad upon her.

Afet. I shall be jealous prefently : For the Ram is but an ill fign in the head : And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.

Dem. But when I fee th' Afcendent and his Lord. V Vith the good Moon in angles and fixt fignes, I do conclude her Virgin pure and spotlesse.

Afet. I thank th' Afcendent, and his noble Lord. He shall be welcom to my house at any time. And to shall Mistreffe Moon with all her angles And her fixt figures. But how come you to know All this for certain ? Dem. Six, the learned Cabaliffs. And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull : As Afla, Baruch, and Abohali, Caucaph, Tox, Arcaphan, and Albuas, Gafar, with Hali, Hippocras, and Lexcuo, With Ben, Benefapban, and Albubetes.

Afet. Are Afla, Barneb, and Abohali, With all the reft o'th' jury, men of credit?

Dem. Their words shall go as far i'th' Zodiack, Sir. As anothers bond. Afet. I am beholding to 'em. Another Cruple yet: I would have children too, Children to dore on, Sir, when I grew old; Such

Such as will fpend when I am dead and gone, And make me have such fine dreams in my grave. Dem. No, y' are a happy man. I doe not fee In all your horoscope one fign masculine; For fuch portend ferility. Afor. How's that, man? Is 't possible for any man to ha' children Withour a fign masculine > Dem. Sir, you mistake me; You are not yet initiate. The Almutes Of the Ascendent is not elevated Above the Almutes of the filiall house: Venus is free, and Iove not yet combust: And then the figni fier being lodg'd In watry fignes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fish, Foreshew a numerous issue of both sexes. And Mercury in 's exaltations' Plac'd in their angles, and their points successive, Beholds the Lord of the Triplicitie Vahindred in their influence. You were borne Vnder a getting constellation. A fructifying flarre. Sir, I pronounce you A joyfull father. Afor Happy be the houre I met with thee ! I'll ha' thee live with me. Thou shalt be my domesticall Astronomer. I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be, To furnish thee with verses for each .noneth. Sir, fince the gracious starres doe promise me So numerous a troup of formes and daughters, 'T is fit I should have my means in my own hands To provide for 'em all: therefore I fain would know Whether my father be long-liv'd or no. Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now

To Saturne; but in reference to the Sua He bears a Westerly position. Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sua 21

In opposion, both finisherly

Fall'n from their corners, plainly fignishes

He cannot long survive. Afor. Why who can help it?

There's no relistance to the laws of Fate:

This sublunary world must yield obedience

To the calestial virtues. Wer't not providence

To bespeak mourning clokes against the funerall?

Dem. 'T is good to be in readinesse. Afor. If thou be

So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean

To entertain thee for my wizard?

Dem. Sir,

I do not see the least Azimenes,
Or planetary hinderance. Alcocoden
Tells me you will. Alot. Tell Alcocoden then
He is i'th'right. Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus!
We have increas'd our family: see him enrol'd fym. Hyperb.
He is a man of merit, and can prophesse.

Thraf. Wee'l drench him in the welcom of the cellar,

Andtry if he camprophelie who falls firft-

Afor. How will the world admire me, when they fee My house an Academy, all the arts
VVait at my table, every man of quality
Take sanctuary here! I will be patrone
To twenty liberall sciences.

SCEN. III.

Ball A Fair funne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. Ales. Quone
dam Tutour.

(For I am past all tultion but my wives)
Thanks for your wishes; have you studyed yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for (I may expresse my grief

At the sad suncrals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with bow much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne, Ball. I have beatmy brain.
To find out a right garb: wear these two clokes.
This sable garment, forrows Livery,
Speaks suncrall: this richer robe of joy,
Sayes'e is a nuprial solemnity.

Afot. A choice device :- l'I practice, Ball. Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Afotus, Ballio, Simo,

Sim. Cood morrow, boy: how flowes thy blood, Afotus, tipon thy wedding-day? Is it spring-tide? Find's thou an active courage in thy bones? Vilt thou at night create me Grandsire? ha? O, I remember with what spritefull courage I bedded thy old Mother, and that night Bid fair for thee, boy: how curst I the ceremonies, And thought the young sters scrambled for my points Too slowly! 'T was a happy night, Afotus.

Aft. How fad a day is this! Methinks the funne
Aftrighted with our forrows should run back
Into his Eastern patace, and for ever
Sleep in the Iap of Thetis. Can he shew
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead.
And fair Techmessa ? I will weep a flood
Deep as Deucalians; and again the Chaos
Shall I mussle upon the lamentable world.
In sable ctokes of grief and black consustion!

Sim. What ails my boy? unfeafonable grief
Shall not diffurb thy nuptials — Good Aforus,
Be not so passionate. Ball. What incomparable mirth
would such a dotard and his humorous Son
Make in a Contady, if a learned pen

Had

Had the expression! Afot, Now the t' other cloke. In what a verdant weed the fpting arrayes Fresh Tellus in I how Flora decks the fields With all her tapestrie ! and the Choristers Of every grove chaunt Carrolls | Mirth is come To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe, Iocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive To grace our nuptialls. Let us fing and dance, That heaven may fee our revells, and fend down The planets in a Masque, the more to grace This dayes folemnity. Sim. I, this, Afons ; There's musick, boy, in this. Afor, Now this cloke again. You gods, you over-load mortalitie, And prefle our shoulders with too great a weight Of difmall miseries. All content is fled With Tyndarus and Techmeffa, Ravens croak About my house, ill-boding scrich-owls fing Epithalamiums to my spouse and me: Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus, And faire Techmessa from the world are gone? No, pardon me, you gentle ghofts ; I vow To cloister up my grief in some dark cell : And there, till grief thall close my blubber'd eyes, Weep forth repentance. Sim. Sure he is diftracted ! Aforus, doe not grieve to : all thy forrowes Are doubled in thy father : Pitie me, If not thy felf; O pitie thefe gray hairs, Pitie my age, Afotus, Afot. What a filly fellow My father is that knowes not which cloke speakes! Father, you doe forget this is our nupriall. Cast off those tropheys of your wealthy beggery, And clad your felf in rich and splendent weeds, Such as become my father : Doe not blemife

Our

A

Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
As glorious as the funne. Set forth your felf
In your bright luftre. Sim. So I will, my boy:
Was there ever father fo fortunate in a child? Exit Sim.

Afot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?

Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
On a Chameleon. Afot. Nay, I know my Mother
Was a Chamaleon? for my fatherallowed her
Nothing but syr to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Afotus, Phryne.

Phryn. P. Ifes Aurora with a happy light
On my Afotuse Afot. Beauteous Phryne, welAlthough the Dragons tail may feandal thee,
And Mars corrupt the Scorpian and the Ram;

Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt fignes

Gives thee a good report. Phryn. What means my dear?

Afot. Thy dear, my beauteous Phryne, means the fame

VVith Hali, Baruch, and Abobali, Cancaph, Toz. Arcaphan, and Albuas,

Gafer, with Afla, Hippocras, and Lencus, VVich Ben, Benefaphan, and Albubetes,

Phryn. I fear you ha' fludied the black art of late.

Afor. Ah Girl! Th'—Almutes of the filial house

Is not d press'd, Venus is free, and Love Not yet combust: the signes are watry signes, And Mercury beholds the trine aspect

Un hinder'd in his influence. Phryn, VV hat of all this?

Afor. VVe shall have babies plenty: I am grown Learned of late. Go Phyne, be in readinesse; I long to tie the knot: at night wee'l make (Phryne, A young Aforus, Phryne, Health attend you, Sir, Exit.

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SCEN. VI.

Dipfat, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus. Techmessa, Alutus, Ballin, Phronessum, Priests and sacrifice, and Hynens statue discovered.

Afet. Tyndatus living? here take this cloke away, Ballio: We have no use on't. Ball. The more forrow's mine

Tyn. How does my friend Afotus' Afot. You are welcome From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elifium Are in good health. Tyn. Ballio, I thank you heartily, You had an honest and religious care
To fee us both well buried. Ball. I shall be hang'd. Exit.

The long and fastifice.

Priest. Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow Accept our pyons Orgies. Thou that tiest Hearts in a knor, & link'st in sacred chains (Hepresents The mutual souls of Lovers, may it please Tyndarus & Thy Deity to admit into the number Evadue.

Of my chaste votaries this blessed pair.

Mercy, you gods! the statue turns away. Tyn. Why should this be? The reason is apparent: Evadne has been talfe, and the chafte Deity Abhorres the facrifice of a spotted foul. Go thou diffembler, maskthy felf in modesty, V Vear vertue for a veil, and paint falle blufes On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou may & cozen The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world, Heaven has a piercing fight. Hymen, I thank thee, Thou floppedft my foot flepping into the gulf. How near was I damnation! Evad. Gentle Hymen, V Vhat sinne have I willingly committed To call heavens anger on me ? Prieft. If there be A fecret guilt in thefe, that bath offended (He prefents Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove Pam. & Tech. This other knot! The flague turns again! V V has What prodigies are these! Pam. Cælestial powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and yet 'ris sinne
To ask you why you wrong us? Tech, Cunning Pamphilus
Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,
The gods can find you lurking, and betray
The spotted skin. Priest. Above this twenty yeares
Have lattended on thy sacred Temple
Yet never saw theeso incens'd, dread Hymen.

Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to profer These to his godhead? Priest. Will thy godhead deigne These two the blessings of the genial sheets? (He presents He beckens'em. Tyn I, there the faith is plighted Pam. False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple, & Evad.

And the respect I bear religion,

Cannot protect thee, I will flain the altars,

And sprinkle every starue in the shrine, (thunder With treacherous blood. Priest. Provoke not loves just Tyn. VVell, you may take Evadne; heaven give you joy.

Pam. Religion is meer juggling, This is nothing But the Priess navery: a kind of holy trick

To gain their superfition credit. Hymen, VVhy doft thou turn away the head? I fear Thy bathfull Deity is a sham'd too look

Thy bashfull Deity is asham'd too look
A woman'in the face. If so, I pardon thee:

If out of spight thou crosse me, know, weak godhead, I'l teach mankind a custome that shall bring

Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shal couple As other creatures, freely, and ne're stand

Vpon the tedious ceremony Marriage:

And then thou Prieft mayft flarve, VVho in your temple

VVill light a cere-candle, or for incense burn.

A grain of frankinsence: Chrem Heaven inftrud our souls To find the secret mistery: Afor, I have entertein'd

G 2

One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
VVith the Almutes, cantell any thing.
I'lfetch him hither: he shall resolve you, Exit Afot.
chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwith him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

Afot H Ere's another figure to cast, Sir, these two Gen-

Dem: A sudden joy o'recomes me. Afot. Are to marry Old Chiemy lus daughters. This is Tyndarus. And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus, That has a months mind to Techmessa; but that Hymen Looks with a wey neck at 'em. If the Alcendent VV ith all his radiations and aspects know anything,—here's one that can unfold it. I must go fit my self for mine own wedding.

Exis.

Dem. Fly from the temple you unhallowed troup, That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice Before the gods Crem. What should this language mean?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever fign a grant To your incessuous matches; chrem. How incessuous?

Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius son, Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother. Evadne t usted in exchange to Chremilus, For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took YVith him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes To save the infints from the monsters jaws, The cruell Minatour. Marvell not the gods Forbid the banes, when in each match is incest.

Chr.

Chr. I wonder he should know this. Tyn. I am amaz'd.

Dem. I will confirm your faith. Tyn. My rather? (He pulls

Pam. My father?

Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.

Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremilus,

Pray let me see that ring.—Sir, I must challenge ir,

And in requitall will return you this.

Vhen I behold my fonne and my old friend.

Now, Chremilus, let us conclude a Marriage
As weat fifth intended; My Clinias
VVith your Techmella, and your fonne Timarchus
VVith my Evadne. Chrem. Heaven has decreed it fo.

Dem. Aretheyoung [Pam Evad.]
people pleas d Tyn. Tech.] The will of heaven Must be obey'd. Dem. Now try if Hymen please To end all troubles in a happy Marriage. Prieft Hymen, we thankthee, and will crown thy head VVith all the glorious chaplets of the fpring : The first born kid and fattest of our bullocks Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be Lawfull to facrifice in blood to thee, That art the means to like) 'cause thy provident mercy Prevented this incestuous match, Deigne now Propitious look to this more holy knot. This Virgin offers up her urtouch'd zone, And yows chafte love to Clinias. All joy toyon, The fair Evadne too is come to hang Her Maiden-girdle atthy facred frine, And yows her felf conftant to the imbraces Of young Timarchus. Happineffe wait on both! Tyn. I fee our jealous thoughts were not in vain.

Infus'd those doubis into is. G 3 3 SCEN.

Nature, abhorring from fo foul a finne,

Bater Afotus in armes with advam and atrumpet, attended by Thrasymachus, Hyperb. Bom. Cher. Simo, Phryne, Afot IF there be any Knight that dares lay claime

To beauteous Phryne,—(as I hope there's none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the lifts:—If he be wife, he dare not,
But will confider danger in the action.
I'l win her with my fword:—Mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair shal sup with Pluto:
'T were cooler supper in another place.
No champion yerappear?—I would fain fight.
Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Afot I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon 2.

Phron. I must have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: Ican hold out no longer: I am a weary of earing chalk & coals, & begin to dislike the feeding on out-meal The thought of so many Marriages

together has almost lost my Maiden-head,

Afor. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old, He's rich, & will maintein thee bravely Dad, (happy What think you on't. Sim. Thou 'lt make me boy too She shall have any thing. Phron. You will let me make My own canditions, Sim. VVhat thou wilt, my girl.

Phon. I will feed high, go rich, and have fix horses,
And my imbroider'd coach, ride where I lift,
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,
Maintein a pair of little legs to go
On idle Messages to all the Madames.
You shall deny no Gentleman enterteinment!
And when we kiffe and toy be it your cue
To nod and fall afleep, Sim. VVithall my heart.

Afor. Then take him Girl, he will not trouble thee long;

For Mars being oriental unto Saturn,

And

And accidental to the Sunne, proclaims

He is short-lived, Phron, Well, Sir, for want of a better I am content to take you. Afor. Joyn 'em Prieft.

Pries. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

Afot Now usher Phryneto my amorous armese Priest. The generous Asotus and fair Phryne

Present their vows unto thee gracious Hymen.

Start, I forbid the barres. Staph. I for- (They speak out bid the banes of the coffin.

Afet And can there be no weddings without prodigies? This is th' impediment the Azymenes
Or planetary hinderance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the seventh house,
In an aspect of Terragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' aversnesse of my startes.

Tyn, Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours. See you thele ghofts > V Vell Sexton, take heed hereafter How you rob the dead; some of em may cozen you.

Sext. Pardon me, Sir? I feriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.

Tyn. Well, you shal both fast to night, and take penance at the lower end of the table in these sheets; and that shall be your punishment.

Afet Phryne, I take thee for my loving spoule.

Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.

Priest. And I conclude the tie. Afet. Ha, you sweet rogue.

CEN. IX.

Afor. WHy now now, Tutor? a rope about your neck?
I have heard that hanging & Marrying go by
deftiny;

But Inever thoughtthey had come together beiore.

Ball.

Rall. I have caff a ferious thought upon my guilt, And find my felf an arrant rogue. The gallows Was all the inheritance I was ever born to, E'ne use me as you please.

Afet. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon. Spare me to day: for when the night comes on,

There's fweeter executions to be done.

Tyw, you have prevail'd. No man be fad to day, Come, you shall dine with me. Afor. Pardonme, Sir: I wil not have it faid by the malicious, that I ate at another mans table the first day I for up house keeping. No, you shall goe home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then; our joyes are ripen'd to perfection. Let us give heaven the praise, and all confesse,

There is a difference 'twixt the jealousse Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be. This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,

But that prevents the aking of the head. Exeunt cum chora cantantinm in laud. Hym.

Epilogus.

Afai. I Ow now; will our endeavours give fatisfaction?

Affail I find by the horolcope, and the elevation of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and that the Almutes is inclining to the enemies house.

Afor. Away with your Almutes, Heroscopes, Elevations, Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of

mine own to caft this figure by.

The Lovers now jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence: for there
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at; we shall find
Our labours bless, if your Aspects be kind.

FINIS

